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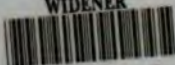
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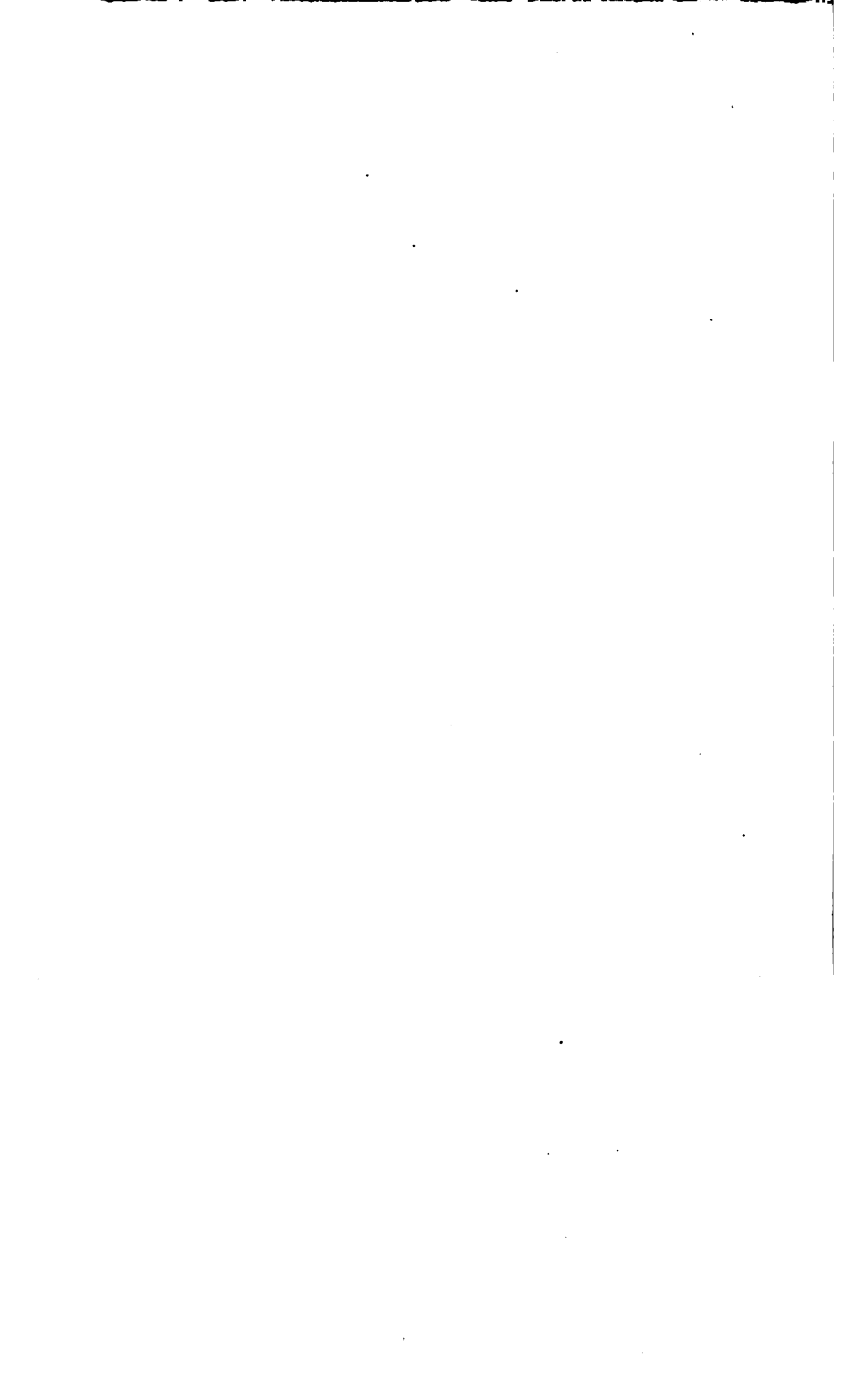
FROM THE FUND OF
CHARLES MINOT

CLASS OF 1828

MY DIARY

DURING THE

LAST GREAT WAR.



MY DIARY

DURING THE

LAST GREAT WAR

BY
William Howard
 W. H. RUSSELL

AUTHOR OF "THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO THE CRIMEA," "MY DIARY IN
 INDIA," ETC.



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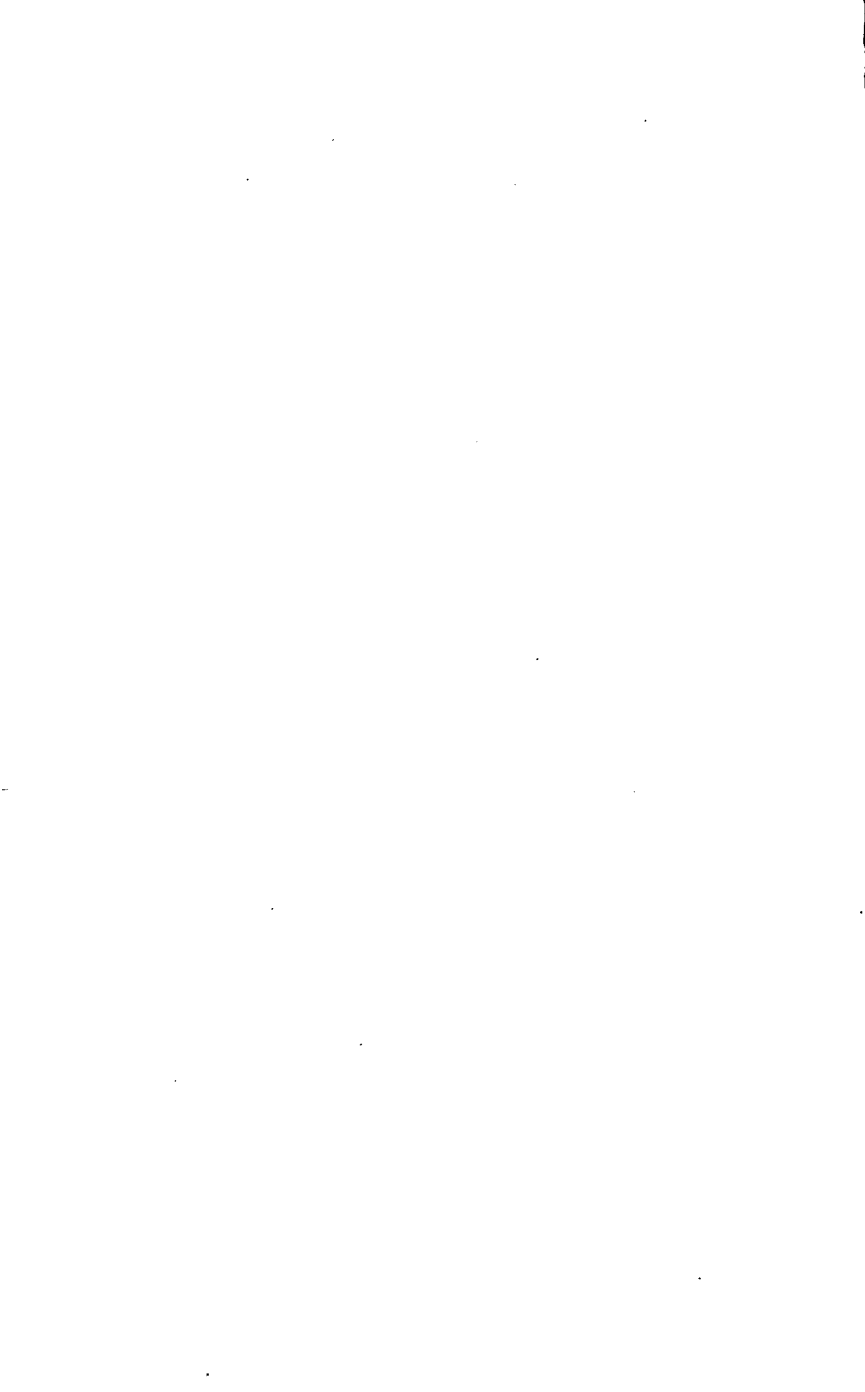
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P R E F A C E.

THE following pages merely present a condensation of the matter which has appeared in the columns of the *Army and Navy Gazette* during the last two years. In order to render it more suitable for publication in book form, the Author has subjected it to careful revision, without, however, introducing any important alteration in the information afforded.



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THE LAST GREAT WAR.

PASSAGES FROM MY PRIVATE DIARY.

CHAPTER I.

Special Correspondents—The War-Office Decision—French refuse Foreign Correspondents—Mr. Cardwell's "Non-Possumus"—The Outbreak of War—The Fever of Preparation—The Queen of Prussia's Arrival in Berlin—Berlin in War Time—Interview with Count Bismarck—The Christening at Potsdam—The Crown Prince—The Delays of Office.

THE record of the impressions of the moment which constitutes most of what is called the special correspondence of newspapers partakes of the merits and failings of all first impressions. These merits and failings must be measured by the mental power of the recorder—his capacity of forming a sound judgment, his ability to appreciate what he sees and hears, his knowledge and critical skill; in fact, the Special Correspondent is very much exposed to the influences which operate on journalism in general, and oblige

men to form and deliver on the instant opinions on events as they arise before them, and often before they have attained their full development. With considerable experience now of war and generals, I may say that the same observations apply to military operations. The greatest leaders may have had the precious gift of instantaneously determining the value of a military success or the bearing of a failure. There are and have been leaders with great reputations who certainly have not evinced that quickness of apprehension at the very moment of victory. There is sometimes a torpor, short, indeed, but generally vital, supervening before the flush of triumph comes with its intoxicating energies. Military successes, too, often take us by surprise, and find the general, unless he be a grand captain, obliged "to collect himself." There seemed to be no one capable of turning the result of the Battle of Idstedt to immediate account. For some hours after the Battle of the Alma there were officers quite unable to understand that the Allies had won a great action and brilliant victory. Mr. Kinglake points out the hesitations and weaknesses which prevailed after the chequered operations of 25th October had ended in a retrograde movement of Liprandi from Balaclava. So of the capture of the Malakhoff and evacuation of the Redan. Lord Clyde sat down before Lucknow, and was expecting several days more of hard fighting, when he was surprised by the good news that

his troops had got into the Kaiserbagh, but his dispositions did not prevent the escape of the enemy even next day. Solferino led to an armistice and a peace. In the hands of the old Napoleon it had produced at least immediate pressure and another victory. Even after Koniggrätz there was a great lull, and the Austrians were permitted to gather breath on the march to Olmütz. Among the generals who stood on the heights over the Meuse, surveying the terrible spectacle which was displayed as if on a stage before their eyes on the 1st September last year, there was not one who at 3 o'clock in the afternoon ventured to think that ere the sun went down the Emperor and his army yonder would be prisoners of war. Nor were there any who thought that Paris would offer a prolonged and desperate resistance after the German armies had completed the investment. Illustrations abound in my own experience of grave misapprehensions and miscalculations on the part of the very best heads; and I well remember how, on the 16th October, 1854—a long way back now, I regret to say—there was the most perfect confidence in the whole army, high and low, that before night-fall next day, the guns of Sebastopol would be silenced, and its defences in ruins. I say this to excuse, to some extent, the errors of judgment of which I am conscious as I read the pages of the Diary I kept during the war, in accordance with my custom for many years back, and to extenuate faults attribu-

table in some degree to the situation which I occupied. There has been, of late years, a tendency on the part of newspaper correspondents to mistake narratives of personal adventure for records of military operations. It is a natural error, and to the general public it is of little consequence. At the close of a day's fighting, extending over many miles, the brigadiers cannot give an account of what all their regiments have done, much less the divisional generals, still less the generals of the *corps d'armée* and generals-in-chief. But the correspondent cannot wait for "returns," and "states," and "despatches." He must write that night. Jaded and worn, with fevered pulse and throbbing brain, excited by all the horrors and splendours of battle, he must sit down then and there, and send off a full and particular account of the conflict, which will come long after the telegraph has discounted the value of his tale. The "there" may be a wayside hedge, a corner of a plank by a bivouac fire, a table in an inn filled with coarse soldiery or wounded men, a cabinet in a deserted chateau; it is all the same, just as it is all the same if the man be well or ill. He does his best or his worst; and perforce generally describes what he has seen, so that, for the readers of some London journal, the correspondent becomes the principal figure of the battle, and round him are grouped a particular company of horse or of foot to which he may have attached himself, and the officers of which are the heroes of the

fight. No one can see now-a-days without being liable to feel too. The correspondent attached to a staff is as much exposed as any officer in it, unless he shirks and goes to the rear. He must make up his mind, nevertheless, to be regarded as a spectator merely, whereas the man who rides in rear of him with a sword by his side will be accepted by all the world as one "who fought in the war, and was through it all." But what I particularly want to impress on my readers is, that it is a penalty the public must pay for the greed of immediate intelligence in being put off with crude impressions or with fanciful inventions.

With these few remarks I shall write the narrative of my life at the head-quarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia as I find it in the pages of my Diary, suppressing only passages relating to domestic matters or personal affairs, and remarks which cannot interest general readers. It is impossible for any nation to feel the keen interest in the vicissitudes of a war in which they take no part, which they would experience in the smallest phases of a contest of their own. Germans care little about our Crimean experiences, and we are not much moved by wars in Mexico or Morocco, so that a correspondent with a foreign army is always at a disadvantage. He is too enthusiastic to suit his own countrymen. He is not up to the mark for those among whom he lives and has his being. With the

war of 1866 I hoped my experience of foreign armies and, indeed, my acquaintance with camps and campaigns, had ended. True, I had no occasion to take the smallest exception to those among whom I had lived. Of the courtesy and kindness of Count Mensdorff I have every reason to retain the liveliest recollection, and to Feld-Zeugmeister v. Benedek, whom I joined in a sea of troubles, I owe a debt of gratitude which can only be paid by sympathy in his misfortunes. But it was my ninth year of campaigning. There could be no promotion from the east or from the west for me. If not *rude jam donatus* there were younger and better men rising up to bear the heat of the day, and professional soldiers were learning that it was not an unpleasant or unprofitable way of seeing service and gaining experience in drawing the pen under the standard of Mammon. I felt it was time to retire, and that I had done my work. But it was otherwise decided. I was called on once more to leave family and friends, and return to the old business, of which I may say, that with all its intense interest, its pomp and circumstance, its grandeur and its meanness, the more I see of it the less I like it. There is a strange fascination about war. Much as I detest its acts and scenes, when present to the eye, there is both in the retrospect and in the prospect something which attracts and dominates. We all know how agreeable the remembrance of danger and hardship is. When we think of them we seem to be heroes to

ourselves. "You have passed through such and such dangers unscathed; you have been tested and not found wanting." Then the desire to behold events which stamp history indelibly masters you, and once within the vortex you whirl madly round till peace breaks out. I had been spending the summer down at Maidenhead, and was engaged in writing a book on "Modern Egypt," when one day, about the 10th of July, I got a short note to ask whether, in the event of war, I might be relied upon to proceed to the head-quarters of one of the hostile armies. It was natural, from his experience in the campaign of 1866, that Captain Hozier should be selected to accompany the Prussian Army, and he had received an intimation from Berlin that he would be welcome on the Staff of the Crown Prince. For me there only remained then the French camp if I went at all. Well, I answered "Yes," scarce knowing what I said. Captain Hozier's mission to German head-quarters seemed quite certain, but there had been a declaration of hostilities against "Special Correspondents" in France. A mania, for which a word was coined, raged too against spies. Inoffensive strangers were insulted, mobbed, and sometimes severely ill-treated. Newspaper correspondents were especially obnoxious to the mob. I am not going to write their eulogy, but, with the light of facts to guide us, it may be said, now, that had special correspondents been admitted to the French armies, the system of decep-

tion and falsehood which paralysed the energies of the nation would have failed at the outset, and Frenchmen would have known the truth which they never knew until it was too late. The War Minister who informed France that the Army was ready for war to the very last button of the soldier's gaiter, and who allowed the armies of France to enter upon a campaign without tents, medicines, transports, supplies, shoes, or maps, was perhaps aware that keen eyes of neutral observers might perceive the deficiencies which correspondents of the French Press either could not detect or were afraid to indicate. I was informed, but with what truth I cannot say, that the Emperor had said I would be received at his headquarters, but that no correspondent of the journal which I was to represent would be permitted with the French Army. In that case I should have had no *raison d'être*. What is quite certain is that Marshal Le Bœuf refused permission to any foreign correspondents to accompany any of the Army corps. That prohibition extended to the military officers attached to the embassies of the neutral Powers. The Emperor was appealed to, but in vain. Marshal Le Bœuf gave permission to a certain number of gentlemen connected with the Paris and provincial papers to proceed to various quarters occupied by the French Army, but if I am to judge from the brief career of these correspondents, their principal mission was to glorify the French arms, to paint in brilliant colours

the scenes of camp life, to praise the French soldier and "fool him to the top of his bent," to abstain from giving information of any kind, and, above all things, to sing to the praise and glory of the Emperor and his generals. Looking back now I cannot but think how different my fate might have been had I been allowed to join the head-quarters of MacMahon or of Bazaine ! How very opposite would have been my experiences at Wörth and Sedan, and the scenes I should have witnessed in all the mazy marching between the Marne and the Moselle !

While attempts at negotiation were going on in Paris through various channels, and while Acheron was moved in default of the superior Powers, a new incident perplexed all our calculations.

"The best laid schemes of men and mice gang aft aglee."

The War Office came to the resolution to forbid officers on full pay to repair to the quarters of either belligerent. Probably there was a little prompting on the part of the Horse Guards, which may have felt dislike to officers being attached to foreign armies as newspaper correspondents. It is likely that the Foreign Office may have had something to do with the decision of the War Minister. Anyhow, Mr. Cardwell put down his foot ; Captain Hozier was refused permission to go with the Prussian head-quarters. So for the time the leading journal was menaced with the absolute exclusion of its correspon-

dents from both armies. All manner of influence, personal and political, social and friendly, were set at work; but with Mr. Cardwell the setting down of the foot is a very decisive operation. He was *tenax propositi* in the House and out of the House—in the War Office and at home. Attacked front and sideways, he resorted to a masterly *non-possumus*. Thus while the armies were actually hastening to the thin frontier, and every day brought the hosts to the verge of battle, the English Press, which displayed such activity and acquired such a high position during the conflict, was threatened with ostracism and paralysis.

The 16th July came with a decisive and final negative from Paris: "No foreign correspondents with the French armies." So France was out of the question. If Captain Hozier then could induce Mr. Cardwell to raise his leg, it seemed doubtful whether my services would be needed at all. Like many Englishmen who had been in the Crimea, I had a kind of regard for the French Army, and if I could not go with them I had no very great desire to leave home for the seat of war. I had, if I may use the term, served against the Prussians in the Austrian campaign of 1866, and, with every admiration for the Crown Prince, I could not forget that

"Fast before his father's men
Three days I fled together,"

after the fatal day of Königgratz. I was by no

means singular in thinking that the French would win in the early battles of the war, and I have been paying to various friends small sums lost in backing that opinion before I left England, though I always held the belief that in the long run the Germans would have the best of the contest. In the military clubs it was generally supposed that not only was the French Army prepared, but that the declaration of war would be followed by instantaneous action, and that the French would catch the Prussians by surprise. Every one likes to be on the winning side, and I was not exceedingly anxious to join the German Army. So much I am now free to confess. Still, if no one else was available, I could not refuse to accept the mission. There were several military men on full pay waiting, in the hope that the War Office would give way. The Horse Guards did not appear very much opposed, but there, as at the Foreign Office, there were no doubt objections to their employment. Time pressed. The armies were on the march. Still Mr. Cardwell said "No." As Captain Hozier was thus prohibited from going to Prussia, an application was made to the War Ministry on my behalf. On the last day of the second week in July a communication was received from Berlin to the effect that I would be willingly received at the German headquarters. Then came the difficulties—the work to be neglected, the arrangements to be made, all the things which men in the humblest affairs find them-

selves called upon to provide for on the eve of hurried departure, not to speak of domestic ties to be snapped or rudely strained.

How the war burst on the world at last ! There had been a considerable tootling of Pandean pipes a short time before—always a bad sign. And the Peace Society had been active—just as petrels are restless on the eve of a storm—which is even ominous, judging by past experience. It was only on 6th July the leading journal wrote that the choice of a King for Spain should not be made in haste, or “without such explanations as may satisfy French susceptibility.” Three days after it expressed a belief that if the nations of Europe did their duty the war cloud might pass away. Then, five days later, there was the “intense relief” caused by the renunciation of Prince Leopold. “France will ask nothing further.” But the day before M. Benedetti had asked for something more, and on the 15th July the telegrams from Berlin with details of the famous interview at Ems appeared simultaneously with the news of the French declaration of war. Mediation was declined—M. Thiers protested—and the London journals prepared for the field, and put themselves (vicariously) on a war footing. As soon as it was known that I was going out there were many offers made to me of “assistance” of all kinds. I was supposed to need secretaries, aides, translators, and general retainers and staff by friends and strangers, who were ready to go

anywhere and do anything "in order to see service." Others were desirous of "accompanying" me, as if I could be of the least use to them when I had my duties to attend to, or could refuse permission to any one to come in the same train with me. It is a great comfort to have a companion in ordinary travel and a comrade in danger, but there are certain sorts of travel and of danger which do not well admit such solace.

As I write there rises up before me the eager pleasant face of one who, during these anxious hours, fairly haunted Pall-mall. Those who knew Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton need not be told how dear he was to his friends. Energetic and resolute, he was so in the smoothest, softest, possible manner, and he won his way by a curious admixture of strength and ease in what he sought. When he first mentioned his desire to go out as special correspondent I did my best to dissuade him. I told him of the *désagréments*, hardships, and dangers of a life which had no glory. He made light of them all. He was determined to go. Having gained a success in his first novel, he set his mind on the career of a man of letters, and saw his chance in the midst of a war in which all eyes would be turned on names illuminated by such a tremendous conflagration. No one could be better suited for the work;—a ready writer and a capital soldier, bold, courageous, fond of adventure, a sportsman, a good rider. "Kit Pemberton" would, no

doubt, have become king of war correspondents had his life been spared. An offer had been made to him by another newspaper, but he was anxious to be attached to the *Times*, not, as he said, because it was the first journal, but because he would be with his old friend. His modest estimate of his own powers made him attach one condition to his service in case he was accepted. He would only go if he could serve with me and under me. Accompanied by his faithful poodle, he hovered about clubs and pounced upon his friends, with the one aim and object of getting to the seat of war. He was not, indeed, singular in this desire, for soldiers and civilians put themselves to their wits' ends for the same object. There was another friend to whom I had made a promise—scarcely realising its meaning—"to take him to the war," and he, too, packed up and got him ready for foreign parts, whither it was supposed by his friends I had instigated him to repair. "Error!" as French journalists say. I shall call him "L. G.," and many will recognise him under these initials, though they might not have done so had they seen him a few days later on the war path enveloped in the dust of marching columns, and attired as if for the sports of the field. *Nil me pœnitet hujus amici.*

Here comes a page from my Diary :—

July 19. —Fever approaching its crisis. Reports of small actions along the frontiers. Courier over-

whelmed with many cares. Peat quite equal to a tremendous order for saddles and accoutrements, holsters, wallets, &c., to be ready for three of us this evening. The memory of the day is like that which one has of some crisis in terrible illness. Rushing about for letters of introduction to foreign personages, and paying respects and farewell visits to people in town. I do not venture to look at a newspaper, lest some telegram should report the armies *aux prises*. The start for the scene of war was well nigh disastrous. It was a supreme effort to get away, and was effected in three columns. We had to go in the first instance to Berlin of course. The first sign of war, the steamer to Ostend, crowded with Germans repairing to their various military districts, full of fight and enthusiasm, which did not yield even to the *mal de mer*. The conversation was all about war. An active speculator paid for a first-class ticket in order that he might sell revolvers to the passengers. The station at Brussels was crowded with Belgians in all the glory of military array, elated with that war footing which calls for the performance of all military duties save the unpleasant one of fighting, and quite ready for that. Railway bridges were blown up at one place, viaducts in another. To think that we lost eight mortal hours at Brussels because the Custom-house authorities would insist upon examining our luggage! Off at 5.40 P.M., and got on to Cologne, which presented a

mass of excited citizens, and military detachments in the streets. Station blocked with trains. On the platform a surging multitude of soldiers. A guard of honour awaited the Queen Augusta on her way from the Rhine. The "Rhine-Song," "God Save the Queen," stentorian cheers, and *Hochs* greeted Her Majesty, who was led to the Royal carriage amidst enthusiasm which spoke volumes for the fire which burns beneath the cold exterior of the German. And when the Queen spoke a few words from the carriage to the crowd, Elizabeth at Tilbury had not a greater ovation. We tried to warm up to it; but the time is distant when the heart of one man can beat like that of another of different nationality. At midnight the train, with the Royal carriages attached, glided on. Through the night we were conscious of stations lighted up, of helmets, bayonets, and glistening accoutrements, the noise of many voices, and cheering. Eager faces, hands offering beer, wine, and sandwiches, pressed against the windows, so that we seemed to be dozing away in the midst of some great theatrical performance like that of the procession in the *Prophète* commingled with a perpetual banquet. As the early morning light stole out over the fields, we could see that the villages were almost tenantless, though the waving crops were nearly ready for the sickle. Those who should have handled it were trudging along the dusty roads or crowded into the railway carriages, which crawled in endless procession down to the

Rhine. The soldiers were mostly going to Treves, which seemed to be the point of concentration for the Northern Army. If the French were to burst in and cross the frontier they could disturb the arrangements considerably. An old lady in the carriage spent the morning in objurgating "the wretch Napoleon," and cried as she saw in her mind's eye the corn-fields trampled down and the villages burned by his ruthless soldiery. Why? Because the old woman belonged to a time when Germans accepted French military supremacy as a fact at the outset of a campaign only to be overthrown by great efforts, long-continued and powerful co-operation. But now Saxons, Bavarians, Hessians, Wurtemburghers, Badens, even Hanoverians, are all arrayed under the same banners for the same cause. The Queen seemed to have baffled age, and to have escaped the notice of Time for the last twenty years. She did not escape the notice of her subjects. Those who were not out soldiering were looking at or ministering to the soldiery at the stations, and Her Majesty's presence produced many *hochs* and the inevitable "Rhine Watch" song. Sometimes the performance tended to dissipate the notion that the Germans are, as a nation, musicians. The heat was stifling. The carriages of the train were crowded. The road or rail was dusty and long—Oh, how long! Those can tell who have journeyed by Hanover, Minden, Ham, and on to Berlin. At Potsdam the train drew up at a private station in

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advance of that to the town. There the Queen alighted. A carriage with well-appointed postilions and out-riders and handsome horses was waiting—a tall old man in military uniform, with a star on his breast, heavy grey moustache, bold front, and fixed and haughty eye stood in the doorway of the station, and received her tenderly. It was the King. A few officers and ladies apart and a white-headed Garde Champêtre with his dogs. These were all; the passengers cheered; the King bowed, and the Queen smiled—it was a sad smile; and, in a few seconds, the little procession was trotting to the Palace at Potsdam. It was such a relief to get to Berlin—not often sought-for pleasure in times past nor a city of great joyance; but welcome now. There were many troubles and much anxiety yet before us in the few days we had to stay there.

July 22.—It rained heavily this morning, and we were glad when Mr. Meyer appeared to say that Parliament was not sitting, and that we could not see the House. On our arrival at mid-day I sent to the palace to ascertain when it would be convenient for my letters to be presented, and received an intimation that I was expected at Potsdam this afternoon. The Hotel du Nord is like a barrack. The door is guarded by a splendid person in chains of office, who might pass for a sheriff or a mayor. Officers upstairs and down. The clank of spur and sabre commingles with the clatter of knife and fork; orderlies with

despatches haunt the corridor ; the waiters do not attend to civilians unless they have nothing else to do. That is natural. Soldiers must be fed, and, in war time, as a rule, they are in a hurry, and the waiters, no matter how patriotic, are glad to have escaped the first draught of the net for military service, and are grateful. We called on Lord Augustus Loftus. An ambassador of a neutral Power to a Court on the eve of war is not in an enviable position. Lord Augustus is one of the blindest and most equable of men, but he is now somewhat ruffled about Coals and Correspondents. Count Bismarck has made energetic representations against the sale of coal to French ships of war by British merchants. English newspapers have made energetic representations to the British Ambassador to induce him to apply for permission for their correspondents to accompany the German armies. "You will be admitted to go, I am told, and you only—no one else," he said to me ; "I hear they will not permit even Walker to go with head-quarters." As "L. G." had letters to powerful persons, he entertained hopes that he would be allowed to go. Lord Augustus was very confident the other way. I gathered from him that he thought the Prussians would win ; Germany was united and ready. The King's proclamation last night had excited general enthusiasm. The declaration that it was a consolation to him before God and man that he had in no

way given a pretext for the wanton attack of France was much applauded. The public mind was in such a state that the news of first blood being drawn on the Prussian side was read with delight. The papers recorded how yesterday a sentry was fired at near Saarlouis by a French soldier, who missed with his Chassepôt, and was not missed by a return shot from the needle-gun. At 1 P.M. received a note from Count Seckendorff to ask me to come to Potsdam. I induced "L. G." to start with me, and we got off by 2 P.M. train. Day hot and muggy. Took carriage at Potsdam Station, and drove to New Palace. It is a long way by hard paved streets, soft sandy roads, gardens, and fir plantations, with glints of lake through the branches. The New Palace was in deep dejection: no show or state; the blinds closed, and only a servant visible in front. To him we made known our wishes, and learned incidentally that the "Royal Family" had dined. The Crown Prince gone to Berlin. After a time came Count Seckendorff out. He saw we were English and not in uniform, and at once concluded we had "come to sell horses." All our thoughts were turned on buying instead of selling. Count Seckendorff speaks English fluently, and is an excellent specimen of the young Prussian noble—good-looking, of excellent manners, a soldier, a courtier, and a diplomatist, speaking French and Italian—an artist in his way. He led us to his modest room, "up ever so high," in the Palace, with

a round window bearing on the courtyard. His saddles and campaigning equipments were ready in one corner, for "we may start at any time." Presently we were told to descend, and we walked round the angle of the palace towards a parterre abutting on the private apartments of the Crown Prince, and, in a few seconds, the Crown Princess of Prussia—"Princess Royal of England," as she loves to sign herself in addition—came out, attended by Count Seckendorff. Her Royal Highness, who knew my companion long ago, was very gracious, and spoke of the war in the most touching manner; she was tender of her enemies, and full of love for her own people. To her, at least, it was a horrible thing. The second war the young wife has had to bear, her husband a leader in the hosts, and this the most menacing the world has seen for years. Who could see the end of it? Was ever a war so wicked and so unprovoked? It was all very touching, and one could see how sorrow and anxiety invade the precincts of a palace. And whilst she was indignant with the authors of it, Her Royal Highness could not but express regret that some whose qualities she admired should be the enemies of her "people." She mentioned two or three names—among them those of Marshal MacMahon and De Failly—in kind terms, and alluded to her recent visit and reception by the Emperor and Empress. What can have driven them to do it? The Princess spoke with suffused eyes of

the sufferings which would be caused to thousands of unoffending Germans. "And the poor Palatinate! They will ravage it again as they have done before. Do you not think so?" It seemed probable that the French in the first rush would break into the Rhenish provinces, and overcome resistance till they were brought up by the bulk of the German armies. "Yes, I fear you are right! We are not prepared. They have taken us at every disadvantage. But we have a good cause, and God will not allow the wicked authors of this war to triumph over us." "We had not a single general in Berlin when the news of war came. It is our harvest time. In every way the war is full of misery for our poor people, but I have no fear for the result." She spoke with peculiar earnestness, and I take the liberty of repeating these words, now that her reliance has been so well justified. At "L. G.'s" desire to go to the war the Princess somewhat wondered, but she gave a kind of promise at last that she would further his views if possible. As she was speaking, her eldest son, the Prince Friedrich William, a very fine well-grown boy, came out with his younger brother and tutor. The Princess followed them with her eyes full of tenderness and love.

It was a quarter past 4. We took leave, and caught the 5 o'clock train at Potsdam with difficulty. Dined with Lord Augustus Loftus at 6. Telegrams arriving. The outbreak of hostilities seems to be de-

ferred but for a moment. The Emperor is reported to be close to the frontier near Saarbrück, at the head of the Imperial Guards; and here am I without a horse or vehicle of any sort; and as yet without that permission to go, without which nothing can be done. The trains are all in the occupation of Government, and are filled with troops. On returning to the hotel found an intimation from Count Bismarck that he desired to see me, and would receive me to-morrow. The courier had been all over Berlin, and reported that the price of vehicles was ridiculous, and that horses were not to be had at any price. Pemberton set to work with his usual energy. We found out the Berlin Tattersall's, and looked to it as our only chance. Received a despatch from Colonel Conolly at Vienna, to whom I had applied, to say that no horses would be allowed to pass the Austrian frontier. The excitement, anxiety, change of weather—something or another—has upset us all. A restless night, broken with dreams of soldiers and battles, and by actual drums and cheering. The marching of men along the Unter den Linden sounds like the rush of some great river.

July 23.—After breakfast Pemberton, "L. G.," and myself went off to the Riding Establishment, where nearly every one spoke English, and had English groom's legs and nether clothing. Found a capital riding-school, but scarcely any horses to ride. Prussian officers were trying some very poor nags,

nearly all mares, which, for campaigning purposes, are objectionable. The prices asked were ridiculous. Just as we were going off in despair the proprietor produced a strong brown horse, with a heavy shoulder but well ribbed up, which seemed to suit my weight, if nothing else, and finally he was handed over to me for about £75, subject to trial. Next came the question of baggage and servants. For a horse there must be a groom, and for a courier there must be a carriage. Pemberton set to work, and swept Berlin in a masterly manner. It was very droll to see him careering about with the O'Gorman Mahon, who took a great interest in his new acquaintance. They hunted in couples, as if they had known each other all their lives. Although it is pretty certain that I will find no ultimate difficulty in joining the Army from the authorities, there is certainly no promptitude in their action. I have not received my permission to go, and no papers or passports. As to Pemberton and "L. G.," the case appears still more doubtful, but they are armed with letters to the greatest personages, and will use them with effect. At 2 o'clock repaired to Count Bismarck's, a large, plain-fronted house—but for the *porte-cochère* very like the residences in which the Irish nobility delighted to dwell when they honoured Dublin by their presence. There was no outward state, no sentries at the door, no bustle in the passages; but a grave gentleman in black led me upstairs, along a passage, put me in a

small room, and, returning in a minute, said, "His Excellency will see you," and in another moment I was face to face with the great man. He was seated at a table covered with papers when I entered, and there was an odour of tobacco in the room which showed that the great Count was fond of good cigars. He rose, and advanced to meet me with outstretched hand and a most charming frankness of manner. He was dressed in a military frock-coat, the lapels turned back, showing his military stock, and certainly bore more resemblance in his outward aspect to a soldier than to a statesman. The face is one that can never be mistaken. The coarsest caricatures are like, just as the finest photographs or most delicate engravings fail to convey an idea of the infinite subtlety of expression, the play of the mouth, and—need it be said—the varying expression of the eye. First, business. He said, "You shall go. I have no power to give you an order; that is the War Minister's business. We put up a general defence against newspaper correspondents going with our army. But you shall be an exception, and in a short time you will receive your *Legitimation*." Then, for more than an hour Count Bismarck found time to expound the situation, to give his views of France, Frenchmen, French statesmen and the Emperor; to retrace the story of French interference in German politics, and his own policy in his interviews with the Emperor, speaking of matters of the highest importance with a frankness

and unreserve characteristic of the man, but embarrassing to one in my position. His English is excellent. Now and then there is a word which is strange in use, but logically correct. The time is too near for me now to permit myself to repeat what Count Bismarck said, although he took occasion to remark long afterwards that he did not intend anything he said to me to be kept as secret. Alluding to Luxembourg he made one remark which puzzled me. "At that time," said he, "if the French had not been so foolish, they might have had Luxembourg, for I am sure Germany would not have asked me to fight for it. As your Shakespeare says of Kent, '*Gens mal sana in patria sana*,' or some such words, quotation and allusion being to me equally abstruse."

We have searched in vain for any kind of vehicle suitable to the carriage of our light kit, which is now reduced to small dimensions. All finery has been stowed away. A couple of travelling suits, riding-boots, flannel shirts, waterproofs, horse clothing and saddlery, a very small canteen, contained in two light portmanteaus, so constructed as to be capable of carriage one at each side of a pack animal, is all I take. Last night messengers with despatches and solicitations to high places were sent off again. If the army be engaged, as is most likely, it will be impossible ever to recover lost ground. Somehow or other there is an appearance of greater confidence

amongst the people. Every hour gained for the Germans is an immense advantage. All the plans for concentration are so exceedingly fine that a rough intrusion may shatter the scheme altogether. So the great anxiety is to know if the French are moving; and when hour after hour comes with its telegrams reporting "nothing doing along the front," or insignificant appearances of patrols, men rub their hands and look cheerful. An irruption of 30,000 or 40,000 men, upon say, Treves, a few days ago, would have marred Von Moltke's plans. The German hosts are getting stronger every hour. The streams have gathered towards the border, and have now formed a sea of bayonets; fast augmenting trains roll ceaselessly on, setting from north and east and south towards the narrow frontier between Strasbourg and Luxembourg. To-day there was an interesting ceremony, to which I was invited. A special train at mid-day took down to Potsdam the guests invited to the christening of the youngest-born daughter of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. She will be spoken of in years to come as having been born "at the outbreak of the Great War." The guests were in uniform, and the station presented a bright array of medalled and decorated breasts, plumes and casques and diplomatic costumes. At Potsdam carriages were in waiting, marshalled by officers of the Royal Household, and we were driven to the New Palace, which was thronged already by officers and all the pillars of

the State of Prussia. I have a bad memory for names, but when I asked, "Who is such and such a one?" I was reminded by the answer of the heroes of the Seven Years' War or of more recent conflicts. There, in white tunic and armour and jack-boots, stood Von Wrangel, who served as a major of cuirassiers at Leipsic, and who lives to see another Napoleon in the field against his master. There is Moltke—there Von Roon—there Blucher. The soldiers of Königgratz, and of less remarkable combats of 1866, and those who had made their names known by service against the luckless but heroic Dane, were there, covered with orders. Prince Friedrich Karl, not mingling much in the throng, but with arms folded, stood rather apart, leaning against the wall, in a recess by a window, looking on as a spectator. Count Bismarck, towering above the tallest, was in his uniform, a major of the Landwehr of the Coburg Cuirassiers. His Excellency told me that the much-wished-for *Legitimation* would be ready to-morrow. "It is a strange sight, this christening, at such times as these, but children must be born, and people must die." The Crown Prince came in soon after all the guests were assembled, and moved through the room with that air of dignity which distinguishes him on State occasions. But there was a touch of sadness in his face and voice mingling with kindness of manner peculiarly his own. His Royal Highness was good enough to express his satisfaction that I had

come to join the army, and looking round on the gay assemblage, remarked on the contrast it offered to the scenes so near at hand—a christening now, a battle-field before the week is over. He added that he was expecting every moment to be summoned to the field; the troops were fast gaining their appointed stations. The King made his appearance just before the ceremony, and moved up and down through the crowd of officers and diplomatists, stopping to speak to each for a few seconds. He seemed especially gracious to Lord Augustus Loftus, with whom rumour says Count Bismarck is not quite so friendly, although there is assuredly no outward sign of it. There are two figures on whom men's eyes rest always—the King and Bismarck. The latter chats and smiles, and seems to tell or hear anecdotes or pithy stories, as if the coming war left not a shadow of care upon him. The King appears to be fully impressed with the magnitude of the contest. There is, inferior though he be in bulk and stature to his great Chancellor, in his mere physical presence something very grand. After a while there arose, through the clanking of steel and the hum of voices, the wail of an infant. Borne in the arms of a lady-in-waiting, followed by a train of noble dames, the baby Princess was carried into a darkened room, a kind of chapel, lighted with wax tapers, at one side of which was raised an altar beneath a canopy. I believe the Crown Princess appeared for

a short time, but was obliged to retire. The heat was very great. The officiating clergyman, the Court preacher, delivered an address which seemed to us rather lengthy, and was not listened to in dumb silence by the infant Princess. But the christening was over at last, and the company marched through the fine saloons of the Palace to the banqueting-hall called the Marble Saloon, where a *déjeûner* was served. My lot threw me among several clergymen who wore medals for military service, and whom I found exceedingly intelligent and agreeable, but, perhaps, not very charitable towards their enemies in the flesh—the French. “The last christening in this Palace,” said one of them to me, “took place immediately before the war with Austria. You know how that ended.” The entertainment was marked with a certain gravity and tinge of sadness, nor was it of very long duration. At the banquet there was only one toast given—the health of the King—and all the company rose. Then all the guests followed His Majesty into the reception-room, where he held a kind of unofficial court. I had the honour of being presented by Lord Augustus Loftus, and of having a most gracious reception. The King remarked that “public opinion was very powerful in these days, and that he was glad to see me there as the Minister of that Power.” He repeated almost the words of his proclamation respecting the justice of his cause, and the clearness of his conscience in



the quarrel, as well as his confidence in God to bring all to a right end. I was also presented to Prince Friedrich, Prince Karl, and other distinguished personages. At half-past 5 we were all back in Berlin. No documents of any kind have arrived for us, although the public offices connected with war-making and transport are busily employed. War knows no Sundays or holidays. The authorities seem to have relented as far as Colonel Walker is concerned. We have found out he has bought a cart, or a light trap, for campaigning purposes. A lad, in rags, with a sharp, white face came to me for service as a groom—an English jockey of a very sporting name, and out of a very good stable. His story was that he had been to the Hamburg races, had there got into evil company, and lost all his money and been robbed of his clothes. Not a promising out-look; but needs must; and I engaged him at forty-five thalers a-month, knowing well that a campaign is an excellent reformatory. The rumour runs to-night that the Crown Prince will start immediately to take command of the Southern Germans, Bavarians, and Wurtembergers, &c., who are to be incorporated with the North German Army Corps placed under his command. The chief of the staff, of course, will be Von Blumenthal, as of yore, whom I have not yet seen. The North German Army will be under the command of Prince Friedrich Karl, the King as Generalissimo probably accom-

panying him. The heat is very great, and so is the excitement.

I have a suspicion that the authorities are not particularly anxious, if they bestow a thought upon such a subject, to have newspaper correspondents at the front, while the armies are in course of concentration. I hear that the generals are slipping quietly away to their divisions and army corps. But what can be done? The excitement in Berlin increases. The respite gives them increasing hopes. If the French were to try and break through to-day, a formidable barrier would have to be overcome. A curious thing! I was buying maps of the Palatinate and countries thereabout, when the master called me on one side and advised me to purchase a map or two of "the eastern departments of France." Many officers, he said, had got them, and the War Department were lithographing French maps as fast as they could. Some maps with the military routes marked on them were "dressed" as far back as 1866 and 1867. I remembered that some years back, there appeared a series of articles in the *Spectateur Militaire*, translated from German documents, on the modes of invading France. A little book, called the "Organisation of the French Army," in German, has an enormous sale, and is distributed widely in the Army. It gives a plain account of the troops, of their mode of fighting, uniforms, army corps, &c., and is provided with plates representing types of the

French soldiery, such as Turcos, Spahis, Zouaves, and other corps. We are making way. Pemberton pounced upon two black horses, strong, short-legged, useful beasts, with great tails and manes, just in time; gave £60 for the two—so we are provided with draught animals. But the carriages are not ready. There is scarcely a piece of harness to be had in Berlin. H. v. Keüddall, Legationsrath, called on behalf of Count Bismarck to say my “papers would be ready in a short time.” I represented to him my anxiety and the difficulty I was in, when people told me I was going to the war, seeing that if I assented it would look as if I were violating the promise of secrecy I had made to Count Bismarck. He told me not to be at all alarmed on that score. But I was very much so when I heard that the Crown Prince had left Berlin that morning! I went to the Casino, and saw V. Welkersheimb, who had been Military Attaché at Paris, and whom I knew in Vienna during the war of 1866, when he was on the Head-Quarters’ Staff—a most intelligent and charming person, who talked a long time over the situation. He was quite positive that the French must be beaten, in consequence of their faulty dispositions and defective preparations.

July 28.—At 10.30 Herr Meyer called, and took us off to see the Augusta Hospital, which owes its existence to the Hilfsverein, and is under the immediate patronage of the Queen. It is a model of a

building. The Canoness Von Ritberg, the Superior, a most charming person, showed us over the place, which was perfect in its details. It is intended for sick and wounded officers, and meantime the good nurses and surgeons keep their hands in with the care and treatment of those patients who can pay for their keep. We are much assisted by Herr Meyer. He is, indeed, a learned German, who is specially profound, of all things in the world, in Welsh, and who speaks English, as well as other languages, exceedingly well. He is honoured by the friendship of His Majesty and of the Queen, and enjoyed the consideration of the Prince Consort during his residence in England. From him we hear something about the movements of great personages, very discreetly told. The Crown Prince is gone; Frederick Karl is already at the front. When we talk about our own chances of getting away, Herr Meyer looks very secret, and gives a nod of his head, but what that means no one of us can tell. On our return overtook the 14th Regiment, from Stettin, marching to the station—a fine, hardy-looking set of fellows, who were greeted with cheers from door and window in the streets. Also met Count Blucher Von Wahlstadt, an old Vienna acquaintance, who was in much trouble because he belonged to a squadron of his regiment of hussars which was not going to the war. He was galloper to the Crown Prince at Königgratz, and it may be

supposed that he felt keenly the loss of such glorious service as the war promised.

July 29.—A pretty sight this morning in front of the King's palace. The colour company and band of the 1st Regiment of Guards, which left Potsdam at half-past 3, marched down Unter den Linden at half-past 10. It is nearly twenty miles from Potsdam. The men were in heavy marching order, and the day was exceedingly hot and muggy, so that the speed was rather remarkable, but only some few of the men showed considerable signs of distress. The colours were brought out and presented to them from the palace by the King. We returned to the hotel. At last it comes! An officer delivered to-day a large envelope with the seal of the War Office containing my "*Legitimation*," signed by "Von Roon," dated the 27th of July; so it has been two days *en route*. The contents specify that I, the correspondent of the *Times*, have permission to proceed with the Army, and to obtain leave from any general commanding to be attached to his quarters.

July 30.—What we did to-day I know not. There is the war raging; the troops marching; Walker gone. No paper for Pemberton or for my other friend. The waggons not prepared. It is next to brain fever.

July 31.—Joy! An order has come for one comrade. Pemberton is to get his to-day. Lord Ronald and I are ordered to the palace, where we are to see the

Queen. Her Majesty was all that was gracious, but full of grief and solicitude about the war. Met General Von Roon on the staircase. He was serious and courteous. At half-past 6 o'clock the King left Berlin for the special train, which carried him direct to the head-quarters of his Army near the frontier. There was a most moving demonstration, the streets thronged, windows crowded, roofs covered, masses of people with banners inscribed "For God and Fatherland." He was in uniform, sitting in an open Victoria, with the Queen by his side. Those who know the Royal presence well said that he was under the influence of great emotion, because with one hand he continually smoothed his massive white moustache. At the station were his chiefs, the members of his military cabinet, Moltke, Von Roon, Count Bismarck, and the *personnel* of a great staff. The scene on leave-taking was indescribable, and, to render it more impressive, a thunderstorm which had been sweeping round the outskirts of the city closed gradually in, and in peal after peal fired salvos as the Royal carriages moved off. The Queen burst into tears. It has been observed that the King, always direct in his communications with his people, as most sovereigns are who have nearly despotic power, has been lately exceedingly free, moving up and down continually in an open *drosky*, with only one *chasseur*, going among the troops, giving out colours, and addressing the men

in a few energetic sentences ere they set out for the war.

August 1.—Every one of us is provided with papers, now, *Legitimations*, and letters, eagle-stamped, much impressed. And still there are lions in the path. The egg vans are scarcely ready. Don Carlos, Pemberton's servant, is not all that could be desired. The harness is all over the place, and the chief employment of the people of Berlin seems to be to bring in little bills against us. It seems each train is numbered and told off to special military detachments—so many waggons for passengers, so many for horses, and any accessions are regarded with disfavour. There was a train to start at 3 o'clock on which our thoughts were bent, but when we reached the station at 2 A.M. we were told we were hours too late. There was, however, a most obliging Bahnhofs Inspector, who was willing to do anything if the Etappen Inspector would look on us with favourable eyes. Great trotting up and down the platform, and perquisition in offices, for it was an evil hour to harass official life in Germany—when good digestion has waited on appetite. Etappen Inspector in a small wooden den with a bed in it, a man of much work and anxiety, in semi-military attire. There were some difficulties which were, as we ascertained afterwards, from a candid confession, due to Pemberton's title of "colonel." This to a German is a pure French title, and it was only when

the Inspector asked "why the Colonel had not gone to France ere this," that we understood the nature of the obstacle. When he heard that there were English colonels too, the worthy Etappen Commandant was satisfied, and gave an order for our transit, and for the waggons, for horses, &c. I had to pay for five horses, five men, and two trucks to Cologne, and we were told off to start with the gendarmerie of the Third Army Corps, which was already parading at the station. These men are picked soldiers; each wears a gorget with a number suspended by a brass chain round his neck. They are a mounted corps, and are well equipped as dragoons. Amid much enthusiasm our worthy gendarmes got into their carriages, and we rolled out of Berlin. It rained in torrents. We reached Potsdām at 4.10. Here boys and girls decked in red and white sashes distributed food and drink to the worthy gendarmerie, who, to judge by the way in which they received these patriotic gifts, seemed as if they had been hours since they left Berlin.

CHAPTER II.

The Journey—Mayence—Count Bismarck—My last interview with Pemberton—Arrival at Worms—Enter France—Our arrest—Head Quarters at last—Battle of Wörth—Our bad fortune—The night after the Battle—The French Prisoners.

August 2.—We crept on very, very slowly—from station to station. Names never seen, or at least noticed by the “through” traveller, now came to view at little platforms crowded with people. How they throw their hearts and souls into this war! Every village has its offering for the gendarmerie, who are perhaps not so very popular in peace time. At each halting-place the gendarmes get out and are made much of, patted on the back and forced to eat and drink—it must be forcing now—and strut their little minute on the stage till the old colonel in command shouts out “*Einsteigen*,” and in they get to the carriages, and move off amid cheers, and perhaps prayers, to the next station. And so darkness comes on at last, and we sink to sleep, through which intrude lights and noises at various stations, and faint images of the valiant gendarmes becoming feeble from excessive patriotism. We halted at the City of

Hanover at sunrise. Certainly there was a great change in our reception since we left Prussia and entered Hanover. Our military train produced not the least enthusiasm among the citizens, labourers, and peasantry about the station. They looked on coldly, and made no response to the salutations of the soldiers, no return to their cheers. At 5.45 the train left Hanover; Wormstorf at 6.20. How cautious these Germans are! At Minden they were working as though they expected a siege. At Ham troops were drilling. The colonel of the 35th in charge of the gendarmerie, who, for want of a better name, we christened "Old Einsteigen," at first politely suspicious, but finally satisfied of our *Legitimation*, told us here that if we wished we could go on to Bingen by the same train, which was very pleasant to hear. How his men bore up against the beer, the cheers, the sausages, the sandwiches this life-long day I know not. At every station there was the same scene—ladies old and young, whose natural beauty, perhaps, had given way before the influence of perpetual excitement, welcomed the warriors with liquid and solid refreshment, stimulating *patriotismus* to the utmost, Dortmund—Elberfeld—Dusseldorf—beer, songs, tobacco, at each. At the latter place a young Englishman told us several of his countrymen were gone to the war. It was late at night when we reached Cologne. A great change had fallen on the place; it was almost

silent; the armed multitude had dispersed down the Rhine towards the battle-field.

August 3.—Bingen at 5.30 A.M. Tourists who know the place would indeed be astonished at it now. The houses closed up; no steamers with flaunting flags by the Rhine wharves. Drums beating, troops falling in, soldiers, soldiers everywhere! Not a soul could tell us where the Crown Prince or Prince Frederick Karl was. The Commandant at Bingen very cautious, even after the exhibition of our papers. Would only advise us to go on to Mayence. The Station-master refused to let our horses and waggons go. Our horses and waggons were left at the station attached to a train, and we went to the Victoria Hotel, which was but a barrack occupied by officers. Strolling about in the garden was a Garrick Club acquaintance, and seated at a table under a tree taking an early breakfast was a Washington acquaintance, Colonel Corvin W—ki. Pemberton went off to the Hauptman with our papers. The Hauptman was in good humour, news having arrived of the first success at Saarbrück. The Station-master then agreed, as the Commandant was satisfied, to let us proceed. Sit waiting in front of the Victoria looking at the immense amount of rolling stock and engines collected about Bingen, and at the great procession of barges laden with cattle and stores, which were being towed up the Rhine by steamer. At noon Harpes came to say that the train

for Mayence was ready, and a very astute little bird whispered at the same time that we might find the King there. We reached Mayence at half-past one. Long ere the train came up to the fortifications the concentration of troops was rendered evident by the condition of the roads thronged with soldiers, and the fields covered with transport trains. One was fairly tired with the continued glare of spiked helmets. What a weary tramp it was through Mayence, looking for beds! At last we got shelter in the Hotel de Holland, where Count Moltke was quartered with his staff. Prince Karl must be hereabout, for there is his negro on the box of an open carriage. A great shout and bustle in the street. The King is driving through! The landlord finds out for me that Count Bismarck is quartered outside the town. I sent to announce my arrival, and to ask for instructions. In the evening a note arrived from Major Von Keudall. "Count Bismarck desires me to say that he is very well pleased to hear of your arrival. There will be no difficulty in your proceeding to the Crown Prince's head-quarters, as you desire." But where these were I could not so well find out. It was too bad to be so prostrate and helpless in such a scene of activity. The *table d'hôte* at the hotel was thronged with officers of the King's staff. Pemberton, whose anxiety as he approached the actual scene of conflict increased, made acquaintance with some of them. He has the art of ingratiating himself even among Germans, who

are just now rather reticent and suspicious. A very agreeable young officer, a nephew of Moltke's, who dined at our table, showed sympathy for our anxieties. A council of war was held, and we decided that it would be unadvisable for Pemberton to accompany me, as there would be too many eggs in one basket. Very loth to part, still with his usual zeal, he professed his readiness to follow my advice and try and find Prince Frederick Karl, at whose head-quarters I had gained in confidence a hint that he would not be unwelcome. In the middle of our distractions concerning harness, and servants, and horses, and destination, the appearance of our vans proceeding solemnly from the station up the street to the hotel caused some ludicrous excitement. On mine was painted a gigantic goat, which was copied from a very small crest by an enthusiastic painter, as a distinguishing mark, with the words "Dr. Russell, Haupt-Quartier." The soldiers irreverently inquired for medicines, and pretended to think that the goat was the sign of a quack. Poor Kit's van, on which was painted "Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton, Head-quarters," in large letters, was quite inexplicable, as to the German "Colonel" is known as a French military title. The whole afternoon spent in asking questions and being asked questions, looking for harness and servants. The waiter at the Hotel de Holland was tempted to follow Pemberton's fortunes. It was amusing to observe the ingenuity and the coaxing arts by which

Pemberton inveigled him. The man had a wife and family, and had served his full military time, but Kit pointed out to him the advantages of aiding to beat the French without any great personal risk, and of returning home glorious with many thalers in his purse after a charming and healthful run in the country, instead of fighting blue-bottle flies in the dog-days in the empty saloons of the Holland Hotel. It is quite evident that Count Bismarck and the great people here do not quite agree on such little matters as the employment of special correspondents. Indeed, General Von Moltke does not affect to like the trade. Towards evening Pemberton fell in with a Prussian naval officer, whose name I could not catch. He was frank and sailor-like, and after some little manœuvring he admitted "he was going to join Prince Frederick Karl at Alzey." Pemberton was almost wild with delight when he said he would take him. So that was arranged. He went to bed in the best spirits; L. G. and I not at all sharing them, as our future was quite uncertain. Where the Crown Prince was no man knoweth or will tell.

August 4.—Early this morning Pemberton came in, and bade me good-bye. We sat talking over plans for some time, arranging for correspondence; he most anxious for any hints which would enable him to act without help, and I quite sure that he would do his work thoroughly and needed no assistance. His whole anxiety was lest he should break

down. He had never seen a shot fired in anger, and had never been in the field with an army; and when he talked of what he would have to do as one who bore the name and wore the uniform of a British officer with the staff of a foreign Army, I had to point out to him that if he were acting as a newspaper correspondent it would be his duty to see as much, and to run as little risk, as was possible, and that he had no right to wear his uniform in such a capacity at all; that with the staff, generally speaking, he would be quite safe—separated from it in action even for a moment he would not be in his proper place. Little did I think, when he bade me good-bye that morning, that I should never see him again. He started at 8 o'clock in company with his naval friend for Alzey in a carriage, his van following with the German waiter and hired driver. Our troubles were renewed after he left. The military superintendent at the Mayence station positively refused to let our horses and waggons go on without an order from the authorities, and twice I beat up Count Bismarck's quarters with messages and notes, notwithstanding all the horrors of being a nuisance at such a time to such a man. At last came an order from Major Von Keudall to Major Von Werdy, of the King's Staff, requesting a passage by military train to Speyer. His answer was a flat refusal. Nothing was left for it but to hire a carriage if we could, and to send on the grooms and the horses and the waggons by road. Nearly every vehicle in

the place was engaged. The landlord and all his staff aided us, and at last a *lohnskutcher* was ferreted out, who undertook, for thirty thalers and *trinkgelt*, to drive us the sixty miles of road to Speyer in twenty hours. It was half-past 12 when we set out; one groom driving, one riding and leading the saddle-horses. Half an hour outside Mayence we came upon an absolute solitude—a gaunt road by the Rhine—villages, large but not prosperous; sad, anxious-looking people; walls covered with marks showing where the troops which had passed on before had been lodged. These seemed to be principally of the 11th Army Corps. The country here has never recovered the devastation of former wars. Oppenheim, with its grand cathedral in ruins; Frankenthaler, with its shot-marked gates and walls, speak of the wars which have raged over this hapless Rhineland, and explain somewhat the hatred which is planted in the hearts of the people for the French name and race. At 5 o'clock reached Worms, and pulled up at the Alter Kaiser. The landlord in immense excitement, and told us of fighting on the frontier. I was more interested in the fact that the coachman declared he could go no further that night, and in the non-arrival of our horses. They, however, appeared after a time. A German officer, belonging to a small detachment, passing through the town, informed us that the Prince had probably left Speyer by this time. A miserable evening, unable to get on, and there

was the Crown Prince marching, marching, marching. It was very interesting to know that Worms had once been so famous, but the Crown Prince had gone, and with that fact its interests for me had departed for the time. Great events almost under our nose. Worms is the most depressing place I ever was in. The Dom is decayed and gloomy. How savage we should feel were we to have always in evidence some great cathedral filled with monuments of our most illustrious men, and rich in memories, which from foundation to roof bore traces of the work of an invading enemy ! Two hundred years ago and seventy-six years ago the French left their traces on the Domkirche. There is grass growing in the gloomy yard, around the church and on the roof, and weeds and grimy vegetation on the walls. We got in with difficulty, because the ancient janitor, having apparently retired from business, could only be eliminated by the exertions of many little boys, who took much interest in our endeavours. My companion is of an inquiring mind, with a taste for the interior of ancient edifices. For myself, I could only think of internal sufferings. I had shrewd suspicions of cholera, and was quite certain that there was war. Travelling in the train of an army is a test of every virtue. There is no hope but to rest here for the night. A few officers who were at the hotel did not give one a very high idea of the military aspect of the German Army, but they were probably non-combatants. As

yet, I am not familiar with the distinctions in uniform, and these men did not look like gentlemen.

August 4.—I sat down in the long room of the ghostly "Old Emperor" of Worms, quite beaten before I had commenced my share of the battle. The two English grooms with our horses declared they needed rest, and my egg cart, with its tilt and the grand emblazonment of the Berlin artist, was wheeled into the courtyard beside the Mayence caleche for the night, and my friend and I, after an agitated meal, retired to our rooms. He was not in brilliant health, and I was by no means whole, and much needing a physician. We envied Pemberton's good fortune, and missed his society. It is plain that we are "out of the hunt." A great army, headed by a great prince, is somewhere about; but we cannot find it. We have left a great king behind us, awaiting the moment which is to welcome him to the field. It is evident that it is not on German soil as yet that the contest is to be worked out. It was a horrid night, and I lay on a bed of torture waiting for day. It came at last, and I awoke—if, indeed, I ever had slept.

August 5.—Up at 5.30; but unable to move for a time, as nothing was ready. At 7.15 started from the Alter Kaiser. The heat was oppressive. About three miles outside the town passed a train belonging to the 11th Army Corps of the *Sanitäts* Department. The ambulances seemed needlessly heavy, and the

waggons had too much wood and iron about them ; but men and horses looked serviceable. Passed through Oggersheim, an exceedingly uninteresting village. On the wall of a house an inscription denotes that "In this house Frederick Schiller, poet, resided in 1782." I only hope for his own sake that he did not live there long. People and dwellings looking as if they belonged to some Swiss village pulled out from a valley and pitched on the flat road. About 11 o'clock came to a place, as well as I remember, called Mudderstadt. Most of the inhabitants of this district, haunted by the traditions of former wars and of French invasion, have fled from the villages and towns. As the horses and waggons were out of sight, I halted at a tavern on the roadside. A soldier with a mighty jug of beer sitting in the shade before the door attracted a large audience. He had just come from Speyer. Here was good news. "Was the Crown Prince at Speyer?" "No ; he had gone long ago. The whole Army had left. They were at it hard, fighting inside France. They had already taken Bitche with great loss." This was not true. "If we went to Speyer we would not find a soul in the place." When Lord Ronald came up I held a council of war, and then and there resolved to abandon Speyer, and to turn to the right to Neustadt, straight for the French frontier. Our coachman, however, showed remarkable disinclination to go there, although the road

was not much longer. However, that was a matter of thalers and *trinkgelt*, and it was at last settled, and we turned off to the westward. All the villages along the road occupied by soldiers. Chalk marks upon every house indicated the number of men and regiments who passed. "Corporal and so many men." We were still in the track of the 11th Army Corps, the country assuming a more hilly character. At 1 o'clock passed through Meckenheim, a village with one main street at least a mile long. The Haardt Mountains rising in front of us covered with vineyards, dotted with châteaux, and here and there castles and ruins on lofty peaks. Nearer Neustadt, a number of these ruined castles crowd on the sight. Every acre must have been a battle-field. The coachman seemed rather proud of these evidences of hard fighting. He said that most of the ruins had been the work of the peasants in their great war against their masters and tyrants in 1525. At 2 o'clock we lumbered through the deserted streets of Neustadt to the Inn of the Lion, close to the railway station. Here there was, indeed, excitement. Trains had come in with French prisoners and with wounded Germans, and the station was filled with people welcoming the victors with beer, cigars, and wine. The landlord of the Lion told the news that these noble fellows had taken the town of Wissembourg, defended by a numerous army. A gun could be seen on its way to Berlin, and many more were coming on. A

thousand prisoners, many not wounded, had already come in. "Where was the Crown Prince?" Oh! positively at Landau. No doubt of that. And if we could get on at once we would be sure to find him there. "But how were we to get on?" The rail was blocked up with trains. The Mayence man positively refused to stir another step—"Not if the Crown Prince himself asked him." His horses could not do it. If we stayed at Neustadt that night Head-Quarters would be off at the dawn, and we should lose the chance of coming up with them. Our waggon-horse was quite pumped out by the heat, and my saddle-horse had to be put in the shafts. The grooms complained bitterly. But it was positive that the German army had actually invaded France and were over the frontier. Every moment was pregnant with important events. The landlord and the courier at last got a light carriage at some fabulous rate to take us on to Landau. At 5.15 we drove out of Neustadt, leaving orders to the grooms to come on to the Hotel du Palatinat in Landau, as soon as the horses were rested. Crossed the Quaich, the ancient boundary between the Palatinate and Alsace, in three-quarters of an hour from Neustadt; and at 6.30 were twisting in and out of the many fortifications which surround this great fortress of Landau, so much coveted by France. Here we were in the full tide of war. The streets, the market-place thronged with soldiers; guards at every gate;

troops encamped—though that is not the proper word, for the Germans carry no tents—bivouacked along the ramparts and in the fields between the moats. Wonderful to relate, we got on to the Hotel du Palatinat without being questioned by the sentries at any of the numerous gates through which we passed. A number of officers were seated in the courtyard, one of whom inquired who we were. Answer proved quite satisfactory. "Where was the Crown Prince?" No one could say, but certainly he was not in Landau. He was over the frontier, most probably at Wissembourg. The landlord of the hotel was exceedingly civil, and anxious to forward us. But what could he do? There was not a place in Landau where we could rest, even if it were desirable to do so. The waggon and the horses were still far behind. Experience and prudence were against leaving them. It would be rash to enter on a campaign without transport or baggage. The landlord suggested that we should go to the railway station and see what could be done there with the Etappen Commandant, who had charge of the transport and the trains, and could give us passage, or tell us at least for certain where the Crown Prince was. With difficulty we got up to the railway station, which seemed almost a battle-field, numbers of the wounded crowding the platform, and trains blocking up the line, filled with soldiers and French prisoners. The Etappen Commandant most

obliging, and in the midst of his service occupation attending most civilly to our explanations ; but there were six trains already between Neustadt and Landau to go on. The line between Landau and Wissembourg was blocked with trains laden with food and stores for the troops. He did not see a chance of finding room for us or horses and carriage. A general officer on the platform, observing the strangers, inquired who we were. The chief of the Etappen Department of the Crown Prince's army, General Von Gotsch, when satisfied as to our status, became a kind adviser, I may almost say friend. After a moment's reflection he said there was nothing for it but to drive on to Wissembourg as fast as we could, and when there we could learn the position of the Crown Prince. Our papers would pass us through the posts. When the grooms arrived at the hotel they would only have to apply to him, and he would give them a pass to follow us to Wissembourg. We would have to look sharp, for the gates close at sundown, and then no one can get through. "I think I remember you in the war of 1866," said the General ; "were you not with us as the correspondent of the *Times* then?" "No, I was with the Austrians." The General's countenance fell, but he was still civil and courteous. He ordered the Etappen Commandant to give a pass, which he signed. Back to the inn. Left orders for the grooms to apply to General Gotsch in any trouble, and drove through

the crowded streets, making for the bridge over the moat. In a few minutes we should have been prisoners for the night. There stood the officer, a young Bavarian, with the key in his hand—drummers and buglers watching the last rays of the sun fast sinking behind the mountains of Alsace. This was the French Gate, and, if necessary, we could go round by the German Gate, but we had not a minute to lose. Harpé acted on the coachman's weak side with success, the unfortunate horses were whipped into a gallop, and we passed out on the other side of Landau. Darkness set in upon the scene, not alone the darkness of night, but the gathering clouds of a great storm. After leaving Landau, the sky was illuminated by incessant flashes, which I thought proceeded from a cannonade. Soon the storm was upon us in earnest. The rain came down in torrents, the lightning was blinding, the crashing of the thunder incessant. Tramping steadily on through the storm were the columns of the German Army. There were Bavarians, Wurtembergers, Hessians, and Badenese marching ever onwards illuminated by incessant flashings of lightning. Passed through several villages, Engelheim, Infallen, crammed with troops, their arms stacked in the streets. The carriage drove slowly through; the words "*Links, rechts, links, rechts,*" to the coachman, alternating now and then with the Slavonic "*Na pravo na levo.*" At 10.30 we come up with the Fifth Army Corps.

The courier came out with a long face after a conversation with the landlord of the roadside inn, to say that the Burgmeister of Wissenbourg had just been shot by the Prussians, and that several of the inhabitants were to undergo the same fate for firing on the German troops; but, said he, "The French will very soon teach them reason." He, like most of the inhabitants of debateable lands—Luxembourg, and the like—has a firm belief in the military supremacy of France. After leaving this place, which, I think, was Gebergeschidt, there came down a waterspout which promised to sweep us away. It really was an awful night. The pine-groves which lined the road were crowded with soldiers taking shelter, who were revealed by the lightning, standing around the fires, which were every moment extinguished, only to be lighted again and fed with pine cones till they blazed fiercely up and again expired. Scarcely a sound was heard amidst these enormous masses of men, only the roar of watercourses and falling rain, and rolling of thunder and the echoes thereof. Great bodies of cavalry dismounted and stood by their horses. The coachman became uneasy. "A few miles further on," said he, "there was, I know, a French camp not very long ago. They may have fallen back to come down upon our rear. Heavens! what a night it would be if they were to attack us." He was quite sure that at Seltzstein there had been an enormous French Army. Towards midnight we

came to the valley of the Lauter, the boundary between France and Bavaria. A line—length without breadth! To determine where it should be drawn how many were to die! In a few moments we were in what was France, and struggling along the road towards the town which once guarded the frontier! Here there was a complete block, baggage trains, reserve ammunition, ambulances, carts, waiting outside Wissembourg in a dense column. The drawbridge was down, and, by order of the Commandant, not a soul would be allowed to enter until the morning. The rain was by this time running down the carriage, and the prospect of sitting inside without food, rest, or shelter, for five or six hours, was anything but pleasant. Our courier came to the front again with immense energy, and worked his way through carriages and vehicles till he got audience of the officer at the gate. Lord knows what he did or what he said there, but anyhow he came back with an imperative order for the Lord's carriage to advance, and with an amount of hard language which had better not be dwelt upon, and by agency that seemed almost superhuman, our vehicle was urged in and out through the mass, got over the drawbridge, and entered the town of Wissembourg.

August 6.—It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and the rain fell, by this time, if possible, with increased violence, but not an inch of cover could be had in the place. Every street blocked with soldiers, no

lights in the windows. The inhabitants in great alarm, sitting at the doors. A few hours ago a battle had been raging. They were not sure that they were safe even yet. The French might return. The Germans might begin a pillage and massacre. The only inn, the "Etoile," was filled with officers and soldiers, but the driver drove into the courtyard, under the shelter of a crossbeam, which divided the rain nicely on the roof and brought it down upon us as we tried to sleep. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, my companion and myself settled down to repose as best we could in the leaky vehicle. I have never been much more miserable. A gruff voice and a light flashing in our faces startled us. A Bavarian was standing peering into the carriage, in his steaming greatcoat, the rain streaming off his snubby nose, with a light to our eyes. "Who were we? What were we doing in a festung?" Just at that moment the courier came forward from under a spout, where he had been slumbering, and said: "Do not mind him, my lords, he is a lazy, busy fellow." The German had suspicions, which were excited to the greatest pitch by the sound of a foreign tongue. "They are speaking French!" he cried. "And that is a Frenchwoman in disguise!" pointing to my companion, who was wrapped in his cloak and only showed his nose and part of his cheek. "Arrest that man instantly!" he shouted to the soldiers sheltering under the archway. The courier,

a sturdy Luxembourger, wished to show fight, which the Bavarian was prepared instantly to encounter and overcome, for he placed his hand on his pistol. And then, when he had seen poor Harpé placed under custody in an outhouse, which need not be further described, he put a sentry over the carriage, with orders not to let either of us stir, and went off with an air of great importance to report his capture to some unknown officer. What became of him and his report I do not know, but in a couple of hours the Bavarians, who were in occupation of the hotel, bustled out, and a post of Prussians came in their place. They knew nothing of our arrest; and the Bavarian and his sentry were marching off to glory, as we crept out dank, moist, cramped, dirty, tired, and hungry into the filthy courtyard.

August 6.—As day dawned the rain ceased. We shook ourselves up, descended from our bath-like carriage, and dried our clothes at the stove; and the courier, released from durance, busied himself with trying to get us some coffee in the inn kitchen, which was crowded with soldiers. How frightened the poor people looked!—all; except the son of my host, a stout young fellow, who, when we came into the kitchen, suddenly broke out into excellent sh. He told us his name was Scherer, that he was a waiter at the Salthill Hotel, near Dublin, and that he had been there yet! His name was a German, and so was the speech of the people;

but he and they hated the Germans, and he said their conduct in Wissembourg would not make them better loved. As I was making my toilet with a mug of water in the kitchen, I saw a Wurtembourg officer in the courtyard about to start, whom we had observed before at Neustadt, and who turned out to be General Von Baumbach. He was on his way to the Crown Prince's Head-Quarters, but that was all we could glean. We resolved to follow him. The driver at first absolutely refused to go another step, but yielded to threats of a vague but terrible kind connected with his punishment at the hands of the Crown Prince if he refused to take on such distinguished personages. A judicious bribe was also applied; and the assurance, on honour, that the moment we came up with the Crown Prince he should be released and sent back with a handsome reward overcame his repugnance to go into the enemy's country, and face the vengeance of these terrible French! About 6 A.M. we jolted through the streets of Wissembourg towards the west. The names over the doors of the shops were nearly all German—Schmidt, and Schulz, and the like, but the names of the wares they sold were French, and the placards of the "Messageries Imperiales" were on the walls. The prospect of ever seeing our horses and van with our traps was slim indeed, and our appearance in the theatre of war did not promise to be effective. Even my *Legitimation* only saved

me from arrest whilst I was on my way to the Head-Quarters of our army corps, and did not permit any loitering on the way or any halt. It had indeed been a terrible night. The troops once more in motion were of a uniform mud-colour. The rain had beaten the dust of the day before into their uniforms. The Bavarians particularly done up. Cavalry men asleep on their horses' necks; by the sides of the road and in the fields heaps of men in sodden sleep. Just outside Wissembourg began the signs of the fight. On our right and rear lay the famous lines which had been defended by Hoche. It certainly seemed a most extraordinary thing for a single French division to venture to bar the march of the Crown Prince in any position, however strong. It is impossible to suppose the General could have been acquainted with the proximity of such an enormous force. The lines of Wissembourg are strong, no doubt, but still they never could successfully check an army of 200,000 men. Even if Douay held all the lines in front, his position must have been turned. It was where the stone on the "Route Imperiale de Strasbourg" marks the 50th kilometre from that city that the tokens, continuing for miles along the road, of the rout of the French began. The country was charming, beautifully undulating, covered with rich crops, vineyards, and hop-gardens; but the flood of battle had passed over them—the fields were trampled under foot; gutted knapsacks, cavalry caps, jackets, tunics, mess-tins,

boots, swords, fire-locks, canteens, sabres, bayonets, overturned baggage-cars; dead horses with their legs in the air, and here and there bodies, mostly of Turcos and Zouaves. Burial parties—peasants under the directions of the Prussian Krankenträger—here and there shovelling the wet soil over some corpse discovered by the death-gleaners down in the hops or corn. Bauns, as well as I could make out the name, had seen a stiff fight. There had also been an encounter at Reidseltz. In the villages the inhabitants were in abject terror and misery. They could not understand it. The invasion was upon them. “These bad men had absolutely taken their bread, their meat, their wine, had broken into their houses and smashed the furniture, had fired shots in their streets, and had, in fact, acted in a very truculent and offensive manner. Still, no doubt of it, the French troops would make short work of them. It had been but a little division against an army. General Douay was an imbecile. Poor devil, he was killed; he had got his men into a jolly trap, and yet they had fought like veritable heroes! Had they not kept the Crown Prince and all his great army at bay? and yet they were but a mere handful; a little advanced post or the great Army of Strasbourg.” Presently came carts laden with prisoners under escort, Zouaves and Turcos; some wounded, others not. After the night’s drenching I scarce could recognise in these down-hearted, crest-fallen men the types of the gallant soldiery I had

known in the Crimea. Our way was soon blocked up by the columns of the 5th Army Corps. It was about 7.30 A.M. As we halted, and the grating noise of the wheels ceased, I thought I heard a familiar sound. Listening intently, I was quite certain of it. There was a distinct cannonade on our right, far away! We pricked up our ears, but the roll of waggons on the road and the tramp of men overpowered the boom which came faintly over the hills. There! that is indeed the thunder of artillery. It is coming nearer. And does not that sound like the b-i-r-r-r of musketry? We are getting into the thick of a battle. What if we are involved in a rout! This was all the more miserable for me, inasmuch as the continued sitting all the way from Berlin had produced on my wounded leg a most painful effect. It had become swollen from the hip, and was racked with shooting pains. I wished with all my heart that I had never set out to join a belligerent army. The weakness caused by continued indisposition, the want of rest, and of proper food, had produced in me a strange mental condition—lethargy—intense despondency. My mind was filled with most melancholy forebodings. I was a very croaky Cassandra indeed—a prophet of all evil. We should never see the Crown Prince—never come up to him. We should never see our horses again, nor our grooms, nor our van. My companion, to whom this scene was new, took it all in for gospel. After some faint attempts to rouse me to take a more

hopeful view of circumstances, he became tinged with a soft melancholy himself. Had he been despondent and croaky, I was just in such a mood as would have induced me to resist obstinately any suggestions of a depressing nature upon his part; but as he sank down, I was determined to go lower, and so, from the loss of horses and carriages and Crown Prince, I proceeded to absolute loss of life; we should certainly be cut up; I should be hanged as the correspondent of the hated *Times*, and as a spy; and he, as an English lord, provided with German military papers, would be treated as a contraband of war, laden with chains and sent off to the galleys for life. The courier also, who under arduous circumstances had been most cheerful, was powerfully affected by an outburst of sunshine, and became exceedingly gloomy. We seemed to have passed through the great mass of the German Army. There were but few troops to be seen in our front, and those principally escorting baggage trains and *pro-viant* columns. To questions put to passing officers, "Where were the Head-Quarters?" evasive replies were given. What right had those mud-stained civilians to ask questions about such Highnesses? The cannonade again thundered unmistakeably. Yes! the vaticinations of the peasants would be fulfilled! The Crown Prince, passing these defiles, his columns harassed by tedious marches, after such a terrible night, separated by wide intervals of forest and mountains, attacked by overwhelming forces of the

great French army, was doomed to destruction! "Perhaps," quoth Harpé, with evil suggestiveness, "tat leedle French detachment was just put dere to lure him on, and to make him go so far dat he could not get back in dime." About 9 o'clock the cannonade, however, died out. A short time afterwards there came galloping towards us an officer with an escort. As he drew up in a block of carriages we ventured to ask him "Where was the Crown Prince? Where were the Head-Quarters?" If anything could have made me feel happy at that moment, it ought to have been his reply. "You will find them at Souzles-Forêts, just a short distance in advance of you. He was there when I came through. Head-Quarters are in a château by the roadside, in the first street on the right after you enter the village." We journeyed on in better spirits, in which the jaded horses did not participate, looking out ahead, but the village was hidden among the hills, and nothing was visible before us but long lines of carts on the road, or a great wood. Suddenly a church spire rises above the trees—a turning in the road brings in view a pretty little country town nestled in forest, with meadows and open spaces on which were drawn up masses of infantry and cavalry. "Hurry on, good coachman, your journey is at end; your toils are nearly over. Ours are to begin." We enter the narrow street. Following the officer's directions, the carriage turned down the first street on the right, which was thronged

with horses, officers, and men, and pulled up outside a courtyard at which there was a military post. As I stepped out, an officer, coming out of the court across the muddy street, ran against me. To my infinite joy it was Count Seckendorff. "Welcome! welcome! we have been expecting you. You are to breakfast with the Crown Prince at 12 o'clock." "Where can we find quarters?" "Oh, Walker will put you up. I will go and ask where he is." Off he went, and came back in a short time with the news that the British Military Attaché was quartered at a certain number in a street close at hand. With a soldier as guide, we set out to look for it. The Colonel's horses were there, but not himself. After a time we made out a baker's shop, with the sign of the "Krone," in the narrow main street—a very poor place indeed—and leaning out of the window above the shop, the Colonel himself in his shirt-sleeves, summoned by the sound of his name. He was engaged on a frugal meal of coffee without milk, and brown bread without butter, and bade us welcome. We were glad to take refuge in a small room outside his bedchamber. We unpacked such things as were in the carriage to enable us to change our clothes and make a decent appearance before the Crown Prince. Some straw on the floor formed an excellent bed for my companion, who insisted on resigning to me the most torturing couch ever invented by the ingenuity of man. It consisted of a sofa of

which the horizontal part was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, the sides being curved up at an angle of 45, so that when one laid on it he sank into an excruciating curve, as if he were reclining in a gigantic sugar-basin. No grooms, nor horses, nor any prospect of them. "But," said Colonel Walker, "that is of no consequence, you will rest here to-day; we shall probably halt to-morrow, too, for the troops require rest, and must be concentrated somewhat before we advance. There is nothing known of the position of the French armies." I remarked to Colonel Walker that we had heard a good deal of firing as we came along, some particularly heavy, about two hours previously. "Oh," he replied, "it is nothing but outposts engaged; we shall have a good deal of that work, I suppose, before we have done with it." Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the sound of guns prevailing over the noise of waggons in the street outside was distinctly audible, and began to increase in frequency and volume. I got out my writing materials, sat down at a crazy table, and wrote or tried to write my first letter. As I sat struggling with headache, fatigue, and anxiety, the tumult of battle became unmistakeable, and I find that I closed up my letter with these words:—"I now fold up these hasty leaves as the tumult of a battle—it must be—is rising in the distance." Colonel Walker would not believe in it. Presently out came an officer from a little bedroom off our apartment to

inquire what the noise meant. He was introduced to me as Lieutenant O'Dona, attached to the suite of the Crown Prince. He went out to gather the news. The soldiers in the street were listening intently. I went down, walking with great difficulty, and suggested to Harpé that he should get the driver of Neustadt, by a fresh bribe and *trinkgelt*, to take us towards the scene of action in case of need. But the coachman stood upon strong ground. He reminded us of plighted words, and finding his vantage, proceeded, even after we had withdrawn from our demands, to make a speech upon the exhausted condition of his horses, which were half starved and wholly killed; and on the perfidy of strangers who desired to break their bargain. In a few moments O'Dona came back to say that there was what seemed to be a serious engagement some nine or ten miles away. Colonel Walker ordered one of his horses to be brought round. He had four in his stable. For me to walk eight or nine miles, or even two, was impossible. I am aware that almost the last thing a man can be expected to do is to lend a horse at the outset of a campaign. Certainly, it is the last favour that I would ask directly. I did not, however, conceal my desires and my wishes. "If it is indeed a battle, it is most important I should not miss it. But I cannot walk, and our horses and waggon have not come up. What would I not give for a horse!" I played many variations on this

little tune, but the gallant Colonel, whom I had known for many years, rode off and left me standing disconsolate in the street. The grumbling of the cannonade, rising and falling fitfully, had increased. The soldiery seemed to be clearing out of the town. Columns of ammunition and store waggons were halted in the street. I limped to the Quarters of the Crown Prince with my companion. We passed by the sentries through the courtyard, and into the hall, where sat a non-commissioned officer. "The Crown Prince and all his Staff had just left. They had gone to the *Gefecht*." None of the officers or soldiers knew more than that it was about ten miles away, and that actions were going on in several places all at once. I peeped into the cabinet in the hope of seeing some one to whom I could tell my story, but there were only a few soldiers seated writing at a long table, no one in authority, and so I returned painfully and sadly to my miserable quarters, and sat down in sheer despair listening to the continuous cannonade. There was just the hope—a very faint one—that the horses might come up, and that we might yet be in time to see something. But the strangeness of the country, the want of guides or knowledge, added to illness and lameness, made me helpless. We had not even received our papers, and were liable to be arrested by any soldier on the spot. My companion sallied forth and walked some miles along the road in what he supposed to

be the direction of the battle, but the sounds gave him no assurance, and seemed to diminish as he advanced. The windows were shaken from time to time by regular peals which sounded like thunder-claps. The few people left in the town stood with awe-stricken faces at the doors of their houses, the men pale and anxious, the children crying, the women with their hands to their faces. How this day passed I never knew, for at last nature asserted herself, and I fell into a horrible trance, a waking sleep, which left me conscious of what was passing, and yet deprived me of power of movement. At 4 o'clock the sounds of firing had died away. I awoke and went out. Crowds of soldiers in the streets. They reported that their comrades had gained another great victory, that the French were in full retreat, and that MacMahon was utterly routed with great loss. Here was indeed a bitter blow. In half an hour after, up came the grooms with our tired horses. Too late, alas! too late. Later still Walker appeared. He was in high spirits. "Once more he had been by the side of the Crown Prince in the hour of victory." It was the Battle of Wörth. And I had lost it! The Prince had gone off before Walker set out, but in the course of the day the latter joined the Staff, which on this occasion was not under fire. Walker reported six standards and many guns taken. He hurried off to the railway station, where there is established the

Military Telegraph, to send his report to the Queen, and I went with him. The officer in charge allowed me to send a small despatch to London. But I was in despair. Towards dusk the processions of ambulances, litters, country carts, with their wretched loads of wounded, began to arrive. Part of our quarters was appropriated. The wounded were brought in and laid in the room below. It was a day of trouble and despair—an evening of excitement and horrors—a night of torture.

August 7.—The events of last night were too horrible. The wounded men in the room below died almost as fast as they were carried in. Their bodies were taken out from the bloody straw, only to be succeeded by those of men scarcely living. The sounds came up through the thin floor. Soldiers were going round knocking at the door, asking for bread and quarters. Then, in the middle of the night, there came great convoys, and the tramp of troops over the stony street. Sleep was difficult under such circumstances, hardened as I am; and my couch was curved, so that whether I lay in it or on it, I was obliged to look at my feet high in air above my head, my body being bent as if I were a fish tied up head and tail to accommodate the pot in which it was to be boiled. Then, to console myself, I thought of what the wounded must suffer. But who can hold a fire in his hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus? I fear the wounded after

great battles have fared but ill in all times, although I have heard surgeons, when they had cut off a man's leg or arm, and left him bound up, say "he was doing very nicely," and was "quite comfortable." I had not an hour's sleep at a time, and for ever I was saying to myself, "I have lost seeing a great battle!" In the back room, off the little baker's shop, lay the wounded officers, whose fevered dreams were for ever disturbed by shouts of victory. The heat was intense. Flies—one of the many curses of camps—swarmed, and added their own tortures to those of wounds; water so scarce that when we asked for some, in addition to the scanty ewer which the courier brought up for our ablutions, we were told we must economise. The baker's wife—a pale, dark-eyed woman, with a pretty sympathetic face—seemed quite overcome by the horrors of her situation. She could do nothing but stand at the door of the little room and look in at the French—all that was left of the unfortunate creatures—moaning on the damp straw, their faces so horrible that they had to be concealed by pieces of cloth, on which settled swarms of flies. Legs and arms torn off by shells or cut by the surgeon's saw. As I was not in uniform the woman did not fear to speak to me. She beckoned to me to come to the door, raised the curtain which hung across the doorway, pointed inside, put her hands to her eyes, and, as the tears trickled through her fingers, said—"Is it not terrible? How

has it all happened? Can it be possible that the French army is beaten?" Early in the morning the baker came up to entreat protection. "He had but a few sacks of flour, and the soldiers were taking it all." It was quite true. There was an officer down below superintending the operation, for which he gave good reasons. There are about 2,000 wounded French here, who had had nothing to eat since the morning of yesterday. Heaven help them! Sisters of Charity came into the town in the morning—a cortége of some 80 or 100 from Munich—by train, and passed up the little main street, fast diminishing as they went, for nearly every house had its white flag with red cross hoisted, showing there were wounded inside, and at each, one or two of the Sisters halted and disappeared, commencing at once, fatigued as they were, their work of mercy. In the crowd of Prussian uniforms French medical officers, freed by the protection of the badge of Geneva, were looking for their own wounded. The inhabitants are quite prostrate. The young men have mostly fled, and old crones and tottering men stand at the doorways quite aghast at the processions, apparently endless, of prisoners—Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, Zouaves, and Turcos—blood-stained, muddy, dejected, marching under escort to the great parks of prisoners outside the town. Later an officer came over to invite us to the Crown Prince's Head-quarters. His Royal Highness and his staff are lodged in a château

belonging to M. Wiel, probably once the property of one of the Princes of Rohan Soubise, to whom passed the domains of the Barons of Fleckenstein. It is an exceedingly pretty, well-furnished residence, with grounds at the back bounded by wooded heights and vineyards; and, judging by the portraits on the walls and the subjects of the engravings, M. Wiel, notwithstanding his German name, must be not only French, but Imperialist, or, at all events, Bonapartist. Passing from the courtyard, in which a troop of cavalry stood by their horses, through a long hall filled with orderlies, we entered a suite of rooms converted into offices, in which were installed various officers of the staff busily engaged, writing; and thence we were shown into a salon in which there was a long table spread with the camp service of the Crown Prince. After a few moments His Royal Highness, dressed in flat cap, plain frock, with the Order of Merit and general's badges, white breeches, and heavy riding boots above the knee, came in and gave Lord Ronald and myself a most gracious reception. He appeared in exceedingly good spirits. The importance of the battle was hourly becoming better understood. "I am so sorry you were not there," he said, "you could have seen everything. Never was there a position in which the whole of the action could be discerned so plainly." I explained the difficulty about horses. "Why," he said, "you could have had horses from my stud with pleasure! Any one would have lent you a

horse! At any rate, General Blumenthal will tell you all about the action, of which we do not know the details even yet. I have been among the wounded, and nothing can be more touching than their excellent spirit and devotion. They are quite proud to have suffered for Fatherland. But alas! that they should suffer, and that this horrible war should be necessary." At that moment there entered an officer, middle-aged, with grey hair and moustache, of distinguished appearance, rather under the middle size, and of slight, well-knit figure. His eyes, blue and clear, rested on us. The Crown Prince introduced me to General Blumenthal. As there was some time to spare before breakfast, the General took me into a room, where was a large table covered with maps and papers, and with great clearness, in English, explained the French position and the German movements. I was particularly struck with the quiet satisfaction and confidence of the General's manner. Rubbing his hands gently together, he said: "The French are now quite broken in upon. We have thrust them back and got through their first line, broken up their combinations, beaten their best general, and I believe their best Army. They fought magnificently, I must say that! Never was there in the world fiercer fighting than at Reichshofen you see there, and Freischwiller over there. But you see they have no chance. They are quite outnumbered. Supposing they put 60,000 men in line, why, we

attack them with 60,000 men along their front, and we have still 20,000 men on each flank to overlap them and turn them, and reserves as well. They have no chance. If the Bavarians had come up a little sooner, or if they had marched faster, I don't see how MacMahon could have escaped. Poor fellow! He is a good soldier, and made a fine fight. His change of front was very clever. Now, I don't know what he will do. Our cavalry is nearly two marches in advance. We are pressing them in all directions. I wish you had seen that battle, because I should have liked you to have seen the stubborn way in which our Germans attacked again and again, and fought through most difficult ground, some of them very young troops, who had never seen a shot fired. Why were you not there?" I explained the cause. "It is a thousand pities; you would have seen everything had you been with us. Never was there such desperate fighting." At first, when I heard the firing, I thought that MacMahon had attacked the Army of the Crown Prince while it was on the march, but General Blumenthal said that the Army was in order of battle, and that they were necessarily obliged to clear MacMahon from the position he had occupied, although the engagement had commenced by an accidental collision before the time determined upon, so that the movements had been a little irregular; in fact, the extreme right of the Crown Prince's Army seems to have brushed, as

it were, against the front of the French, and the cannonade which was opened, gradually increasing, implicated both forces. "We are pushing on now after them," said Blumenthal. "A force is already preparing to march upon Strasbourg." I listened with wonder, for Strasbourg always appeared to me, as it did to most civilians, perhaps, who have passed through it, an exceedingly hard nut to crack. It showed that the French must have been very much shaken indeed if the Prussians were absolutely preparing for an attack upon such a place as this. It seems that MacMahon must have left Strasbourg as soon as he heard of the movements of the Crown Prince, pushing on Douay's division to Wissembourg. That was overwhelmed on the 4th before MacMahon could come to its assistance, and he had only time to take up a very strong position on the heights over the road to Hagenau, for the Crown Prince had occupied the country between the Lauter and the rail towards Strasbourg, as far as movements of the troops were concerned. An officer summoned us to breakfast. The Crown Prince was already at table, with a long array of officers of his Staff; Count Eulenburg placed me opposite His Royal Highness, and introduced me to several officers with whom I was to be in some sort a comrade for many a long month to come. I was much struck by the number of young, intelligent, and active-looking fellows on the staff. The table boasted the presence of illus-

trious Princes of German houses—the Crown Prince of Wurtembourg, Wilhelm; the Grand Duke of Coburg, the late Prince Consort's brother; Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, the fair cause of the war; the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg's son, nephew of our Duke of Cambridge, with a strong likeness of his aunt, the Princess of Teck; Bavarian and Wurtembourg generals, their staff and aides. Although the party were in exceedingly good spirits, there was no noisy exultation. Officers arrived at intervals with reports. Now and then a whisper ran round, "So-and-so is killed," "So-and-so has died of his wounds," "It is not true that —— is wounded." "We have taken," said General Blumenthal, "two gentlemen of the Press in the church-tower at Wörth. They must expect to be hanged as spies." The Crown Prince laughed, and said "No, we will let them go, and send them into Switzerland." "They were taken before they could get away, and I have their note-books and memoranda," said General Blumenthal, "and they are so full of interesting details. They are the correspondents of the *Figaro* and the *Gaulois*, I think. In one of their papers is an article which says 'there is going to be a great battle,' and the writer adds, 'I shall be there.' It would have been better for him, perhaps, if he had not kept his promise." I ventured to say that I hoped my luckless brethren would not be very harshly dealt with. "Oh, not at all," said the

Crown Prince; "they will be set free as soon as they can do no harm." Cigars, with coffee, were brought in. The Prince smoked a pipe with a porcelain bowl, on which were the Royal arms of Prussia, painted, it was said, by the fair hand of the Crown Princess. Our meal did not last half an hour, and I was so much interested in the scene around me that I quite forgot that I was very hungry, and was a little disconcerted when the Prince rose from the table. "Our cavalry," he said, "are beyond Saverne, and I think it very likely you will start to-morrow morning. Goeben's victory at Forbach and the defeat of Froissard enables us to advance our right without hesitation. We will give them no time." After we left the Prince's Head-quarters, Lord Ronald and I mounted our horses, which were not quite in good form, and rode out of Soulz on the road to Wörth. About a mile outside the town, in a large field, were assembled some eight or ten acres (I cannot use any other phrase) of French prisoners, guarded by a double line of sentries, without covering or equipage of any kind. They were grouped together according to the various regiments or arms of the service. A young cavalry officer in charge of the mounted men on the road courteously gave orders for us to be permitted to ride into the field to have a closer view of the prisoners. I confess I did so with reluctance. One feels a sort of shame at staring, out of mere curiosity, at brave men whom fortune has

placed in such a sorry plight. They were busily engaged cooking, having dug out, with French aptitude, their kitchens; and parties were bringing in wood from the adjacent field—vine and hop poles—to feed their fires. For all the prisoners, except the Turcos, the Germans seemed to feel pity, but they regard the latter as savages to whom no quarter ought to be given, and justify their bad opinion by stories of the barbarities perpetrated on the wounded by these African soldiery. We had a few cigars, but they were soon exhausted, for seeing us give one or two away the soldiers came thronging around, and without making any urgent requests, looked the most eloquent appeals for the solace we could no longer afford them. Many were wounded, but preferred to remain with their comrades. The Turcos seemed callous, the Zouaves defiant, the Linesmen generally despondent or low-spirited, but the cavalry, mostly fine stalwart fellows, behaved like good soldiers, conscious that they had done their duty, and not indifferent to the reverses of fortune. It was a very curious sight, and one I never thought I should have seen. There must have been about 4,000 men in the field. At a distance, the variety of uniforms gave it the appearance of a bed of flowers. The hum of voices sounded like the noise of a great and not unjoyous multitude. We took so much time in our examination of the prisoners that it was too late to ride out to Wörth, which I much regretted. We got back to Soulz almost starving.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Soultz—The Battle-Field—Merzwiller—The Egarter Family—Departure from Merzwiller—Obermodern—The Prince of Hohenzollern—His Candidature—A View of Phalsbourg—Battle in the Aix-Sarrebourg—Feast of St. Napoleon—March to Lunéville—The Terrible Intendant—News from Metz.

August 8.—I would like to know if any of the enthusiasts who believe in the “solidarity of peoples” and the amalgamation of all nationalities can explain how it is that no man ever thoroughly sympathises with another of different nationality in his feelings at the defeat of an enemy? Even allies are jealous of each other. How can an Englishman participate to the full in the joy of a true German over the victory of Wörth? Impossible even to comprehend more than a small part of his sentiments of national exultation, gratified vengeance, and justified assertion of the valour of his race! The stories one heard last night were amusing, and told with infinite relish—how the French were provided with little books in French and German, evidently intended for use in Germany only. “Which is the road to Berlin?” “How far is the Rhine?” “Bring bread, wine, fowl,

soup at once," and so on. And then the passages in the French newspapers read so pitifully. The copies of the *Moniteur*, *Figaro*, *Gaulois*, &c., of August 3 were eagerly perused by the Germans, and afforded immense amusement. They were filled with false news and bombast. Prince Frederick Charles was dreadfully ill; the Rhenish troops were deserting in masses; the Saxons and Bavarians were waiting to come over. And then the speeches and the songs at the theatres—" *Malheur à qui brave la France!*" Ah me! how very chary of boasts ought even the most trustful to be if they would not add the pangs of ridicule to the bitterness of defeat. In spite of the victory there was a gloom on the face of the land, and the poor landlady of the "Krone," just as we started, beckoned to me, her eyes filled with tears, and, leading me softly along the passage, opened the door of the room behind the shop, pointed within, and raised her hands to her eyes, and turned weeping away. The floor was covered with straw, and there five French officers, so fearfully mutilated, it was impossible they could live—one with both legs carried away, another with the side of his face blown off, one with an arm torn out of the socket, another with both hands amputated, and a wound in the chest! I was glad to get out into the air and rain. Orders to start at 5, but the column was not off till considerably later. Lieutenant O' Dona started with despatches and letters for the Crown Princess from His Royal High-

ness. I availed myself of the opportunity to send off a small parcel for London, to be posted at Cologne. The column began to move about 6 o'clock. First the Crown Prince's fourgons, next those of the Princes, Dukes, and officers of the Staff, each in a place assigned to it by number, and kept well in order by the gendarmerie. It was pleasant to leave Soulz-sous-Forêts, although the world lay before us—all the uncertainties of war which soldiers and civilians attached to Head-quarters must have experienced. But the trouble of getting away! Already our van has its place assigned in the procession of royal fourgons, waggons, and travelling carriages belonging to the Royal personages and Princes who are following in the train of the Crown Prince. Each carriage, once numbered, must keep its own place, and an officer desirous of finding his own vehicle in the long train can do so without the least trouble. A stern, black-bearded sergeant of gendarmerie, with a long whip in addition to his other weapons, rides up and down, looking out sharply for any disorder on the line of march, which is guarded by his subordinates, and a great deal depends on the temper and disposition of these mounted police, as far as the servants are concerned. We have an escort of Infantry and of Cavalry—a squadron of Lancers and a company of Infantry. The gathering of the Staff, draped in cloaks, in front of the Crown Prince's Quarters, was very picturesque. We have about

100 in all, including the members of the Military Diplomatic Bodies of Bavaria and Wurtembourg. There was no boasting or noisy exultation amongst them over their victory, but a quiet satisfied air. The ball had opened well. We mounted at 7 after but a poor breakfast. Two thunderclaps heralded in a heavy fall of rain, through which the steaming columns of cloaked horsemen in the street before Château Wiel looked dreary enough. "L. G." and I sat outside the Prince's Quarters with the rest of the Staff for nearly an hour. His Royal Highness was engaged with General Blumenthal. The movement of a great army had to be regulated, and the Prince could not get away. I could not but pity the trains of prisoners who came in perpetually running the gauntlet through the streets, not so much of the German officers and soldiery as of their own people, who looked at them with sullen wonder from doors and windows. They believed it was all a lie—MacMahon could not be beaten. The Duke of Magenta defeated by Germans! It was quite ridiculous! The German officers saluted the French officers as they passed, and the latter sadly returned the salutation. At 8.15 the Crown Prince, wearing his flat cap and a black waterproof with military brass buttons, heavy jack-boots and spurs, walked out of the château, followed by General Blumenthal, Colonel Gottberg, and other members of his Staff. He was received with an universal salute from the members of

his Staff—the hand being brought up with the thumb to the side of the cap, and fingers close together, straight, and pointed upwards. His Royal Highness spent a few minutes in talking to various members of his Staff, and spoke a few words to us very pleasantly. He alluded again to the devotion of his troops, and to the excellent behaviour of the wounded, who were proud to have suffered in the cause. “But,” said he, “these are terrible and painful sights. How many such are we to have, and worse?” I was introduced to many officers, most of whom spoke French, and a few English. At 8.30, the Crown Prince, at the head of his Staff, rode out of Soulz in profound silence. The Infantry had moved off previously. The reconnaissances have brought in word that the French have fled towards Toul, Phalsbourg, Strasbourg—in fact, all over the country. Rode slowly through the streets of Soulz, almost every house of which displayed the White and Red Cross of the hospital and ambulance establishments of the Geneva Convention. One demi-squadron preceded the Prince some distance with all precaution—vedettes pushed well in front. The rest of the squadron closed up the rear. Then came a troop of grooms with led chargers belonging to the Staff, under charge of Lieutenant Von Blumenthal; and then, at an interval of half a mile, the train of waggons and the Headquarters’ baggage. We passed at the Railway Station several large wooden sheds, run up very quickly,

and filled with wounded, as we judged by the doctors and krankenträgers bustling about. The Railway Station was crowded with vans. In these vans, open to the rain, packed as close as they could stand, were French prisoners. The Zouaves and Turcos had unfolded their turbans, and wrapped them round their chests and heads. Bloodstained and sodden, they looked inexpressibly ghastly. In the fields, close at hand, were thousands of French prisoners fenced in by lines of infantry with fixed bayonets. They had been there since the evening after the battle. War had come upon them, indeed, with unmistakeable severity. Some had only just landed from Africa. There was not a sound to be heard in the vast crowd. They must have all seen the Crown Prince and his Staff. Just as he turned the angle of the road on the Route Imperiale to Strasbourg *viâ* Hagenau, the silence was broken by a whistle from the engine and the puffing of the steam, and as the train slowly gathered way, there came from the prisoners in the field a sort of groan—whether farewell salutation or an exclamation of sorrow it would be difficult to determine—and their comrades were borne off to German prisons. Our course lay along the Route Imperiale, and, although heavy rain does not make men talkative, somehow or other we make the acquaintance of him who is riding beside us, and so, by degrees, one or two of the Staff came up to the strangers, and we

began to know each other. The young Prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz, whose likeness to his uncle and Princess Mary struck us at once, was glad to speak of England. The Bavarian officers seemed exceedingly agreeable. They were anxious to explain the delay of the Bavarians at Wörth, and to show that they were not to blame. As we were going along the road the Crown Prince stopped a cart in which were several French officers, and addressed the colonel of the 37th, who was badly wounded, with great kindness. All his officers were killed, wounded, or prisoners, and his regiment destroyed—so the Crown Prince told me. For six miles the road passed through rich fields and rolling land, covered with vines and hops of extraordinary height, and patches of forest. Our pace was at a walk. At half-past 10 the head of the Staff turned from the main road into a communal highway, and in three-quarters of an hour we came upon the outskirts of the village of Gunstedt, having passed through Katsanhausen and Saurebach. On the left was the course of the Sauerbach, deeply imbedded in wood, with fields of hops rising one above the other in a regular moundlike form. And here, just before we entered the village, we came on the traces of the battle—first, a dead Prussian, who had fallen in the ditch, and who lay with his head in the road and his legs up among the bushes, shot as he was about to leap into the field; then dead horses, already swollen, with their legs in

the air ; then heaps of knapsacks, muskets, shoes, shakos ; heaps of freshly-turned earth, with swords and lance-staves stuck into them to indicate graves ; then vineyards trampled down, and hop-gardens, amidst the green of which lay Zouaves and Turcos ; then lines of dead, almost as regular as in battle, by the roadside, and faces, already decomposing, covered with little pieces of linen, which had been beaten in by the rain on the distorted features, rendering them almost more horrible than if they had been left uncovered. This part of the position had been the scene of an Infantry engagement, in which Artillery, too, had played its part. But among some hop-gardens outside the village there had been a charge of French Cavalry, which had left behind it a wreck and ruin the like of which I have never seen. There were, literally, hundreds of cuirasses heaped up along the road intermingled with piles of brass helmets, swords, saddles, horse-trappings, valises with the figures " 6 and 8 " upon them, pools of blood, dead horses, hacked helmets ; and then, mixed up with these, further on, came hand-staves with white and red streamers, lances, shakos, saddles, valises, men lying in blue tunics with white facings—a foul sour smell. What a rout it must have been ! It would seem as if the regiments must have been completely annihilated, as for upwards of two miles signs of utter ruin met the eye on both sides of the road in the fields. But, curiously enough, although I looked

closely I could not see a single cuirass pierced by a bullet. Some were dented or indented deeply, and others were streaked or scarred, but neither through back-plate nor front did I see one bullet-hole clean through. The Crown Prince, to whom I remarked the circumstance, said, however, that he had observed one or two holes. The French are very proud of this tremendous disaster. I have heard them since declare that the Cuirassiers of Reichshofen saved the retreat of MacMahon. Certainly, if they did so, it was to their own utter destruction. Gunstedt was filled with wounded. There were also piles of military equipments belonging to the French in the street. The Geneva flag hung from every house. The Cavalry still bringing in prisoners—many wounded—in carts, rough, jolting, country carts, driven by downcast peasants in broad-brimmed hats. What they must have suffered! Some, indeed, would suffer no more, for they lay cold and stiff, with glazed eye-balls and faces turned up under the rain. Once or twice, as the Prince observed officers among the number, he reined up, stopped the cart, saluted the wounded, spoke to them kindly, or gave directions for their comfort. He seems not one of those who naturally delight in war; at all events, he is moved by the work which war leaves behind it. At noon the rain cleared, and we entered Merzwiller at half-past 1, a small place with a great factory, close to the Railway Station. It may be easily imagined that in a place

like Merzwiller the arrival of a hundred officers and more, each with one or two servants, would cause a great run upon resources. The Crown Prince halted before the house of M. Dietrich, a great ironmaster, whose *fabrique* is close at hand. The walls of the houses in the place were covered with proclamations calling for volunteers and appeals on behalf of the Society of Help to the Wounded. Waiting patiently till officer after officer had received his billet from the Quartermaster, I, when nearly all had been disposed of, applied to him at last, and was told very coolly he had no quarters for me. This was not agreeable. Having seen the Crown Prince to earth in the ironmaster's house at the factory, I hovered around till I saw Count Eulenberg, and told him my story. He looked around, and seeing a solitary cottage on the hill-side some distance off, said—"Go over there and take possession, and don't let any one turn you out. Say I sent you." So over we went, and at our approach a very old man came out all trembling to ask our pleasure. He led us inside, and out came an aged woman, to whose skirts hung a pretty little child. Then her mother appeared—a handsome young woman, daughter of our host, and after a time the husband. We were soon acquainted with the whole of the Egarter family. The women set to work to make us soup, and in an hour more we feasted sumptuously on *potage*, *bouillon*, roast veal, potatoes, and country wine. The Egerters, who are

of German descent, are French Evangelicals. The walls were covered with engravings of the early Reformers, Doctors of Geneva, and martyrs for the Faith. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness and, for their rank in life, the comfort of their modest cottage. The old man could not understand the defeat of the French Army, or make up his mind to it. "Et le duc de Magenta! Mais, mon Dieu, est il possible? Le duc de Magenta!" he would say again and again. He had a great desire to see the Crown Prince, which was gratified presently, for His Royal Highness came out and stood in front of the ironmaster's house as a column of troops were defiling through Merzwiller. At 8 o'clock we dined at the Crown Prince's table, which was laid in a garden at the back of the house. A band was in attendance, but the instruments seemed to have suffered already in the campaign.

August 9.—It must have gone hard on Merzwiller last night, for the little village was crowded with troops, and hundreds of French prisoners, picked up by the Cavalry along the roads and in the woods, were brought in and stowed away in the church and in buildings, which were converted into temporary prisons. It is reported that there was a considerable force at Bitche, which has retreated since the disaster at Wörth was known. The Germans are feeling for them all round. It is only seven hours to Bitche, two to Hagenau, and seven to Strasbourg. The Ger-

mans are delighted to find that, although they are in France, they are among people who use their tongue after a fashion. They swear they must return to Fatherland, whence they were torn by force of arms. Old Egerter, although a Protestant, is very much attached to French rule. He says, "We have nothing to gain by a change. The works down below there belong to Mr. Dietrich, who has enormous operations. Sometimes he pays 30,000 men in his various establishments. All this will be stopped; but the Prussians will not stay here long." At 8 o'clock mounted, and giving our old friend a souvenir, bade his family good-bye. The Crown Prince's escort of Lancers formed up at 7.30. At half-past 8 the Crown Prince came out, and after the usual salutations, we moved off in a long line with our escort through very charming country, which, as the Prince appeared, was carefully patrolled on the flanks, to prevent any surprise. Passed through Auberack at 9, Neidermodern at 9.45, arrived at Obermodern at noon, where we halted in order to await the result of reconnaissances sent out to ascertain the position of the retreating French. The night before, or very early on the morning of each march, an officer of the Quartermaster's Department is sent to the place where the Prince is to halt, and if there be a local authority, such as a Mayor, he there makes out a list of the quarters to be assigned to the various members of the Staff. There is a printed paper containing their names,

and, on arriving near the halting-place, we find the officer at the roadside with the list in his hand. Of course the great persons come first and are first served. He calls out the names, adding the name of the person on whom the Staff officer is to be quartered, and if you miss answering, you run the risk of going without quarters, which is, as I have often found to my cost, one of the greatest of the minor miseries of campaigning to which a man can be exposed. At last it comes. "Herr Dr. Russell!" "Here." "Bei Michael Reichert." And with this name written in my head I depart on my search for my host. The Crown Prince cannot attend to small matters. He takes it for granted that those who accompany him are properly attended to or can shift for themselves; but the matter of quartering is very troublesome. At Obermodern there was, unfortunately, a Michael Reichert and a Michael Reis, and the numbers of the billets had somehow become confused, so that on going to my quarter, marked 36, I found a butcher's shed filled with soldiers, cutting up meat, and nothing more. This did not look promising, and I set out in search of a better Michael. Especially warned by Colonel Walker of the disagreeable consequences of taking a billet not my own, I wandered up and down the narrow street, which was lined by very quaint-looking peasants or villagers—the women exceedingly ugly, wearing a peculiar coiffure of black silk, the men in enormous broad flat hats

like Dr. Bartolo's, knee-breeches and gaiters. One affable old person led us at last to the real Michael Reichert. After hard knocking at the gate of the courtyard abutting on the street, the door was opened by a gnarled, withered, and excessively foul old man, who did not give us at all a warm welcome. His *patois* was quite unintelligible to the courier. Lord Ronald, who speaks excellent German, could scarcely make out a word that he said. We, however, gathered from him that all the inhabitants of the village were Protestants and of German descent. It is the custom, when a couple marry, to put up a stone tablet over the door of the gateway, or on the wall of the house, with the name of the bridegroom, of the bride, and the date of the event inscribed upon it; and from this I learned that "Catherina Pfennig" had, some thirty years ago, wedded our uncomely host, who did not appear to have washed his hands or face, or to have allowed any cleaning process on his person or in his house, since that time. He led us into a dirty courtyard, and showed a loathsome stable to put up the horses, but it was almost better than our bedroom. The apartment was on the first floor, and was approached by a flight of steps from the courtyard leading to a wooden verandah outside. It was a chamber of horrors. The air seemed to be thick with an invisible preparation of rancid cheese, through which myriads of flies whizzed and buzzed, rising in swarms at the smallest movement, and

settling down in masses on the rafters, ceiling, and walls. At one end of this apartment there was a closet from which issued a real pestilence. It was in this Michael made and kept his cheeses. In this he invited us to sleep, intimating, at the same time, his intention of sharing it with us for the night. He could not be made to understand that his company was not agreeable, and his chamber was not inviting. The courier brought in trusses of straw from the stable and laid them upon the floor, while Michael Reichert descended into the kitchen to superintend the preparation of our banquet. It was soon ready. An awful soup, thick with Michael's cheese, served up in a tin dish and the beef from which it was made, an enormous cucumber, a bottle of a terrible preparation, which, he said, "he had made from his own grapes," and a pet cheese, which was instantly ordered into the outer darkness. The old fellow, smelling vilely all the time, insisted upon standing by the table praising his viands and his drinks, and pressing them on our acceptance. This, it appears, is a mark of respect paid to honoured guests. At 3 o'clock, as I was writing my letter for London, the noise of distant firing was heard. I sallied out and met Walker, who was going down the street, and we set out to find some point outside the town whence we could see what was going on. It was an attack upon Lichtenberg, a hill fortress, in which the French left a small garrison. We could see the

smoke from the burning houses inside, and shell wreaths, but the sentries posted outside the village would not let us go further, and I had not yet received my special pass. At 5 we dined at the Crown Prince's table, which was laid out at the back of the *curé's* house in a garden under the trees. The clergyman—a venerable and courteous old man—did the honours. As the Prince was at dinner an officer came in with a despatch, which the Prince read aloud. It was from Lichtenberg, which had surrendered. Among other things, the German commandant reported that the French had fired on the bearers of the Geneva Badge, that the Turcos had cut off an officer's head and killed men who were lying wounded. The Prince remarked that the flag of the Geneva Convention had been fired on several times, and that he feared it would be impossible to restrain the troops if the Turcos fell into their hands. The news also arrived that Petit Pierre had been evacuated. There is a small black cloud in the horizon. Walker said something to me a day or two ago, on the march from Soultz, respecting Lord Ronald's presence with the Staff, which he considered was distasteful to the Prince and to the German Princes, who could not understand why an English nobleman should come out to see a campaign with a foreign Army. He hinted that the Prince had spoken to him, and insinuated that it was wrong for R. to have come to

Head-quarters without permission. But the Crown Princess had interested herself strongly in his behalf. The Queen expressed her desire that he should be allowed to go, and a special request had been made to the King for him, so that he had every reason to think he was expected. After dinner some very interesting conversation with reference to the future. Battles spoken of at Luneville, Nancy, Châlons. The Prince looked rather thoughtful at times, and after dinner puffed his pipe quietly in silence, but now and then spoke to us about England. He hears from and writes to the Crown Princess every day. We are to start to-morrow on a deeper plunge into the "Vogesen." The surrender of Lichtenberg and the evacuation of Petit Pierre open up two passes to the German Army, and allow their columns to pass through the defiles unmolested.

August 10.—We were exceedingly glad to leave Michael Reichert and Obermodern this morning. The excellent but dirty Michael held out his horny palm, which seemed like the claw of some obscene bird, to clutch my dexter, and, when he had pocketed my donation, sought to embrace me with an effusion which I reciprocated by a swift avoidance of his outstretched arms. We smelt horribly of cheese and goat. Our hair was impregnated with the odour of the den in which we had slept. The horses were brought round in a filthy condition, my groom having been carousing in some occult den all night. It was

10 o'clock before the Crown Prince turned out into the main road with his escort. Colonel Walker said we should not be in till 9 or 10 at night. The country through which we passed, by roads exceedingly devious, was most charming. We cannot take the direct route by Phalsbourg, because a certain obstinate Frenchman has thrust himself in there, and refuses to surrender. We passed through many villages. The gloom of death is upon the people. The young men have disappeared. The rumour is universal that the Prussians would carry them all off and make them into soldiers, and the Prussians certainly do requisition horses, carts, and drivers. Rode for some time with Lieutenant-Colonel Von Hartmann, a very agreeable Artillery officer, who has many English acquaintances. He seems to think, if England had spoken decidedly to the Emperor, the war might have been averted. Subsequently I rode with Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. He spoke of his candidature, or rather of the position in which he had been placed with reference to this war, in a tone of sorrow, and, as far as the Emperor was concerned, of indignation. "It was quite well known to the Emperor," he said, "that I was offered the Throne of Spain in the autumn of last year, when I begged that I might not be asked to accept it, and no opposition was then made by France. There was no intimation of any sort, although the Emperor was well informed of the offer of the Throne—that it would be

a *casus belli*. Perhaps the reason was that France was not ready for war." No one could speak with greater regret of the contest and of its consequences than the Prince, whose intelligence seems only to be equalled by his amiability and accomplishments. Whatever may be the future of Spain, it is certain she never could have made a better choice than this Prince. The disappearance of the French causes a suspicion that they are assembling some great army in the plains to give the Germans a giant *schlachtfeldt* beyond. Petit Pierre, perched up on a high peak dominating the road, was a sight. Those of the inhabitants who had not fled stood in the streets and doorways, as the Crown Prince and his Staff passed, looking with wonder and surprise at the new uniforms ; while the rays of the sun lighted up *pickelhaubs* on the ramparts instead of French *kepis*. The Prussian eagle waved in the breeze from the Imperial flag-staff. The French had just begun to fortify and renew the old works, and must have gone off in a great hurry. Spent some time inspecting the fort. There is a fine view from it. At a small village called Petersbach, some miles further on, the Crown Prince and the greater number of his Staff halted ; and the Grand Duke of Cobourg and the Princes, who are now constituted into a *zweiter-staffel*, were directed to move on to Lohr, a neighbouring village, the accommodation at Petersbach not being sufficient for all. I am told off to the *zweiter-staffel*, so, at any rate, I am in very

good company, and nothing can be more pleasant or agreeable than the young gentlemen, high and mighty as they are, on this grand Staff, which is a sort of Guard of honour, the only one who has, perhaps, a certain reserve being the young hereditary Prince of Wurtembourg. We two were quartered in the house of old Heinrich Petermann—very nice and clean; and not the least pleasant sight, after our hard experience at Obermodern, was two beds with snow-white sheets in the corner of a snug room.

August 11.—"Wasn't it raining last night?" asked my friend as he put out the end of his nose from under a quilt in one bed. To whom I gruntingly from another replied, "Tremendous!" as indeed it was. I lay awake listening to it some time, thinking of the troops who were streaming through the passes of the Vosges, and wondering if Head-quarters would start. The first news, however, we heard this morning was that we were not to move. To us, who know nothing, it would appear as if there is some hitch. Phalsbourg has been cannonaded by field-guns, and the commandant, on being summoned and bombarded, has acted like a veritable Gallio; the Cavalry colonel, who commands the famous fortress, absolutely refused to surrender, and fired gun for gun at his assailants. Some think that Phalsbourg is so indefensible that his conduct is scarcely military. The Cavalry colonel probably does not care. Mac-Mahon would appear to have fallen back upon Chalons

with the determination of making a stand. Strasbourg holds out.- So do Bitche, and Toul. Although the French have neglected their second-class fortifications, Belfort on the Eastern frontier, Metz, Mézières, Laon, &c., are somewhat of nuts to be cracked before an army can very well advance with confidence upon Paris. The communications between the King's Army and the Crown Prince are liable to interruption, and the two Head-quarters are separated by difficult passes. It is obvious that the whole Army does not halt, in consequence of Phalsbourg not surrendering. Heinrich laughed scornfully at the idea of its ever surrendering, and the people here think the Germans have met a check already. The Princes and Grand Dukes are strolling about all over the place, asking for news. The Grand Duke of Coburg is gone to Petersbach. After I had written a letter, and we had partaken of Zimmermann's coffee and brown bread, to which Harpé added a sausage, the recollection of which makes me shudder, we mounted and went over to Petersbach too. One would think that the French are seeking to avert invasion by gathering all the hideous people they possibly can, and locating them in frontier towns. Certainly, hereabouts, they are not fair to look upon, but kindly civil, and cleanly in their houses. At Petersbach a deal of galloping to and fro; found the Crown Prince and Staff in their quarters; the street filled with officers. The last two or three days I have observed a keen-faced spare

young man in civilian dress, with a soldier servant driving him in a requisitioned waggon. His air and gait indicate incessant work, restless energy ; and here I see him at the window, note-book in hand, and conclude he is a brother journalist. He is Dr. Hassel, the correspondent of the *Staats Anzeiger*—The Prussian official gazette—A professor in Berlin, a most intelligent young gentleman, in much favour with the great people.

August 12.—In consequence of an intimation early in the morning that the Head-quarters would start at 8 o'clock, the baggage was packed, when the Wachtmeister came round to say we were to halt all day in our present position. A lovely day after the rain. After breakfast of brown bread and coffee and eggs (we are beginning to wonder what butter and milk are like), Lord Ronald and I rode over to Petersbach, and found Colonel Walker in front of his quarters, but he knew nothing except that the Crown Prince would stand fast that day. During our ride heard the booming of guns. We returned through Lohr, and took a ride in the direction of Phalsbourg, according to the map, passing by immense columns of *proveant* waggons, till we came to a very beautiful country looking like a succession of English parks spread out over a wide expanse of hill and dale, and bounded towards the south by elevated ridges of mountain. We could see through our glasses the spires of Phalsbourg and the long roads, lined by

poplars, that lead to it, at the distance of some three or four miles ; but the base of the works surrounding the city was hidden in wood. The Duke of Coburg and some officers, dismounted in a field, were examining the position of the place also. There occurred a most singular delusion as we were standing here. On the hill-side of which I have spoken there burst out suddenly long streaming lines and isolated puffs, exactly like the smoke of musketry and guns—in fact, I was convinced there was a battle raging upon the ridge, the sound of the cannon which recommenced in the hollow around Phalsbourg confirming the impression. We strained our eyes for a sight of the troops. Nothing was visible but constantly streaming smoke-wreaths. Anything more like a battle seen from afar one could not imagine. But an officer belonging to a regiment on the march told us that they were peculiar forms of clouds, which had already deceived him several times in his route through these hilly regions, where they are very common.

August 13.—Bade good-bye to Petermann (I am not sure now that his name was not Zimmermann), and the ugliest and best old woman that lived at 8 a.m., and set out on our voyage of military discovery. They were so grateful for our small baksheesh. Our rendezvous was Ottwiller, at the junction of the roads from Lohr and Petersbach. Here we halted for an hour before the Crown Prince and his Staff came up, and then set out upon our way. His Royal High-

ness told me that there is very good news from the King and Prince Frederick Karl—that the French are falling back in all directions. He is in good spirits. It was a long day's march; the road exceedingly dusty and the day hot. When the Prince led the Staff at a trot, such clouds of dust arose that we could scarce see the horse and man before us. The villages are poor, and the inhabitants neither cleanly nor fair to look upon. As we approach Sarrebourg, which is to be our destination, matters do not mend. Before the doors of the cottages are heaps, which remind one of the Highlands and West of Ireland. At midday halted in a wood and had lunch, each man producing from his holster the best he had. And very bad that best often was, but cigars and pipes supplemented the meal. Whilst we were halting the Prince read a copy of the *Times* I had just received with great interest. There was some amusement caused by a paragraph in a captured Paris paper which set forth, circumstantially, all the circumstances connected with the purchase of the *Times* by Count Bismarck, and the sum paid for it, which certainly was, to say the least of it, moderate. The Battle of Wörth is fully appreciated on both sides, and the Germans are pushing on boldly. Strasbourg is invested closely. The good news has made every one in high spirits. The rest of our march was through a lovely country, but the heat was great, and the infantry escort suffered severely, although they trudged along the dusty road

unflinchingly. Arrived at Sarrebourg, I received a billet for "Schneider père," Aubergiste, near the Railway Station. The host gave us tolerably good quarters in his auberge, which had been already occupied. He was a vast old man, and his giant frame heaved with indignation when he spoke of the requisitions of his guests. "*Ah ! les gredins ! Ah ! les scélérats !* How differently we French—*nous autres*—would have acted had we been in Germany!" He quite believed it too. His efforts to comfort himself by immense draughts of wine were more astonishing than successful, and drew on him sharp rebukes from Schneider mère, who had a son shut up in Phalsbourg, poor woman! and was full of cares in the kitchen—now and then listening for the reports of the guns of the fortress and of the German artillery, which were shelling it. But Schneider laughed at the idea of *their* taking Phalsbourg. It was such fun that he at times quite forgot his hay and straw troubles, his wine drunk, and his substance devoured. The *salle à manger* was crammed with Prussians, and presently there was formed a sort of *table d'hôte*, at which we all fraternised. There was a capital officer of the Lancers of our escort whom Schneider stared at malignantly from behind a beaker of wine, wondering how a man engaged in such crimes could laugh as he drank Schneider's best claret and swallowed Schneider's *gigot*. A most modest, clever little painter, Bleibtreu, or some such name, Dr. Strossman,

a correspondent, Mr. Pitsch, another painter whom I had met up the Nile, and several Head-quarters Staff officers, found their way to Schneider's, and we had "quite a nice time of it," as the Americans say. Champagne was ordered and paid for, and the way in which it disappeared, and the great masses of food that were disposed of, almost conciliated Schneider, who admitted that "il y a des bons parmi ces Prussiens—mais, oui ! They can drink and eat, and that's a good sign." He took the innkeeper's view, but they forgot that they would not show so well when the score came, as there is a tariff for everything, and woe to him who infringes thereupon. Sarrebourg very interesting. The town on the east is fenced by an old wall with crumbling bastions and battlements, and has an old-world air about it, as if it had not altered much since the Middle Ages. Nearly all the shops were shut, but the windows above were crowded with Prussian and Bavarian soldiers. The Market Place was filled with troops and baggage, and outside the gates guns were parked, and cavalry regiments encamped. We went out and walked through the main street in search of a stationer's, and at last we prevailed on an old lady who had fortified herself strongly inside her *Librairie* to let us in to inspect her stock. She had novels mostly unknown to fame, but all Erckmann-Chatrian's works, of which we bought copies. Her recollections of invasions went back to the days of the First Empire. She

had seen the Cossacks and the Croats, Russians and Austrians, but the Prussians were the worst of all. "Why?" "They are so rude." Just at that moment a couple of private soldiers came in, and asked for maps, books, and stationery, bargained for what they wanted most civilly in broken French, bore the obloquy to which their dirty-looking and suspicious coinage was exposed most good-humouredly, and went off with a bow. "Well, madame, you must admit they were honest and civil enough." "Honest? Well, they did not steal. Civil? Monsieur must admit they had no manners. See how *lourds* they were. Still they were better than the Bavarians, whose conduct was unnatural. Did not the great Napoleon let them fight for him and spare the country, and were they not Catholics?" The worthy lady was quite sure that *he*—"lui"—would chase these Germans over the Rhine, and follow them to Berlin, if he were alive for one week.

August 14.—As the Cavalry colonel will not surrender, he is to be subjected to regular processes of war. Schneider smiles at the idea. "They do not understand that Vauban fortified it." Madame Schneider is not so confident, but even she thinks the Germans will have a "*mauvais quart d'heure*" before they get in. We had a quiet night, a good sleep, a grand repast, and saw our baggage packed, and when we had paid our bill and bade good-bye to our host, "L. G." and I rode after breakfast to see

Phalsbourg cannonaded. Head-quarters were to remove to Blamont, where we could pick them up, sending on our cart with the Prince's column of baggage. Phalsbourg was full of interest to us. Erckmann-Chatrion had made it classic ground. Strange to say, the officers on the Prince's Staff knew nothing at all about them or their novels. As we passed by the Market Place the Crown Prince and Staff were moving off, and I had just time to get passes from General Blumenthal through Seckendorff, which was lucky enough, as it turned out. We rode out of Sarrebourg this blessed Sunday morning along the Imperial Road, which was deserted. Scarcely a soul visible. The little bells of the village churches were tinkling in the distance, but above the sound came the regular beat and boom of the cannonade. Here and there could be seen the villagers hurrying in alarm across the fields. Followed the road to Lixheim, which was filled with troops. Here we were stopped by the guard at the gates, and our papers were examined by the officer in charge of the post, but scarcely had we passed through the town before a major of dragoons brought us up again, and wanted to know all about us. Indeed I don't know how often we had to account for ourselves in the course of the day. After a ride of a couple of hours we came out on open country, and took a bee line, which led us to another village, through which we passed, having undergone the usual arrest, and so

came out at last upon the open rolling land, in a fold of which Phalsbourg was hidden. In half an hour more we came in view of the attack. In the folds of the ground were concealed Bavarian and Prussian troops. The tops of the knolls were crowded with officers and men looking at the place, which put me in mind of a very small Sebastopol. Three batteries of field artillery, covered by epaulments, were posted on the crests of rolling ground below us on our left, at a distance of about 2,500 yards or more from the town, which was immediately, at about the same distance, in front of us. Inside the green belt of woods and orchards which surrounded the town rose flames and dense columns of smoke from the burning houses. Out of the black smoke from time to time arose the white bolls of the bursting shells. Now and then there came the report of a heavy gun from behind the glacis of the fort. A shell hummed through the air, and ploughed up the ground behind the batteries where the reserves were posted. But Phalsbourg could not bite; the guns were not rifled, and could not reach the reserves, at which alone the gunners deigned to fire. The inhabitants and the garrison seemed to be actively engaged in putting out the fires, for they died out again and again; and again and again they were renewed by the bursting shells. It was obvious that not the least damage could be done to the fortifications of the place, the bastioned front of which we made out just above the glacis.

But we remained longer looking at the bombardment than we should have done. The day was exceedingly hot; it was half-past 1 o'clock or more by the time we got back to Sarrebourg, where we had a farewell meal with Schneider *père*. Our horses quite done up. A long ride of twenty-three kilometres at the end of such a day was no joke. Still it had to be done. Arrived at Blamont at 6 o'clock. Arranged to drive next day to Luneville, where we are to halt for to-morrow.

August 15.—We had an early turn-out, and but a sorry breakfast, and then prepared for a start for the Head-quarters. Baggage column was moving down the street before our begoated "van" was ready. It is the Feast of St. Napoleon. Surely there must be a battle to-day. It will not be hereabouts, for the reports from Cavalry divisions three days' march and more in front of us are that the enemy have fallen back everywhere towards Châlons, abandoning such places as Luneville and Nancy without a blow. The keys of the capital of old Lorraine were delivered to the Cavalry officer who summoned the place, and were presented on a velvet cushion to the King's brother, who commands the Cavalry. We hear of the fall of M. Ollivier's Ministry; of a *levée en masse* decreed. We are now out of the Vogesen (Bas Rhin), and are in the Department of "Meurthe," or Lorraine, but we have not yet left the marks of the old German connection.

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the walls of Dover, Canterbury, &c., signed "Bazaine" or "Napoleon III.," warning Englishmen that "if they acted as guides to English troops, or destroyed bridges or telegraphs, or acted as or harboured spies, they would be shot." "Mon Dieu ! est-ce que nous sommes Français, et est-ce que nous sommes en France?" asks a fierce little man, sewing a button on my coat, and at every word he drove his needle as if he were sticking a Prussian. That button won't come off in a hurry. Colonel W. spoke again about "L. G." He said that the Crown Prince was inconvenienced by his presence, and suggested he should become a Johanniter. While engaged in negotiations respecting horses, came up an unmistakeable Briton, who introduced himself as Lord Adare. He had just arrived to accompany the Crown Prince's Quarters as correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, but had been refused permission, and was told to return to Strasbourg. This was easier said than done. It was anything but an enviable position for a young nobleman to be left standing in the streets of Blamont in an enemy's country without the smallest idea of the roads or of the means of going to the place to which he was recommended. Anyway, we could not help him, however inclined. It was a hot day and dusty. Perhaps boys would do the same everywhere, but I own it struck me as very strange to see the band of the 58th, which played the head of the Prussian column out of Blamont, headed by some twent

From Ottwiller there was but a few miles to cross to the frontier, and we passed through villages with such names as Scholbach, Bickenholtz, Fleisheim, and Lixheim, before we came to Sarrebourg. Here there were German and French names over the shops, with their callings in French, and sometimes with German translations of the same—"Schwartz, Schneider, Tailleur," &c. But there is no German feeling in Blamont, and we are beginning to drop many signs and tokens of German connection and knowledge of the language. The Counts of Blamont were pure Lorrainers. The town was ruined in the Thirty Years' War. The little streamlet called the "Vezouze," on which it is situated, "has often," says an old chronicler, "run red with the blood of many knights." Now, at all events, it will be only thickened by the mud of many cart-wheels. The hatred excited by requisitions is on the increase. It drives the people into frenzy. One man, who complained he had fifty horses, and no corn to give them, was put out of pain by a requisition for the fifty horses. The Prussians must be cock-sure of victory, or they would never lay up such stores of enmity in case of defeat. Other signs of war are all around us. Notifications, signed "Guillaume," or "Frederic Guillaume, Prince Royal de Prusse," menace with the penalty of death persons who do things which would be considered very meritorious by their countrymen. Think how angry we should be if we saw notices on

the walls of Dover, Canterbury, &c., signed "Bazaine" or "Napoleon III.," warning Englishmen that "if they acted as guides to English troops, or destroyed bridges or telegraphs, or acted as or harboured spies, they would be shot." "Mon Dieu ! est-ce que nous sommes Français, et est-ce que nous sommes en France ?" asks a fierce little man, sewing a button on my coat, and at every word he drove his needle as if he were sticking a Prussian. That button won't come off in a hurry. Colonel W. spoke again about "L. G." He said that the Crown Prince was inconvenienced by his presence, and suggested he should become a Johanniter. While engaged in negotiations respecting horses, came up an unmistakeable Briton, who introduced himself as Lord Adare. He had just arrived to accompany the Crown Prince's Quarters as correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, but had been refused permission, and was told to return to Strasbourg. This was easier said than done. It was anything but an enviable position for a young nobleman to be left standing in the streets of Blamont in an enemy's country without the smallest idea of the roads or of the means of going to the place to which he was recommended. Anyway, we could not help him, however inclined. It was a hot day and dusty. Perhaps boys would do the same everywhere, but I own it struck me as very strange to see the band of the 58th, which played the head of the Prussian column out of Blamont, headed by some twenty or

poplars, that lead to it, at the distance of some three or four miles ; but the base of the works surrounding the city was hidden in wood. The Duke of Coburg and some officers, dismounted in a field, were examining the position of the place also. There occurred a most singular delusion as we were standing here. On the hill-side of which I have spoken there burst out suddenly long streaming lines and isolated puffs, exactly like the smoke of musketry and guns—in fact, I was convinced there was a battle raging upon the ridge, the sound of the cannon which recommenced in the hollow around Phalsbourg confirming the impression. We strained our eyes for a sight of the troops. Nothing was visible but constantly streaming smoke-wreaths. Anything more like a battle seen from afar one could not imagine. But an officer belonging to a regiment on the march told us that they were peculiar forms of clouds, which had already deceived him several times in his route through these hilly regions, where they are very common.

August 13.—Bade good-bye to Petermann (I am not sure now that his name was not Zimmermann), and the ugliest and best old woman that lived at 8 a.m., and set out on our voyage of military discovery. They were so grateful for our small baksheesh. Our rendezvous was Ottwiller, at the junction of the roads from Lohr and Petersbach. Here we halted for an hour before the Crown Prince and his Staff came up, and then set out upon our way. His Royal High-

ness told me that there is very good news from the King and Prince Frederick Karl—that the French are falling back in all directions. He is in good spirits. It was a long day's march; the road exceedingly dusty and the day hot. When the Prince led the Staff at a trot, such clouds of dust arose that we could scarce see the horse and man before us. The villages are poor, and the inhabitants neither cleanly nor fair to look upon. As we approach Sarrebourg, which is to be our destination, matters do not mend. Before the doors of the cottages are heaps, which remind one of the Highlands and West of Ireland. At midday halted in a wood and had lunch, each man producing from his holster the best he had. And very bad that best often was, but cigars and pipes supplemented the meal. Whilst we were halting the Prince read a copy of the *Times* I had just received with great interest. There was some amusement caused by a paragraph in a captured Paris paper which set forth, circumstantially, all the circumstances connected with the purchase of the *Times* by Count Bismarck, and the sum paid for it, which certainly was, to say the least of it, moderate. The Battle of Wörth is fully appreciated on both sides, and the Germans are pushing on boldly. Strasbourg is invested closely. The good news has made every one in high spirits. The rest of our march was through a lovely country, but the heat was great, and the infantry escort suffered severely, although they trudged along the dusty road

recent wear. The day was intensely hot, but the infantry did their 30 kilometres in heavy marching order with only one halt. There are married men and sad hearts among them. Outside our quarter there was one poor fellow who neither ate nor drank, but sat all the evening with his head between his hands, thinking of his children, who, very probably, were quite free from care on their father's account. When offered bread and wine he said his heart was too sick to let him eat. This is a condition of things the French can scarcely realise. One officer said to the Crown Prince, "It is a terrible cruelty to take married men for soldiers." A ridge over which the road passed gave the twin steeples of Luneville to view, while the town was yet six or seven kilometres away. It lies in a hollow dominated by a flat hill or plateau, and from afar looked fresh and clean in its nest of wood. Luneville, the French cavalry station, where so many of our officers have been to admire the splendid barracks for five regiments of horse, the riding schools, and the exercise ground—Luneville, the city of Napoleon's Treaty with vanquished Austria, all full of spiked helmets, and an armed crowd in the streets talking various Deutsch-land tongues! At half-past 1 o'clock our trap rolled into the streets of Luneville. These entries of troops into surrendered cities, in all the pomp of war and conquest, are very full of emotion. What must they be to the Germans! After his escort of Lancers

rides the Crown Prince—an interval of fifty yards between him and the last trooper. He is conspicuous at once by his star on his plain tunic, on which the only other ornament is the badge of the Order of Merit, and is dressed exactly like all Prussian officers, in flat cap with red band, the only distinctions being in the lace shoulder-straps, and cord (to denote rank), and the facings and trouser *galons* (to mark the specific arms—Staff, civilian, engineer, &c.); but His Highness generally wears white breeches and heavy jack-boots. Nearly beside him ride either the Duke of Coburg, or Blumenthal, or Gottberg, with Count Eulenberg not far distant; and then all the Staff in twos and threes, with a jingling of spurs and swords which is quite audible in the silent streets. They move at a walk; the inhabitants sit at their door-steps, and look out of the window; not a word is said; not a sound is audible except the clatter and jingle of the cavalcade, an occasional “Ja whol!” or the whimper of a frightened child. Right and left are faces that would scowl if they dared, and that look white and passionate, at any rate, with watchful glances. Now and then one nudges his fellow to point out some particular sombre cavalier, but if an eye is turned on him he drops his arm, and averts his glance. They cannot make out who is who. The postmaster passes now and then, as some one of immense power, because that excellent official, Herr Lambrecht, has grey hair and a stern look,

orange facings to his uniform, and a straight, wicked-looking sword. The unusual uniform of the British Staff on Colonel Walker also causes him to be much regarded of the people. The most to be feared, however, of all our company was not the Chief Physician, nor the Artillery-General, nor the Engineer-General, nor the Postmaster; it was the Intendant—a spare, iron man on a rampaging horse, in a dark uniform frock with velvet facings, looking out severely on the world through a pair of much magnifying spectacles. For he it was who came down on Maires and Town Councils like a thunderbolt from a serene sky. The Headquarters Staff enter a place, and the trembling authorities are at once assured by the gracious countenance of the Crown Prince, and by his kindness of speech and aspect. They go their way rejoicing. But the Intendant is upon them! Swiftly the man of iron (chafed, perhaps, by a long day's contention with his rampaging steed, which will never—no, never—for one moment condescend to trot, or to walk, or do anything but act as if it were intent on affording an outrageous model to sculptors for the impossible Bucephalus of some famous dragoon) follows them. And then comes wrath, despair, gnashing of teeth, and howlings. “You will, within six hours, provide a contribution of two million francs to the military chest; send in 500,000 cigars, 10,000 pairs of shoes, 20,000 bottles of Burgundy and Bordeaux, 6,000 bottles of champagne, 2,000 oxen, 10,000 sheep,

&c., &c., &c., or——” And the Intendant nods once like the statue of the Commendatore at its first innings with the musical profligate—and holds his peace—stands with one hand on the hilt of his sword, and with the other points significantly over his shoulder to the outward world, so that the Maires believe either that they are about to be hanged at once or that the place will be handed over to pillage. To all remonstrances the Intendant had two forms of reply. The first was abrupt: “It must be done, and in six hours.” The second was argumentative: “M. the Mayor! Your city contains 5,000 inhabitants. I take as my guide, in demanding this contribution from you, the precedent set by Napoleon Bonaparte, who levied precisely the same amount, *mutatis mutandis*, from the town of Donnersberg, which M. the Mayor may be assured contained then exactly the same number of people as the town over which he now so ably presides. It is now 9 A.M.; so at 3 o’clock P.M.—you understand—Good morning. What a very thriving place this is, to be sure. Good morning, M. the Mayor. At 3 o’clock—you understand.” There was no trifling with the Intendant, I can assure you. He had 300,000 men at his back, and not the least intention of letting the men escape. Pole, by descent at least, if I may judge by his name; a most courteous, polished man, but a silent and a stern. Dr. Wegner, a very intelligent and well-educated gentleman, speaking English very well, conversant with

Courts, and skilled in his profession, was the chief medical officer on the Staff. To judge by his practice, he must think tobacco one of the chief remedial and prophylactic agents, for it was but rarely one saw a cigar out of his mouth in the course of the longest march. Our Artillery chief is Von Herkt, rather over than under middle age, very grave and serious, with a horror of war as war, and yet skilled in its work—a Christian and a soldier. The Engineer, who was with Head-quarters only for a little while, Von Werder, the conqueror of Strasbourg, a man full of energy—short, sturdy, compact, with a large head and brow, square compagent face, and bluff manner, struck one very much at first sight. To look at all these composed and resolute faces was calculated to give a high estimate of the intelligence and force of the men around the Crown Prince. We had good quarters, and fared well at Luneville. When we saw the house to which the Quartermaster sent us we were ashamed to ring! It was in No. 61, Rue d'Allemagne, in a house with a very fine and almost palatial front. The blinds were down, the gate closed. On ringing the bell a housekeeper opened the wicket, an ancient butler appeared and bade us enter, and stables and coach-house were shown to the grooms where the horses could be put up. We ascended an imposing staircase to charming rooms, handsomely furnished, and were installed in great luxury. Such are the chances of war! Sèvres vases, pictures, ormolu clocks, damasked

furniture, buhl cabinets, rich carpets, and couches one day; the next a cabin and straw. We were not the first comers. The butler laid out a feast in the summer-house which spoke well for the cook of Mr. Keller, the proprietor, a rich manufacturer of the town. Scarcely had we done *déjeuner* than we were invited in Mr. Keller's name to dinner, and then an orderly came round with a paper commanding me to dinner with the Crown Prince at 7 o'clock. Found His Highness at the Hotel beyond the Place. He told me of a new victory. He had just received a letter from the King's Head-quarters. Stulpnagel, of the 14th Cavalry, who brought it, was bearer of a short note from Kit Pemberton, in which he said that he could not get on with the King's Head-quarters, as it was so large, and asked to join me. The King, Prince Friedrich Karl, and Steinmetz are in face of a great army under Bazaine round Metz. Steinmetz had succeeded in inflicting a severe blow on a column which was supposed to be falling back to effect a junction with the troops which MacMahon is assembling near Châlons. Had a conversation with General Blumenthal, who says that this army will march straight against MacMahon, who cannot, with broken forces and with raw levies, expect to resist it, should he stand at Châlons; while the other armies under the King and Prince Friedrich engage the attention of Bazaine, secure the flank of the Crown Prince, and effectually prevent the junction of the two

French generals. On my return to quarters found Lord Ronald and Mr. Keller at dessert after their second dinner. The latter is a most agreeable and sensible man, full of intelligence, overwhelmed with grief at the misfortunes of France, and angry with the Emperor and his advisers. He told me that the loss of the heavy cavalry at Wörth was frightful. Many of the officers of the 2nd and 8th Cuirassiers were married, and had been living with their families in the city. Their houses were filled with mourning and mourners.

CHAPTER IV.

Luneville—Nancy—The Lorraine Museum—Prussian Proclamations—The Johanniters—Vaucouleurs—The Maid of Orleans—Departure from Vaucouleurs—Macmahon's March from Châlons—My Friend's Departure—Bazaine's Character—Start from St. Menchould—Blumenthal's Prophecy.

August 16.—Up and packed early, but at 8 o'clock round came the Wachtmeister to announce that Headquarters were to have a halt for the day. Went out for a little before breakfast; crowds assembled, reading and commenting on the King's Proclamation, and that of the Crown Prince, copies of which I had just sent off. The comments were insulting—or mocking. "If he is not making war upon us, why does he plunder, or allow his soldiers to plunder, the people? Requisition is a robbery! However, the brigands will soon be chased out of the country." Luneville is thoroughly French. They have an idea that a great battle has been decided in their favour somewhere, and that the Crown Prince is afraid to go on. I returned to my quarters through crowds of soldiery, whom the people made way for with a mixture of terror and loathing. Poor Mr. Keller terribly excited

by the Prussian requisitions. "They are robbers! Better let us die than suffer this." In fact, at one time he made up his mind to go into the street and kill the first Prussian he met. This was early in the morning, but he was calmer at 11 o'clock, at breakfast time, and we sat down in a comfortable room to petits patés, biftek, pommes de terre soufflés, poulets, patés froids, melons, wine, coffee, as if the Prussians were hundreds of miles away. Mr. Keller, like many others of what are called the respectable classes, manufacturers and bourgeoisie, is an Orleanist—a friend to Constitutional Government, and an enemy to centralisation. He does not desire the return of the Orleans family *per se*, but would regard it as a guarantee for the possession of the objects they most prize. The Emperor he regards as the cause of the uneasiness of the public mind which has led to war. I went round to the Crown Prince's, and found all the Staff in agitation. Every one was busy and preoccupied.

August 17.—The excitement at Head-quarters last night was not without reason. The King's Army is *aux prises* with that of the Emperor. That King and that Emperor, who but a few short months ago—not more—seemed such good friends when they were at the closing of the Universal Exposition, now engaged in the bitterest war the world has ever seen! But there were prophets who foresaw the inevitable conflict even then. The Paris workmen pelted the enormous statue of the King which was placed in the

German court, and had a scrimmage with the Prussian workmen who were setting it up. Frenchmen believe that the King was exceedingly irritated when he heard of this. His erect military bearing and clear bold look earn no favour from them, for he is criticised as a "*sous-officier de cavalerie*," a mere Cuirassier, and the like. But here I am at the Headquarters of His Majesty's son and heir, on my way to Nancy, for that is the end of the march we are to take to-day. A very early start, but all night long the tramp of feet had resounded in the streets below, and my sleep was not very sound. Are we, indeed, marching on to Paris? It seems a dream. Mr. Keller intended to let us have his best carriage and pair to continue our journey. But, alas! it was "requisitioned." We had the pleasure of seeing it occupied by the correspondent of the *Staats Anzeiger* and a companion, who filled a very handsome vehicle with strange-looking parcels. It was nearly 8 o'clock when the line of march was formed, and our hired vehicle was dovetailed into a long procession of carriages which followed the Crown Prince's Quarters. "Good-bye, Mr. Keller! May we meet in happier days!" The march was made at a rapid rate. At 1 o'clock we entered *ma bonne ville de Nancy*, and swept in state onward to our quarters. A miserable population in the suburbs, which is given to manufacturers and small trades. It had been already Bavarianised. The people, not well favoured

or amiable, thronged the sides of the streets, and looked out of the windows in silence. We drove through fine streets, the shops closed, the sideways occupied by German infantry looking for their billets : the shutters covered with chalk marks, the bakers and butchers besieged, and the pavement covered with piled arms. Our billet indicated our quarters, "Madame the Widow Houilon, Impasse des Ecoles," which we found with some difficulty, a narrow *cul-de-sac*, as its name implied—poor outside but clean in. The widow, a brisk old lady of seventy, was delighted to see us. Hitherto she had been buying off the soldiers, who came to seek quarters, at two francs each, but she was glad to welcome us, "*deux milords Anglais !*" She set about preparing breakfast, and gave it and her history to us at the same time. After breakfast went with my companion through the streets, and visited the Cordeliers and other curious places, the Place Stanislas, &c. Met Dr. Hassell, who told us a great battle was raging this very day at Metz. The Crown Prince's Army is apparently covering the left flank and rear of Prince Friedrich Karl, who is fighting. In these large towns the enmity to the Prussians seems to increase directly in proportion to the poverty of the people. Already Nancy has suffered so severely that the poor are without bread, and there are shops open where the governing authorities and municipal officers distribute to immense crowds, who

curse the war and the Germans because they are deprived of their daily labour. The Prussians are inclined to think that there is exaggeration in this, or that it is got up to harass them. At Nancy, as at Luneville, there are difficulties with the Mayor. Who, indeed, would be Mayor or Sous-Prefect at such a time? I was amused by an honest German who complained of these authorities. He said, "They cause us the greatest difficulty by running off with the archives, so that we cannot get at the taxation of a place, or the return of Government imposts, and therefore we may be letting them off far too lightly when we are making a demand for a contribution." Another told me that Lorraine was not French at all; that Nancy might, indeed, be considered a German city; and he seemed absolutely to believe what he said. The same gentleman was rather proud of a reply he made to a Frenchman who went up to him in the Place Stanislas, and asked whether he did not think it was very handsome. "So I told him," said he, "that there was not a city in France handsome enough to receive a German in."

August 18.—Awoke at 3 A.M. this morning. Broken sleep. Up early. No news. Trumpets everywhere! The Bavarians turning out, mustering in the streets and in the court below. Send over to Head-quarters. Hear that we stand fast all day at Nancy. Directly opposite us is a cobbler, and surely,

if every man in France worked like him, it would be the most prosperous nation in the world. After the Bavarians marched out I was wakeful, and hearing tap, tap, tap, through my open window, got up to look out. There was the cobbler working away at 5 A.M., whilst his wife was washing one child, having just deposited another to dry, without any particular clothes on, on the window sill. And all day long the cobbler tapped. It was almost the last sound we heard as we went to bed at night. Early breakfast. Madame Houilon introduces her dog "Tambo," a hideous turnspit, which eats eggs and can scarcely waddle, but is, she assures us, excellent for hunting foxes in the woods. Madame teaches us what we had never known before, the French for "home." It is "*intérieur*." Oh Lord! She had a cry over her grandson, who would never see his *intérieur* again. It is positive at last Bazaine has been grappled with outside Metz, and bloody actions have been fought. Until the Prince's flank is covered it is quite impossible for him to march away from the King's Army, without securing communications. The French believe that Bazaine has marched upon Verdun. One enthusiast told me he was quite sure the Marshal was on his way to Berlin. That would be a jolly *coup*! Visited the Ducal Palace of Nancy, where the Lorraine Museum offers a most interesting resort for many more hours than we could give to it. René the Second, Duke of Lorraine and Han-

over, Titular King of Sicily, Jerusalem, Hungary, and Aragon, commenced the palace in 1502, and it gives a grand idea of the taste, luxury, and grandeur of the Dukes of Lorraine. The "Gallery of the Deer" is one of the most interesting halls I ever saw.* The restoration of the Ducal Palace is due to a committee of gentlemen of the town, and is most creditable to them. There is a collection of sculpture, antiquities, arms, and utensils in stone, collections belonging to the Roman period, bronze ornaments and tools, relics of the Merovingian period, *moyen age* and *renaissance*, portraits of the Dukes and Duchesses of Lorraine, moneys and medals, some curious charters, the oldest being an agreement between one Pierre Chevalier and the Master of the Maison de Dieu of Toul, dated 1211. Some of the MSS. are exceedingly interesting. There are also some very interesting *faïence* and porcelain, pieces of armour, clocks, specimens of firearms, very ancient; but the jewel of the place is the Tent of Charles the Bold, taken by the Lorrainers at the Battle of Nancy, January 5, 1477. It was given by Duke Francis III. to the inhabitants of the capital at the time of the departure of his dynasty, in 1737. It was placed in the Hotel de Ville until the demolition of that building, when it was claimed as Royal property, and restored in 1861 by the Emperor Napoleon. It is the largest piece of tapestry with persons

* The greater part of this palace has been burned since I visited it.

upon it in France. The subject is supposed to be a warning against the consequences of good cheer. Three boon companions—Dinner, Supper, and Banquet, entertain a *bon compagnie*, but they are all laid low in the end by terrible enemies, Gout, Apoplexy, Fever, &c., who dispose of the company one after the other. A very polished old man, who showed us over the place, took a pinch of snuff with a grand air, and observed that the sight of these interesting collections might be good to the Prussians, as it would soften their manners. The Museum of Lorraine was to him like classical literature; *emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*.

August 19.—Nancy still. Last night orders came for the Staff to prepare to move at 6 o'clock in the morning, and we were ready and mounted at that hour, and took leave of Widow Houilon. When leaving, I presented Madame Houilon with what I estimated a fair compensation for lodging and board, but the good old lady would not take a farthing. "No," she said; "it was the fortune of war, and she had no right to be better than her neighbours. But if Monsieur did not mind" [a bright idea occurred to the brisk old lady] "there was the poor cobbler opposite, who had a worthy wife and a very large number of children—she had tried several times to count them and could not—and he would no doubt be glad of the money." Well, wonderful to relate, the cobbler objected. He said at least he

must do something for it ; so, to ease his conscience, he was engaged to pack up our luggage on the waggon and then to unpack it again ; and he hovered about very uneasily, demanding permission to repair boots and shoes, which we promised would be offered to him on some future occasion. What a crowd in front of the Crown Prince's hotel in the Rue de la Poissonière ! The Germans on guard in front keep back people very brusquely, and the gendarmerie peer keenly into faces, every man's hand ready to draw and fire. In justice to the French, it must be said that their curiosity is tempered and restrained. Few of the old people care to look upon such a renewal of their ancient memories. We rode about for some time near the Crown Prince's Quarters, and at last heard that the march was postponed. Great battles are occurring. The people of Nancy excited by stories of tremendous victories. Not yet has the King's Army succeeded in making its enemy quite secure at Metz, but communications are open, and the Crown Prince went to Pont-à-Mousson to see his Majesty, and to confer with him on the conduct of the campaign. That is, from Nancy to Pont-à-Mousson the country is in German possession, and from Pont-à-Mousson up to Metz and beyond it except where the fortresses still defy attack. They wax rather bold and rude. No doubt we are hung up a little in our onward career. Marsal has been taken, or rather it surrendered ; but Toul has

repulsed a rash attack, and Monsieur Barbé has announced that he will follow the example of Bitche and Phalsbourg. De Failly, with three divisions of infantry and a division of cavalry, is heard of in the direction of Epinal, as if he were going to cut off our communications or raise the siege of Strasburg. But the 6th Army Corps has been sent after them. A new proclamation attracts great attention. It is signed by the Crown Prince, and one line is read over and over again—"Germany makes war on the Emperor—not on the people of France." They consider, however, that requisitions constitute a very oppressive act of warfare against the people of France. The obligation to receive a dirty paper thaler as value for 3 francs 35 cents. maddens them. M. Callot gave some pretty pictures of what war was in his time. The francs would have been taken without the thalers in exchange, perhaps, in those days. The Crown Prince permits open letters to be forwarded by the German Feldpost to the towns in Prussian occupation. Our halt has enabled Army stragglers and Johanniters to come up with Headquarters, where they are but coldly received. And no wonder. They are nuisances and impediments. I speak not of the regularly organised bodies who work under the flag of the Geneva Conference, and are superintended by Prince Pless, Prince Putbus, Count Goltz, and others, but of the vagabondage of the large cities attracted by curiosity, if not by hope

of gain, who assume the badge which enables them to gratify any taste of the kind without much danger. The scent of battle-fields is attractive to other people as well. To-day arrives Sir Charles Dilke, critical, captious, and confident. He seems to be one of those who are more anxious to acquire information about and to see battles, than to bind up wounds or take up wounded, or act as hospital nurse; Mr. Winterbotham, intelligent, full of stories of what he has seen on his travels; and Auberon Herbert, zealous, brimming to overflowing with energy, and bent upon doing work. They have visited the battle-field of Wörth, but the battle took place days before their appearance. They complain that they are obliged to keep one day's march in rear of the Head-Quarters. They have been arrested and let go by both sides, but their train of hospital supplies and of deaconesses and Sisters of Charity acts as a general passport.

August 20.—A lovely morning to begin our march. Started at last at 6.45 from Nancy, "ma bonne ville," which is certainly the worse for wear now. By this time we hear of the tremendous fighting round Metz, and the German staff officers are in high spirits. There is but one cry now—"On to Paris!" Bazaine, they say, is surrounded and irretrievably lost. The people of Nancy scarce believe the news; they look black as thunder. "L. G." and I rode out in advance of the staff with a party

of Bavarian lancers, taking the road to Toul, which leaves the town by a noble gateway, and gradually ascends by vine-covered hills upwards to an elevated land, from which there come in the breaks of forest views of the fair city, spread out with many noble churches and public monuments, presenting a very fine and picturesque aspect. It was a most interesting march, because we had to avoid Toul, which is covered by the Bavarians, and blocks up the path by the direct road to Vaucouleurs. Now this Toul bullied the whole of this great army. We had to make immense detours by winding paths and bad roads, through forests and over streams. Once from rising ground we caught sight of a cathedral above a serene level of roofs girt in by green walls of parapet. This harmless-looking place was Toul, which had, two days before, resisted the onslaught, rather indiscreet, of a Bavarian division, and covered the fields with their bodies. Not a shot was fired to-day, but on the heights around the place we could see the German artillery grouped around their guns. Every road around was picketed and patrolled, and closely guarded. The country is charming, rich in crops, fruit, and vines. We had all the excitement of a march through an enemy's country, with the expectancy that at any moment there might be an action. Bazaine might break through, or MacMahon might be suddenly blocking up the road—in fact, any of the possibilities which occur in war. The baggage had

to be sent round by Porte St. Vincent. In a deep valley on our left lay the Moselle. When we had crossed it the Staff halted, and there came in the post with letters and despatches. News of terrible losses. Walker much affected, as many of those he knows have fallen in the battle of the 16th. A characteristic scene. The Colonel, Gottberg, assembling the officers round him, explained at length the battles which had occurred, and the military situation. We were on the same bank of the river now as the King and his Army. They will prevent the escape of Bazaine and his junction with MacMahon, whilst we (that is, the Crown Prince) march straight to Chalons with 200,000 men. It was 2 o'clock when we rode into Vaucouleurs, the town of the Maid of Orleans—a march of 48 kilometres, and got a billet with Francois, grocer, Grande Rue, No. 26. He had only one room for us to eat and sleep in, but glad were we to get it. The grocer's house must have been part of a prison, an ancient castle, or a convent—such thick walls and groined doorways, stone stairs, and rooms with vast flags instead of floors! Next to us, in the kitchen, with one bed between them, which was made up on a shelf in what probably was the larder in ordinary times, were quartered Mr. Skinner and Mr. Landells. Outside, upon the shutter, was inscribed, as a description of the hopeless condition of the mansion, and what it did and did not contain, in German, “Fier Engländer, kein

Tabak"—"Four Englishmen, no tobacco." No place for our horses. I got reckless, and walked up to a stable belonging to one of the best houses, which had been kept for a general, and installed the beasts therein.

August 21.—It was not pleasant last night. Hard lying place—noise, tramp of men, and music early. First news that both the grooms are unwell. Mine is the picture of abject misery every morning, principally in consequence of ill-judged recreation over night. Lord Ronald's man is really very ill. We made them out in the stable I appropriated in the Rue des Rondes yesterday, where they slept in a loft, the smell of which was quite enough to make a robust man seriously indisposed. Francois, perplexed with his customers for taking heart of grace, opened his shutters, still keeping up the one inscribed—"Fier Englander, kein Tabak," and speedily his place was thronged with soldiers, who tendered unknown coins and asked for incomprehensible articles. Poor Madame Francois in great distress! Her father and his cart and horse have been taken off by the Prussians on requisition, and she does not know when they may return. Her father, she says, is very old, but the horse is very young and strong, and the chances are, she thinks, that she will see her father before she sees the horse again. Wandered about all day investigating antiquities. Joan of Arc's Chapel. After writing letters we examined all that was to be seen in

Vaucouleurs—the church and the ruins of an old chateau, and returned to quarters. Great movements of troops taking place. The Crown Prince is to be reinforced, and to move on direct upon Paris. Mac-Mahon is standing fast in the camp at Chalons. At 5.30 we dined at the Hotel de Providence, which offered a very curious scene—long room, officers packed as close as could be, dimly seen through clouds of tobacco smoke; landlord, aided by an army of waiters in their shirt-sleeves, trying to divide himself into many fragments, at his wits' end; the air filled with strange demands; some anxious to pay, others wrangling over bills, referring to the tariff prices and exchanges; others roaring for food and drink, and hammering on the tables. We sat somewhat removed from the tempest, opposite some Johanniters, who may have been very good men, but who looked as like plunderers and scamps as any I ever saw. Everything in Vaucouleurs has been gobbled up, and the French declare they will all be starved. In our quarters there were two officers and thirty men yesterday. The Crown Prince is still at Pont-a-Mousson. I borrowed a map to-day, "Routes to Paris," taken in 1814, and adapted to the present time, which is much used by the Staff.

August 22.—Aroused by martial music at 5 this morning. Saw the 38th Regiment passing below—the companies preceded by drums which are tapped smartly at times to keep the men to attention to the

step. There were three battalions of very fine-looking fellows, each battalion with their carts of reserve ammunition, drawn by six horses. After each battalion came thirteen baggage and one canteen waggon, and one small ambulance. The rear was brought up by eighteen bullocks. There were eleven sick men carried in the carts, and but three stragglers in the rear of the column, which passed in nineteen minutes. Then came the 33rd, moving northwards in an opposite direction. After them, columns of the Sixth Army Corps moving south. In other words, "no sleep." Visited Joan of Arc's Chapel again; groined vaulting, where the Sieur de Baudricourt gave the Maid her arms—a dirty chamber, shown by a dirty woman, on the top of a hill covered with rubbish. The chapel, with two stained-glass windows beneath, is interesting. France has got no Joan now. In the centre of Vaucouleurs is sitting a council of German generals. They sat for nearly an hour. After breakfast came round the Crown Prince's jager with invitations to dinner. The feast was spread on tables laid out in a fine garden beneath rich fruit-trees. Owing to some mistake in the clocks, we had the misfortune to be late. It is a misfortune when one dines with princes. The late comer is always sure to be seen, particularly by such a keen-eyed royalty as his highness. Prince Albrecht, the King's brother, was there; the Duke of Coburg, and the illustrious members of the second staff. After dinner, coffee and cigars.

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The Crown Prince told us of the great fights before Metz. He seemed much affected by the loss. "Where is this all to end? It is quite frightful." He told us of regiments that had lost twenty and thirty officers and many hundreds of men. "My father," he said, "felt it very deeply; it made him quite unwell." He had proposed to hold a review of the army before Metz, but when it came to the day his Majesty was unable to be present. The conversation wandered to the Crimea, and the Prince spoke of his arrival in England about the time of the news of the fall of Sebastopol, and of the bonfire that was lighted at Balmoral when he went there on his first visit. It was curious to hear, in the city of the Maid of Orleans, these reminiscences of quiet days and scenes of domestic happiness, of the feelings of his early life, of the quietude of Highland glens, from a German Prince, the husband of the daughter of the Queen of England, and the leader of one of the great armies of the world, surrounded by scenes of the deepest historical interest, and engaged in one of the most tremendous contests the world has seen, and then reverting to scenes not very far distant, where the air was almost reeking with blood, and the sky was still dim with the smoke of battle.

August 23.—Well, at last we started at 6 o'clock this morning from Vaucouleurs. It was a sad and sorry day. Such mud and incertitude for man and horse! We moved on through a fine rolling country

in continuous rain. Arrived, after a march of five-and-a-quarter German miles, quite soaked through, at the town of Ligny, where we were to halt. Our horses were done up, and could scarcely drag one leg after the other. Our baggage was late. M. Von Bissing, of the Crown Prince's Staff, Quartermaster of the day, assigned to me a terrible den, 39, Rue des Valines. The owner, an old employé of the tobacco *régie*, determined to choke us off, brought us into a room, at the end of which lay an old woman in bed, who coughed and groaned horribly, and made noises as of one about to die. He declared he had no other quarters to give us than these "*dans la chambre de ma mère.*" We looked and sighed, and spoke to his mother, who repeated her noises, and accepted the situation in great disgust. There was no stable in which to put up the horses. Harpes set to work, and succeeded in ferretting out a shed in which the tired and muddy beasts were installed. Then we asked for food, and began to unpack our traps; and the old employé, seeing that we had absolutely made up our minds to share his mother's room, went out, and after a time returned with the news that he had prevailed upon the Curé, Larcher, at 49, in the same street, to receive us; to whom joyously repairing we met not only a most kindly courteous old gentleman, but excellent quarters, and a repast cooked by his housekeeper, of eggs on the plate, and skilly, and flint beef, quite delicious, followed by a bottle of wine.

The good old priest remembered one invasion already. He told us many stories about his early youth, and anecdotes of the Czar, of the Emperor of Austria, of the great review held near Ligny in 1814, at which the present King of Prussia assisted as a young officer, and of famous Russian generals, one of whom, Diebitsch, had lodged in our very room. This good *prêtre en retraite* bore no enmity to those enemies. But somehow or another he was not charitable towards the Prussians. Ligny is unlucky enough to be on the route to Paris, which is made, as a French gentleman remarked to-day, "to be the delight of the world, to set the world at defiance, and then to receive the world as conquerors, but now this time it will be different, the fortifications will prevent such an insult and calamity." Since I have heard as the fixed idea this marching upon Paris I have thought of these fortifications, and spoke of them often enough. There was a map of the city, with the outline of the walls and forts, hanging in the hall of Père Larcher; and to prepare for eventualities I asked "L. G.," who is a capital draughtsman, to take it down, and draw me a tracing of it. The Prussians think Paris will surrender without a blow, in spite of its guns and ramparts.

August 24.—I awoke early. There were fleas inside and drums out. The first person I saw in the street below was the Crown Prince on foot, his pipe in his mouth, followed by a few officers, walking down

to the gate which leads out of Ligny to the open country. It was the King of Bavaria's birthday, and the Prince was going to review a battalion of the 10th Bavarian Regiment in honour of the occasion. We followed, and saw the ceremony, which was a mere inspection and salute of the colours, succeeded by three cheers proposed by the Crown Prince. Returning, I hear that orders have been sent for our Left Corps to close up towards the Right, as if the army were taking a more northerly direction. We stand fast to-day. Astounding news arrived later this morning. The Prussian cavalry, on approaching Chalons, found that MacMahon had broken up his camp and marched straight away, no doubt to accept a decisive battle under the walls of the capital. This was grave. All the hopes of my companion were dashed to the ground. He could no longer hope to see a great battle with this army. As his permission to remain with Head-Quarters was conditional, the Crown Prince having assented to his request to be allowed to stay, on the supposition that a battle must occur in a few days, he felt a difficulty in holding on at Head-Quarters till the army arrived before Paris. We talked the matter over, and unwillingly I gave him advice to return to England, which was, indeed, his own view of the position. So, sad and sorry, he gave orders to his groom to pack up, and prepared for his return, and very regretful was I for his going,

but it was clearly quite right, and, indeed, inevitable. At 2 o'clock the King arrived at Ligny, and had a long interview with the Crown Prince at his Headquarters. The whole of one Bavarian Army Corps, 30,000 men, passed under our windows. I had a good opportunity of seeing the men, many of whom seemed to be weakly, and to have suffered from rough marches in bad weather ; cavalry and artillery seemed smart and serviceable. There is fine stuff in the infantry. In the afternoon we both visited the old Castle of Ligny. Got up on the top of the keep, and while there up came the head of the Crown Prince through a hole in the tiles, and then his great body, with help from above and below ; but he is very strong. He spoke with indignation of the way in which the French prisoners abused the Emperor, of their ingratitude, and of the difficulties of governing such a people. It was odd to find oneself on the top of the old castle of the Montmorencies (where Luxembourg was born when his mother had taken refuge there during a siege by the people of Com-mercy), talking with a Prince of a little German house then almost unknown, who now led one of the greatest armies the world has ever seen. Beneath us the town where the Allied Sovereigns had been quartered during the last invasion of France, where the King, his father, had lodged, which he now visited as a conqueror from tremendous battle-fields. In the fields outside the Allied Army had been

reviewed. Through the main street below had ridden in state into the Market Place, the Emperor of Austria, with the Emperor of Russia on his right, and the King of Prussia on his left; 200 yards in advance of a most brilliant Staff, "a whole regiment" (as Father Larcher said) "of Princes, Marshals, Dukes, and Generals." Through the same street had just rolled one then but a prince, now a king, in an open landau, followed by Count Bismarck—that terrible major of Cuirassiers—driving at leisure, regardless of the threats of Franc-Tireurs, to Bar-le-Duc. This was history repeating itself with a vengeance. "Germany now needs no aid to deal with France." What is going to take place no one knows outside a very narrow circle. The news of the movements of the French under MacMahon of course govern all our proceedings, but it is supposed that he is falling back upon Paris.

August 25.—Seckendorff came in to tell us he was going off with despatches to the King at Bar-le-Duc. I advised Lord Ronald to set out with Seckendorff, and so get papers to enable him to return to England. Soon after mid-day he went off with his English groom for Bar-le-Duc, to my great regret, leaving with me his horse and accoutrements. I dined at Head-Quarters, and noticed that the Staff seemed very much absorbed, and when orderlies came in with despatches there was always a movement of attention—knives dropped, and eyes turned on the

Crown Prince as he read them, and handed them to Blumenthal. His "Excellenz" does not betray much in his face. His Royal Highness spoke very kindly of Lord Ronald, and regretted the necessity of his departure. "But you see how large my Staff is! I wish I could reduce it by one-half."

August 26.—We were to have gone to St. Dizier, about eighteen English miles from this, and two days' march from Châlons, and the King was to have moved on our right, but counter orders or a change of disposition were determined on, and our baggage remained halted in the street for some time, with a great commotion of Staff officers. At 9.30 bade good-by to Père Larcher, and marched from Ligny with Head-Quarters. It rained heavily. I started in advance of the column, and overtook Walker, with whom I rode on to Bar-le-Duc, where we found the King's Head-Quarters. I miss my companion on the march very much, and nearly all the officers of the Staff inquired after him, and seemed astonished at his departure. It almost seemed as if there was a fate about it—that at the very moment he should have decided on leaving the army, the news came which renders it certain the battle he so much longs to see cannot well be deferred. The Crown Prince was not well, and travelled in a covered carriage. He halted at Bar-le-Duc, and had a long interview with the King, whose Military Cabinet was sitting on grave affairs. I saw Count Bismarck standing in

a doorway out of the rain whiffing a prodigious cigar, seemingly intent on watching the bubbles which passed along the watercourse by the side of the street. Continued our march still in the rain to Revigny-aux-Vaches. Just before arriving at our journey's end a tremendous storm broke upon us, and in spite of waterproof, I was wet to the skin, as completely as if I had been drawn through a river. The *Zweiterstaffel* were quartered at Brabant-le-Roi, a very miserable village, where one room, in a most filthy cabin out in the fields, was assigned to myself, Mr. Landells, and Mr. Skinner, if room it could be called, which was a compound of kitchen, poultry-yard, bed-room, and stable, in which our servants were to be stowed also. The old woman who owned the hut, putting her hand into a compartment in the wall, pulled out a rabbit, and held it up as if for me to admire it. I thought it was a pet, and made her a compliment upon its appearance, when, taking up a flat piece of wood by the fire, she hit it on the head, to my astonishment killed it, proceeded to skin it, and before it was cold had put it into a pot on the fire for my dinner. This was all she had, and the hag kept on whining horribly, "*En effet, messieurs; nous ne sommes pas riches ici.*" Our prospects were anything but lively, and Harpes was sent out to see if he could improve the occasion, and returned triumphant to say that Colonel Pillmans, of a Bavarian regiment, was leaving the Cure's house, and that I could get

quarters there. We moved over at once. Such a delightful change !

August 27.—I feel very much like the Irish actor of whom "J. M." (called by respectful familiars "Colonel the Honourable James Macdonald") tells the story that he—the local tragedian of Cork—being obliged to enact the part of some mute sufferer to a rampaging Roman represented by Macready, burst through the minions who were about to hurl him from the "Te-tar-pe-ian Er-rock," and, rushing to the footlights, demanded of the gallery, "Oh ! Mother of Moses ! wheare am I go-en tew ?" Well ! we were marching on to Paris. That is, this Third Army, under the Crown Prince, had the mission to go direct upon the Capital *viâ* Chalons, and if Marshal MacMahon barred the way, to beat him as a matter of course. Our progress, so far, has not been rapid, nor in a direct line. That is explained clearly enough by the situation of the invading armies, because the Crown Prince would not throw himself in the air, and had to keep up communications with the King's Army—the First and Second—which had Bazaine's Army to deal with, so that he could not advance on Chalons till the Metz position was thoroughly defined. No one ever speaks of "the Emperor" as a leader. It is "Bazaine" and "MacMahon." Both these have been beaten already. I remember that when Bazaine, who, after all, is an "African" sort of a General, was named to the command of a district, it was regarded

as a proof of the Emperor's warlike intentions, because he was supposed to be "*très guerrier, très capable, très bon soldat.*" He has never given a proof of capacity for *la grande guerre*, but was described to me as rather a sensuous, carp-like sort of man—a half-developed Pelissier, with a good deal of swagger—a *café-billiard* kind of General—"all feathers and boots, like Winfield Scott." He seems now to be fixed in a pretty tight place, but it is impossible for us to speculate on the absolute inaction and imprisonment of 150,000 of the flower of the French Army as a fixed element in our calculations. So we have had one eye fixed on Paris and the other on Metz; and now, on the diagonal of the two forces, we are marching to some point to me unknown; so that here I am at Brabant le Roi in the tail of a great comet of some 80,000 men who have passed onwards, and have given us a sense of security, if they have left little else behind them. I slept but badly and awoke early. I do not care how soon I get out of Brabant le Roi, but here and at Revigny aux Vaches we halt to-day. A grating of saws and noise of rolling of logs in the pleasant garden outside my window. I look out. There is the good old Padre sawing wood as if for his life. He is as cheerful and polished as a cardinal with a chance of the Popedom, and as strong as a carpenter. If all parish priests were like M. Biudot, Curé of Brabant le Roi, there would be small room for the infidels and reactionaries who have made the

country so wretched. After breakfast went out to the street to learn the latest news. Met Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern and the Prince of Mecklenburg. Our delays are now accounted for. Events of great magnitude are near at hand. MacMahon has not fallen back upon Paris, but is advancing on the Saxon Army and on the Army of the King, and is clearly making an effort for the relief of Metz! The Emperor, they say, is at La Chêne Populeux, and MacMahon seeks to thrust his Army in between the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Karl, or to beat the Army under the Crown Prince of Saxony, which seems feasible. This Army will be at once concentrated; and already the left, having wheeled round, is marching rapidly towards the north and north-east, and getting in line with the right, so as to head off the Army of MacMahon. In my quarters nearly all day, writing. At 3 o'clock, Colonel Walker came over with maps, &c., and we had a long talk over the situation, which appears to him rather critical—in fact, he does not like it. The news of the Emperor being at Chêne le Populeux may be doubted; but there is no question that MacMahon is engaged in an attempt to reach Metz, and to raise the investment of that place by a desperate forced march across our flank and front. The curate tells me, as I go to lie down, he is “glad I am not a German”—I thought he meant for my soul’s sake, but on inquiry I learned it was on account of my body, for “these gentlemen

will never see their *patrie* again." It was terrible, "*mais c'est positif*." And somehow General Von Blumenthal was quite of a different opinion; for, taking me into a room in which was a table covered with a large map, on a scale of an inch to the mile, he said—"These French are lost, you see. We know they are there, and there, and there—MacMahon's whole Army. *Where* can they go to? Poor, foolish fellows. They must go to Belgium, or fight *there* and be lost." And he put his finger on the map, between Mézières and Carignan ~~St. Menchould~~ *(St. Menchould)*.

August 28.—The Head-Quarters column to make the best of its way to St. Menchould. A great study of maps. Up at 4 o'clock. Could not sleep. The clangour of bands and rumble of artillery trains, the voices and tramp of troops on the march, unceasing throughout the night. Started very early. The Prince passed me in a carriage, attended by Count Eulenberg and his physician, as I rode out of the town. We halted at cross-roads where the stones marked seventy-five kilometres to Rheims and sixteen to Bar-le-Duc. Here officers came to the Prince with reports which caused much excitement. The cavalry have been engaged with the French near Nouart. After a frightful march through the mud, got to our halting-place at 3.30 P.M. St. Menchould was filled with troops. An immense mass of broken firelocks, swords, helmets of Pompiers lying in the square, surrendered under the terrible proclamation which inflicts

the penalty of death upon any one in whose possession or house arms are found concealed. The main street was a foot deep in mud. Through this I had to wade up and down, dragging my weary horse after me, in search of quarters and of stables. The first I developed out of the depths of my inner unconsciousness. Then I found a stable unoccupied, put up my horse, and, when the groom arrived, told him where to go. He came back to say that he had been turned out with ignominy by a Staff officer, who claimed the stable as his own. At last, through the agency of an old lady in whose house, at the corner of a street looking upon the public square, I had quartered myself, shelter was procured for the poor beasts, but scarcely food. The nice old woman was very much concerned for the fate of the young people in foreign uniforms she saw about the streets. "She did not know where the Emperor was—or the *Armée Française*. But she knew they were somewhere about, and would not leave one of us alive unless we laid down our arms." I told her I never would surrender my steel pen. Madame declared the English were always eccentric, and always the enemies of France, who had saved them in the Crimea. I thought of General Blumenthal's assurance last night, that in three or four days the whole French Army would be surrounded or driven into Belgium. "They are lost. They were there last night. They cannot get away now." I dined at the Crown Prince's

quarters in a fine building upon the public square. At dinner, two Hussar officers, fine young fellows, one a Black Brunswicker, came in with reports confirming the presence of the French beyond Boulay. Again Blumenthal repeated his vaticination. There was almost an affectation of pity in the tones in which he said—"Why they are lost; they cannot escape!" It was as if he was affecting sorrow for them; but a twinkle in the General's eye did not complete the impression. The Crown Prince was grave, but not at all melancholy or dispirited, although he suffered a good deal. He made merry over the unpalatable-looking mess prescribed for him by excellent Dr. Wegner, and cast hungry glances from his plate of frumenty to the flesh-pots, which his lusty followers were sounding deeply. These campaigning times men need strong meat and moderate drink, and frumenty does not look like good stuff to fight upon.

August 29.—No rest for those who dwell in tents, camp, and quarters, for even when they halt for a day they are uneasy and wish to be off. Anything is better than "sitting down before a place," or sticking on a plateau as we did at Sebastopol; and the Prussian system of using towns, villages, and houses generally, instead of camps, introduces us to great varieties of interiors and characters. As I was riding across the *Plûce* to overtake the Staff, I heard my name called, and, turning, saw the Duke of Manchester, in his rifle uniform, all equipped for the field. He

had arrived in the hope of being invited or permitted to accompany the Crown Prince, to whom he is well known, and was mortified to find that his soldierly desire to see service could not be gratified. If any man could hope to go with the Head-Quarters of a German Army from connections and strong sympathy it was the Duke. But there he stood, *planté là*, in St. Menehould, though, "determined," he said, "to see some of the game." I thought I never would get clear of the troops and trains on the road to-day, and was heartily tired of the long tramp and splash in the slush through which, as Gottberg led the van of the cavaliers, we went flying. Canter—trot—gallop—walk, and so on, as if we were going to ride down the French on our own account. Termes ! Here did we halt this horrid afternoon, worn by a long and anxious march. How the caprices of history exalt the horns of the humblest little corners and nooks of the world ! A straggling, crooked street, with two or three lanes off it close to the Forest of Argonne. He must be a very close student of history who knows that here a King of Prussia lodged once after no less an event than the battle of Alme. Such a wretched woe-begone little place ! It is the centre now of life, for there are some 50,000 men close packed around it. Wurtembergers, Prussians, Bavarians, horse, foot, and artillery, are bivouacked in order of battle. By day the smoke of camp fires rises above every wood ; at night the sky is red with their

flames. The inhabitants are loud in their lamentations. This is a hard trial for them; for the soldiers, probably impelled by hunger, having outmarched their commissariat, are going through the houses. What is left of food, straw, corn, and wine, by one set, is taken by the next, and when we leave famine stares the people in the face. Ignorance of any means of communication or of explaining their wants increases the suffering of the people. Just now the poor woman with whom I am billeted rushed into my room, entreating me to save her from two soldiers "who had threatened to cut her throat." I went down and found a man with a piece of raw meat in one hand and his sword in the other, which he had drawn for the purpose of cutting the junk in two for himself and his comrade. He declared that the other had gone out for a pot, and that all they wanted was leave to use the woman's fire to cook their food. A tremendous row in the street. A woman screaming as if in the agonies of death, or worse. A little Wurtemberg soldier had hold of one end of a loaf of bread, which was three feet long, and the woman of the other; but after a giant contest the Wurtemberger was victorious. With a howl the lady exclaimed, "There goes the bread of thirteen of his blackguards of comrades—it is their affair, not mine!" It was a feverish night and day altogether. The Crown Prince lies at Senuq to-night. Bugles, trumpets, drums, blow and rattle in all directions, and as I turned in the report came that the

enemy were all around us, and the prospect of battle was certain. As I wrote that night to the *Times*:—
“Before the dawn the Crown Prince may have to prepare for the battle for which Paris is dying and France quivering with excitement.”

CHAPTER V.

A Night Scene—The Grand Duke of Coburg—The coming Battle—The Enemy in Sight—The Mitrailleuse—A Night at Oches—How the Princes fared—Duke of Augustenburg—The Sacking of Raucourt—Bazeilles—Eve of Sedan—Summons to the Battle—The Crown Prince's Attack—Floing—Confusion visible.

August 30.—Looking at the map last night I saw how much reason there was for General Blumenthal's prophecy. The Head-Quarters' people do not know much of the movements outside a very narrow circle, and I find now and then that I am the depository of momentous secrets unknown to Dukes and Princes. But how I should like an *Ordre de Bataille*!—I have insinuated, asked, and demanded it—always been promised. But, somehow, it is not forthcoming. Seckendorff told me that the authorities were very angry because some newspaper—I think the *Cologne Gazette*—had published one which was quite accurate—*ergo*, there could be no harm in my getting one. Then I am as badly off regarding maps as a French Staff officer—admirably provided as regards the Rhine Provinces and those parts, and quite destitute of a decent map of this part of France. When the

Head-Quarters are split up, the Feld Post-office is established, of course, wherever the Crown Prince is ; and sometimes I have no small difficulty in getting off my letters, for every village is regularly guarded at every exit and entrance, and after dark may no man pass without having the password, which is given very charily. Harpes was in a condition of continual arrest last night in going to Senuq. He brought over a few lines from Head-Quarters to tell me of the fighting yesterday, and of the immediate vicinity of the French. The Prussians, in withdrawing from Rheims, Bethel, Châlons, &c., have given rise to most absurd stories, and the French think they are retreating to Germany. Copies of Paris papers lent to me are fuller of falsehoods than Munchausen—the stories read like ravings of lunatics and sick men's dreams in type. What can it all mean ? Is it *populus vult decipi—decipiatur*—or is it that those above wish to deceive them ? A last look before I turned in last night revealed a beautiful sight : all the stars of heaven seemed to have settled on the face of the earth, and, far as the eye could sweep, the watch-fires burned on hill-side, valley, and rolling plain—near at hand, lighting up the figures of the soldiers in their bivouacs and justifying Rembrandt at every flash, and far away gathering closely into asteroids and nebulous clouds which closed in the horizon. Some 80,000 men are resting all around us on their arms, and yet no sound is heard except the neigh of a horse now

and then, or the voice of a sentry challenging. We of the Second Staff turned out very early, and there was a great gathering in the little street outside my door of flat-capped, becloaked, and much-booted great ones, studying maps and comparing news. The Duke of Coburg is generally early, and his cigar may be seen coming round a corner as soon as any one's. His Highness wears the same uniform as Count Bismarck, the undress of his own Cuirassiers—flat white cap with yellow band, black double-breasted frock with yellow cuffs and collar, and metal buttons, white cords or leathers, and heavy jack-boots. The Prince of Weimar does not grace his pretty hussar uniform; but generally they are a fine set of fellows on this many-titled and much-sounding Staff, and there is a great deal of good English among them. The mail came in as we were starting, and a good quantity of information about our own movements was gleaned from the papers; but one of the Staff pointed out that most of it was copied from the English newspapers into the German press. "Herr Doctor!" (how I do hate that "Doctor!") "look out, or you shall be shooted if you tell about us." "But I cannot, for I know nothing. We are at Termes to-day. It will be no harm to write that. I shall not say where we shall be to-night, for I do not know." "Here comes the escort! Forward!" and away we go to Senuq at a hand-gallop, the troops in the distance cheering as they see their Princes pass, as they

believe "Unser Fritz" is there. It was a splendid sight—a forest of steel bayonets over brass-spiked helmets. Nothing looks so martial and so fine *en masse* as these brass-fronted *pickel-haubes*. There they were, three Army Corps and the Wurtemberg Division with artillery and horse, and trains as far as one could see, tramping in grand divisions in close column of march. Prisoners passed under escort going to the rear, made in yesterday's skirmishes—Zouaves, Turcos, and cavalry. I never saw French troops look so badly before. We caught up the Crown Prince outside Senuq, and there was a halt under some trees by the road-side. Then the word came round that it was probable there would be an action in an hour or so, and that we were not to press too closely round his Royal Highness when we got under fire, but break up into groups, and choose our points of action according to circumstances, the Lancer escort being our rallying-point. I observed that the Uhlans had furled their pennons, and kept their lances down. There is a good deal said of men being "cool under fire." One has seen men very cool under it, but I have never met with one yet who is not a little excited *before* he goes into action. It may be pleurably so. Still there is a glitsen in the eye, and a heightened colour in the cheek, and a *timbre* in the voice, not derived from internal coolness. Our Staff is tremendously civil. We go about exchanging lights and even cigars; men look into

their holsters and see what there is to support life upon, and happy is he who has a nice sausage-end and a hunch of bread and some hard-boiled eggs. There is generally a bottle of wine. Never have I undergone such ordeals as lately in the way of drinks, for all the country wine is detestable, some not even as good as vinegar and water. Let no one think this a light matter till he tries it, and ascertains what campaigning on bad meat and drinks means. I hear the most thoughtful Generals discussing the question of rations with the utmost concern. "It is no matter where a man is lodged," they say, "so that he has plenty of good food and wholesome drink." Count Eulenberg, knowing I must be faring now and then very poorly, has several times told me that I am always expected at the Crown Prince's table, and once or twice I have sent and begged bread from his *chef*; but in my direst need it has so happened that the Prince's table was far away. At last we moved on, after the Prince had received several reports brought in from hard-riding officers and orderlies. I observe that no officer carrying despatches is unprovided with a stout escort, some six or eight troopers generally. As we cantered along, I thought that a well-known sound came down on the wind from afar over the tree-tops; but there was much clattering of steel and jingling of sabres and tramp of horses over the muddy track, and besides there were great masses of infantry and guns on our flanks marching across

towards our right. "Hark ! there it is again !" It was hard to get along in the ruck of the enormous army. In half-an-hour or so we had cleared the front of the troops, and descended into a gentle valley. Cantered along at a good rate till we came out upon an open country, with a wood upon the left and a ridge directly in front of us, along which there ran a line of poplars, which indicated a main road or *chaussée*. Directly on the right of this ridge there rose a remarkable bluff, looking in the distance almost like the Rock of Gibraltar, and on our right the skyline was formed by an elevated plain. About half-a-mile in front on our right there was a line of cavalry vedettes ; on the left, more German infantry. We halted. The Prince dismounted. A portable table was fixed and a map was spread upon it. "That must be Stonne, that high point. And that the road from Lechène. That must be Beaumont over there." Just at that moment the boom of a gun came over the ridge on our right. It was followed by another, and then by the distant roll of musketry. "They are at it upon the right, in the direction of Beaumont." It was about 11 o'clock, I should think ; but my watch had stopped. Prince and Staff mounted again and rode towards the right. "Bang !" came a gun from the high point in front of us. A battery opened from the causeway near Stonne. The German guns replied. The infantry shook themselves up and began slowly to move in the direction of the causeway, with

their front nearly parallel to it, when a long line of thick smoke rose from among the trees, followed by that noise which I now heard tolerably near for the first time, that which I cannot compare to anything except the growl of an infuriated wild beast—the roar of the mitrailleuse. The French were there upon the ridge in our front. Surely a battle is quite inevitable. Every eye was strained, every glass turned upon the ridge and the line of poplars. Now and then one could catch the flash of a bayonet, or the glistening of steel. I could make out a few officers standing on the ridge at Stonne as if reconnoitring, and that was all; but that the enemy were there in force was plain enough. From the verge of the ridge they commanded every movement of the Germans, and seemed to outnumber them in artillery. A couple of mitrailleuse batteries now began to growl at intervals of a couple of minutes in regular succession. If the 6th Army Corps had been nigh, and could have executed a turning movement on the left, the French would have been in a very bad way. “Why does not he go on?” the Staff asked impatiently, speaking of the grim old General who was reconnoitring the position. Presently aides-de-camp rode across to the Crown Prince. “The General did not conceive it advisable to attack. The French seemed to have at least three divisions in front very strongly posted.” Orders were sent to the rear to hurry up the troops. Meantime, far upon the right came the noise of another

cannonade, increasing every moment in volume. The roar of the mitrailleuses and the sustained roll of musketry showed it was serious. But the Crown Prince remained as if assured of the result. Almost of a sudden the French guns and mitrailleuses ceased to fire from the ridge and causeway. The German infantry at once advanced and swarmed up the rising ground, preceded by lines of skirmishers with their artillery well in hand. Gradually the batteries quickened their pace, and went up the slopes as rapidly as the horses could drag the guns, till we saw them on the sky-line of the causeway halt, unlimber, and begin to pound away, as if firing down the valley at the other side, as indeed they were. The Crown Prince now made direct for the high mound called Stonne. There is a farmhouse by the road-side, with a large garden, situated at the edge of the plateau. From this a wonderful view lay before us. Looking due north, we could see the lines of hills beyond the woods of the Ardennes, which mark the Belgian frontier. Between us and this ridge extended, in easy folds, a country so richly wooded as to resemble, from the height on which we stood, one continuous forest ; but the *plis* in the outspread surface indicated that it was seamed and cut by deep valleys and streams. At our feet, far down below, were pleasant valleys. Here and there the roof of a chateau or country-house rose above the tree-tops ; a line of smoke showed the course of the road which the French were

defending, as they fall back towards the Meuse. Whatever might be the nature of the action on the right, it was evident that the French had escaped from our front, and that very cleverly. They masked their movements under a formidable force of artillery, which they had suddenly and successfully withdrawn, and the fighting going on down below us was but an affair of skirmishing with the rearguard. But towards Beaumont, in the due east, we could see the incessant flashes of the artillery, which showed that the French were fighting desperately. The horizon was lighted up as if by a heavy thunderstorm, but we were too far to see what was going on, and the Staff were not yet informed where they would halt that night, or what they were to do. At one time it looked as if we were going to bivouac on the ridge. Cloaks were unrolled and put on, and straw was gathered up which French soldiers had lain on this very morning. The Crown Prince was told, indeed, that the Emperor slept at the village yesterday, and, rubbing his hands slowly, he said—"In that case he cannot be very far away, and must know this day is going badly for him." There was almost a touch of pity in his tone. As it became darker, and the long twilight was deepening, the fire slackened, but it was very wonderful to see how the French shells burst up in the clouds, and how their force was wasted. There was a little consultation between the Prince and Blumenthal, and then a movement to horse, and, retracing our steps,

the Staff rode down from the high ridge of the plateau in the direction of Termes. But we did not get there. The Prince was to lie at St. Pierremont. We of the Second Staff were to go on to Oches. Ah, me ! Oches ! I never can forget it. It was black night when we got in to this place, to which Termes was a splendid capital, and it was almost impossible to move through the masses of men in the road. The cheers as the Prince passed were deafening. There was immense excitement amongst the troops. We heard of a great success. The Bavarians had surprised De Failly's Corps at Beaumont, routed him utterly, taken his guns and baggage, and the Staff officers had actually feasted at the table spread for the repast intended for the French General. I had weary work to find quarters. It was simply in a sort of wigwam inhabited by two witches, a cave of Endor, with a smell which no spirit would face. The difficulty is to find any time to write. I have plenty of notes, but there is scarcely a minute to transcribe them. Human nature will assert its rights ; and after fourteen hours in the saddle or else in the open without much food, sleep is with most natures an imperative necessity, from which I, at any rate, am not exempt. As I tried to write, the pen slipped out of my hand, and I had just waking sense enough to throw myself in the corner of the room on the bed, and go off to sleep ere the noise of the choruses in the streets or rooms below, of soldiers rejoicing over their victory of to-day

and their anticipated success to-morrow, had become too loud to banish it.

August 31.—(Oches to Chemery). I shall not easily forget last night. There came, wet and worn, a young officer, one of the *feld-jägers* of the Crown Prince, for shelter into the room—if it can be called so—of the cabin assigned, or rather found out, as our quarters; where already two of us were sitting up by the light of a wick in an iron cresset filled with fat, suspended from the roof, which just enabled us to see the outlines of the terrible faces of the two old women who owned the house, and who sat by the fire-side, close by the ashes of the large open grate, rocking themselves to and fro in an agony which would not be comforted. What they were afraid of, the Lord only knows! They were too terrified to be frightened at threats, and no human power would induce them to leave that place, or retire to the loft in which they usually slept. Some straw was laid down on the floor, which was of mud, for the *jäger* and my comrade, and, by an exquisite courtesy, which I did not quite appreciate after I had got into it, the only bed was voted to be mine. I wish I could have explained to the fleas that I was not a German. They burned with the fire of insatiable patriotism, and, between the snores of the tired warriors in the straw, and the keening of the old hags by the fire-side, and insect activity, I had but a sorry night when I most needed rest. Badly off as we were, still, indeed, we were



lucky to be so well lodged. Prince Leopold and I had had serious thoughts of sleeping in a cow-house, ere we found out (what I doubt) these better quarters. In the very early morning I woke up, and looking out on the street of the wretched village in which we were quartered, saw that the grooms and orderlies were already leading the horses up and down. The Grand Dukes and Princes were standing at the doors of the poor hovels, smoking thoughtfully, with the expression which men wear when they are in expectancy of some great event. My groom came out of some hole in which he had slept, covered with hay, and with straw in his hair, looking more than usually dilapidated; and the horses, ill, if at all, groomed, and badly fed, gave no promise, from their looks, of being up to a long day's work. And yet battle was imminent—the very smell of it was in the air. The *feld-jäger*, whose name, I think, was Hauschild, rose up covered with straw too; and so did my English friend, Mr. Landells; and there sat the old crones still croning on their stools, perfectly useless, unable even to light the fire, and not at all enlivened by roars of, "What the," &c., "are you afraid of?" Our prospect of food was scant. There were no rations issued in the village—the heap of hovels rather. One of the servants had a piece of brown bread, and that was little among so many. Harpes was hard set to make out breakfast. Indeed, he was not faring very sumptuously in this part of

the world. Fortunately, there was some tea left, and Harpes discovered a small store of honey, but it was difficult to make the water boil in the morning on a handful of embers. It was as much as we could do to procure a little water to scrape the dirt off with its aid. The *feld-jäger* made his toilet in a mug. No wonder we were glad to leave Ochse. Every one had a story of his night's misfortunes or sufferings in the village, which was some distance from that place in which the Crown Prince and his Staff passed the night. The Duke of Coburg had to groom his own horse overnight. "It is the first time I ever did it," said he, "since I was a cadet in the cavalry, more than twenty-five years ago: and then I had such a place to sleep in!" Late at night I came across Lanciers of the Guard—two squadrons; they had lost their way for two days, had been skirmishing with the French vedettes and patrols all that time. I led them into the village, and their horses were turned into a field, quite worn out as well as the men. Poor Girl, my Bavarian friend, passed the night riding in the dark in an unknown country, with orders to the 1st Army Corps and then to the 2nd Army Corps; and when he got back there was not a hole or corner for him to sleep in, so he turned into the waggon which carried the Bavarian officers' baggage. When he got up in the morning he found that his horses had broken loose. Pleasant, on the eve of a great battle! The Prince of Mecklenburg had

made his acquaintance with a straw bed in a barn, and did not look much the better for it. The small Prince of Weimar seemed to have aged ten years from his sufferings in the night. The Prince of Wurtemberg and Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern had a room about eight feet square between them. The morning was fresh, and the dew shone brightly in the sun on grass and tree as we galloped towards St. Pierremont—a narrow, pokey little place. On each side of us the country seemed literally covered with the masses of the 11th Army Corps, for the men were scattered up and down around their camp-fires, their helmets stuck upon the pile of fire-arms. In the narrow street of St. Pierremont were all the members of the First Staff congregated outside the squalid stone house in which the Crown Prince had his quarters. After salutations there was a little gossip, and we heard that there was not the least doubt about the immediate vicinity of the whole French Army. They had been trying to reach Metz, but now, headed effectually, they would have to fight where they stood, fall back towards the westward, or accept battle with their backs to the Belgian frontier. The Prussians had got them amidst the hills and woods, marshes, ridges, and forests of the Ardennes. No doubt the French would fight desperately too. Out came the Prince, apparently quite restored to health; “and, indeed,” said Dr. Wagner, “he is fit for doing anything whatever now.” We are getting

what is called "very hot." The Emperor himself is not very far, and we are encamping on ground which has been already swept by his Army. When I said last night that if the French cavalry were worth their salt, and knew what they were about, they might make a dash at St. Pierremont, the Staff officer to whom I spoke, remarked they would be cleverer fellows than they are if they could do that, or get within miles of us. He showed me the positions on the map; and certainly a more complete semicircle of posts, patrols, and grand guards, watching every road and path, almost every foot of ground, could not have been devised. The Prince's Head-Quarters might be supposed to represent the handle of a fan, from which radiated to the circumference the gradually extended masses of the German Army. The French were on the outer edge of circumference of the fan, which, at any moment, might be contracted into one united mass, and thrust them through and through. General Blumenthal gave me the following idea of the dispositions for to-day:—The 1st Bavarian Army Corps, the 11th Army Corps, and the cavalry to march on the line of the Meuse. The 5th Army Corps to march beyond Chemery, on the right of the 11th Army Corps; the 2nd Bavarian Army Corps was to remove to Rancourt, south of Remilly; the 6th Army Corps in reserve. The south side of the Meuse would thus be completely guarded. Meantime the Crown Prince of Saxony, with the

Prussian Guard and Saxons (12 Corps), and 4th Army Corps, crossing the Meuse at Mousson, bars any attempt of the French to break through in that direction, and force them back towards the Belgian frontier. The roads by the river on the north side run so close to the bank as to be within range of guns posted on the high bluffs which project over the southern bank of the stream, and the artillery of the Crown Prince of Prussia has been ordered to occupy these ridges. The cavalry, concentrated, was still able to cover a large front. The 1st Division was to hang on the flanks of the French; the 2nd Division (Stolberg's) was to rendezvous at Chemery; the 4th Division (Prince Albrecht's), three brigades strong, was to press the French from the direction of Raucourt; the 5th (Rheinbaden) was to scour the country all round the Army; whilst the 6th Division (the Grand Duke Wilhelm of Mecklenburg's) watched the district towards the west of Sedan in front of Mézières. There was a consultation between Blumenthal, Gottberg, and the Prince, around whom Grand Dukes circled uneasily; and at last we hear the word “Vorwärts” given. Our jocund captain of Ublans led off his escort at a rattling pace, and the Crown Prince and Staff cantered northwards out of the street of St. Pierremont, and soon were upon the undulating land lately rich with harvest, now heavy to the tramp of the German infantry. The

road led right through the line of march of the 11th Army Corps. At the approach of the Crown Prince the regiments halted, fell in, wheeled to the side, with eyes right, and received the Prince with three cheers, which sound almost like three *coups de canon*. The Crown Prince is not indifferent to the easy arts by which Royalty can secure popularity; or, rather, it comes to him naturally, out of his exceeding amiability, to show consideration for others. He knows well how these soldiers like to see their General and their Prince in the flesh, and also how it strengthens an officer's position with his men when Prince and General pay him attention. So we had a great deal of inspections to do, for the Prince rode up, not merely to every battalion, but almost to each company, speaking to the officers in command; and, when he came to the Brigadier, remaining for a few minutes chatting with him and with the members of his Staff, recognising officers by name. Once the Prince called to a man who was in the ranks, whom he had heard of for some act of bravery. The soldier came forward in an evident fright, and was quite overpowered when the Prince took his hand and shook it. His comrades, too, grinned with delight, and, as the Prince rode away, cheered like maniacs. This review of corps on their march was almost continuous, and the Prince's progress was a triumph. The men were really "flushed with victory;" the affair at Beaumont has put them in the best spirits, and they have

been uniformly driving the French before them. Prince and Staff and followers rode over the ground we had seen and crossed yesterday, his Royal Highness leading straight for Stonne. We rode up to the house on the bluff which we had so recently occupied. The Prince's portable table and chair were set out in the garden. The Staff dismounted, whilst his Royal Highness and General Blumenthal proceeded to study the map. The large telescope was fixed on its stand. Out come pipes and cigars and maps. The escort of Lancers dismount, and the jocund Rittmeister and his most cheery Polish sub. join their friends of the Staff; and there is a grand smoking—a "*tabaks-concilium*"—in which we hear many anecdotes of the French and deeds of daring of the Germans. We studied the ground, reviewed the positions, and watched the Prince as he made a most elaborate and careful study of the *terrain* from his elevated post. There were faint reports of guns from the wooded glades before us, and the smoke rose above the trees which marked the course of the Meuse. Still again! The fire increased in volume. An hour passed! Another! There was no sign of the Staff moving. The horses were handed over to the orderlies, and amused themselves nibbling the mounds of potatoes which had been left ready for cooking by the French, the remains of whose fires were all over the ridge. A peasant, in a blouse, made horrible lamentations, and wanted to break through at the Crown Prince to

represent the hardship of his being carried away from his home with his waggon and horses; but he did not seem to take the least interest in the distant action, from which arose smoke and the continual growling of the mitrailleuse. One of the most amiable of the High Mightinesses upon the Second Staff is the Duke of Augustenburg, brother of Prince Christian, whose claims and wrongs are not unknown in this country. He has now been for some time on this Staff, not altogether, I believe, with the approbation of certain great people; and in the uniform of a Bavarian General—light blue and silver—he rides amidst the ruck of the Princes, somewhat sad, but always courteous and ready for a little conversation. “Let us go over together down there and see what is going on.” “Would it be right, Sir, to leave the Staff?” Colonel Walker thought “decidedly not,” without the special permission of the Crown Prince; but the Duke spoke to other officers of higher rank, who were of a different opinion; and so, mounting quietly, we sidled away, followed by the Duke’s groom, and struck down a very steep zigzag from Stonne to the woods which lay between us and the Meuse. The 58th Silesian Regiment was marching by a cross-road in the same direction, but we managed to get through the line and turned into the wood, in which there was a “ride” like that in an English covert. Cantering over the sward and guided completely by instinct, we

turned into a tortuous lane which went in and out about the woods in a very aggravating manner. I had a compass, but as we had taken no bearings it was not of much use. The lane was so narrow, there was scarcely room for more than one horse. We pushed along briskly. "Halloo!" suddenly said the Duke; "did you see that?" "No. What was it?" "A French soldier! I thought I could see his red pantaloons, but he bolted when he saw us. Poor devil, he is hiding himself." We proceeded, hoping he would not pot us, which would have been very easy. And still the lane went on and on, and the trees closed above us. At last we came to a small kind of gatehouse, with a splendid avenue of trees, at the end of which there was a glimpse of a chateau. The gate was open. In we went, and cantered up the avenue, passing a knot of cattle hidden in an embowered pond from Prussian beef-eaters. We crossed the bridge of an ancient moat and surveyed the chateau, every door and shutter of which was closed. In a moment, in answer to shouts of "*Qui est là?*" &c., the door opened, and a young lady of seventeen or eighteen years of age came out and, surveying the uniform of my companion with a sort of frightened composure, inquired what we wanted. The Duke set her at her ease, and presently she called for a servant and directed him to show the road to Remilly by Raucourt. Doubtless there were more people inside the chateau, but the young lady

seemed to have the greatest confidence, or at least self-control. What a day the poor girl must have had ! French and Prussians had passed through these roads and woods fighting, and even as we spoke the rattling voice of the mitrailleuse, now sounding like the putting-up of iron shutters, growled through the woods !

August 31.—The Duke and I pressed on, taking the continuation of the avenue, which brought us into a communal highway, and then struck off into an open country and gained a ridge of ploughed land, from which we had a glimpse of the Meuse, a town on fire, and a line of artillery blazing away at something invisible in the distance. Below us lay Raucourt, and we saw through our glasses that it was filled with German troops. In a quarter of an hour more we had passed over a ford, and were in the town, which had been regularly sacked. I had never seen houses so gutted. Inside and out, everything was ruin. The streets were strewn with prodigious quantities of empty bottles, and the gardens of the houses filled with feather beds. Camp fires, which had been fed with chairs and tables and articles of furniture, were still burning. Women and children, terrified and sobbing, were huddled together on the door-steps. As the Duke passed, a chorus of cries was raised for help—appeals for pity—mingled with execrations upon “the bandits” from the bolder of the men, who were scowling frightfully. “General !”

exclaimed one woman, "do you let your soldiers take our shirts and our linen?" I was delighted to see a Bavarian officer, with drawn sword, marching off one of his soldiers to the Provost, and driving two others before him with no complimentary language. He had found them plundering a house. The Duke suggested that the French might have done a good deal of this work. They had been here very recently. The Emperor only left yesterday; and written in chalk on one of the doors of the houses was, "*Tenu pour les chevaux de M. le Général Ducrot.*" I was glad to leave this scene and to press on towards the ridge where we had seen the Bavarian artillery. A regiment of Lancers was standing by its horses along the roadside. Another regiment of Bavarian Cuirassiers was on the march, covering a division of artillery, and battalions of infantry were halted in the fields. We followed the road, looking out for the bottles, which were in myriads. No one could tell the Duke where General Von der Tann, whom he sought, was, until outside Haraucourt we met an orderly who was carrying despatches to him. A canter of half a mile brought us up to the two batteries, posted on the ridge beyond Remilly. A massive tall man, with grey hair, of a very fine and soldierly aspect, his face scarred with wounds, stood beside the guns, watching through his glass a town blazing at the other side of the river which flowed at our feet. This was Bazeilles. The scene was quite beautiful: a bright

sunny day ; a view something like that from the top of Richmond Hill beneath us ; on our left, a railway-bridge crossing the river, with three fine arches, and running on a high causeway towards Bazeilles, which is surrounded by gardens and noble clumps of trees, with chateaux and handsome country-houses in the environs. To the left of the bridge lay spread out a great inundation, beyond which arose with singular effect the battlemented walls, citadels, spires, and house-tops of Sedan. The batteries in front of us were throwing shells with great regularity into Bazeilles, which was on fire in half-a-dozen places, and two batteries further away were shelling the railway-station and the great lines of trucks. From behind Bazeilles and Sedan spring wooded hills, with bare patches here and there, rising to a considerable elevation ; and beyond them again are the great forests which mark the vicinity of the Belgian frontier, bounded by the hills above them. The General was most courteous to us. He spoke to me of the old times, when he was fighting in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign of 1848, since which he has served with increasing distinction in many parts of the world. "There—there are the French, you see, safe enough!" he said. "Three Army Corps." And there, indeed, all over the hill-sides, and moving through the wood, were artillery, cavalry, infantry, just out of range—Turcos and Zouaves, some halted, some cooking, some spread through the fields as if

gathering vegetables—one of the prettiest sights imaginable, lighted up by continual flashes of the sun's rays on shifting arms. On knolls here and there we can see their Generals reconnoitring us. Was it possible the French did not know the danger in which they were? Here, on this side of the Meuse, is a great army blocking up the passage. On our right, at the other side of the river, the Crown Prince of Saxony is advancing to attack them on the left, and to-night the Army of the Crown Prince and of the King will cross the Meuse, and attack the right. Unless they successfully resist, there is no escape for them except into Belgium. "They will fight desperately," said Von der Tann; "for the Emperor is there with MacMahon and all their best Generals." I think it was enumerated that the First Corps (MacMahon), the Fifth (Wimpffen), the Seventh* (Douay), the 12th (Le Brun), the Guards (Bourbaki), were present, making about 120,000 men, with Mobiles, &c. "We are going," said General von der Tann, "to feel them over there." And very soon after he spoke, I saw the head of a Bavarian infantry column down below us, appear upon the railway-bridge and move along the causeway. "They mined the bridge," said the General, "but never blew it up! What wonderful people they are!" Just at that moment a very tall, soldier-like looking man came up, who was introduced as

* This, of course, was a mistake. The Guards were at Metz.

General Stephan. He spoke English exceedingly well. It was his division which had been ordered to make the attack upon Bazeilles. We watched them with great interest moving along the causeway, and under cover of the embankment, till they came to the wood skirting the town and to the garden walls. The head of the column appeared to enter the place without any opposition. The Bavarians still pressed on the whole of the causeway, and the road leading to the bridge gleamed with bayonets, for about 9,000 men were in motion. Presently, however, the noise of musketry began to grow out from the streets of Bazeilles. The Bavarian batteries, reinforced by two from the rear, redoubled their fire. Presently the flash of guns from amongst the trees told us that the French had brought their artillery to bear on the flank of the Bavarians. Their shells, however, burst before they reached the latter. In a few minutes a mitrailleuse battery roared in Bazeilles, and from the gardens rose thick clouds of musketry smoke. An aide-de-camp covered with dust dashed up on a foaming horse to General Stephan. He reported that the Jägers had suffered very heavily, and could make no way in the town, but that they had established themselves in the suburb. Von der Tann was annoyed and perplexed. He had made an attack, relying upon a demonstration upon his right by the Crown Prince of Saxony, who was nowhere to be seen. The French over Bazeilles were visible

through the dense smoke, which now and then was blown aside by the wind, marching towards the town. Seven or eight fires were blazing at once. The Bavarians halted. Presently their leather helmets appeared coming out of the orchards and gardens, and thickening in number, till at last the fields near the embankment were covered with men making for the shelter of the ridge. But they dropped fast. The French artillery, getting the range, enfiladed the railway, and threw shells right across the bridge. At 3.30 o'clock, the light blue uniforms swarmed over the fields with not indecent haste, falling back towards the left bank of the Meuse, punished heavily. The Bavarians seemed much angered. Von der Tann would willingly, I think, have sent in the whole of his corps, and have made a stout fight for Bazeilles. What his orders were, I know not; but all the officers of the Staff seem to think that men have been very uselessly sacrificed, owing to some misapprehension. Shells burst rapidly on the causeway. But the Bavarian artillery was decidedly superior to that of the enemy, and silenced them again and again. The French began cooking once more, and, only for the steady pounding of the Bavarian artillery, the conflict might be supposed to have terminated. The Duke and I remained with the Bavarians till past 5 o'clock, eating our lunch by the roadside, and then set out for a long ride to Chemery, which was the name we got before we left

the Prince at Stonne, as the halting-place for his Head-Quarters that night. We made our way all right with the aid of a map, somehow or another, which the Duke read. The Duke of Augustenberg turned into the Prince's quarters with despatches of which he took charge from Von der Tann, and I led my tired horse up and down the two streets or lanes of which Chemery consists, till a friendly gendarme directed me to my billet. It was in a little auberge, which was crammed with soldiers drinking and smoking. Harpes had secured one room for me. The good old landlord, who was partially paralysed from the shame of seeing Frenchmen so disgracefully beaten—he was an old soldier—did his best to make me comfortable, and a basin of potage and a little rough wine were very welcome after such a long day. The King had just arrived, and was conferring with the Crown Prince in his quarters, before he returned to his own at Vendresse. After all, as far as I can see, there never was a more *real* Commander-in-Chief than this aged King. History will no doubt do him justice. At present his glory is swallowed up in or eclipsed by the fame of Moltke and Bismarck; but the King exercises the most active influence and control over the military operations, and is absolutely and entirely paramount in his administration of the Army, and in his direction of its *personnel*. It was he who created this vast host, and it is he who knows how to use it. His eye is

as clear and keen as if he were twenty instead of seventy-two, and he understands the soldier from his boot-heel to the spike on his helmet. Before I retired (that's a grand word for lying down on some flock in the corner of the room) I was sent for to Head-Quarters, and got a hint of what was to take place. I had the horses well fed, for luckily there was a better supply of forage than usual, and the poor old landlord brought me up a bowl of soup and a piece of meat for dinner. I made a selection of things likely to be useful—to be ready *en tout cas*; filled my holsters and wallets, re-charged revolver, and, more important, ink-bottle, and took a turn round again. The Crown Prince's quarters were lighted up, and I could get a sight of him as he paced up and down the room with folded arms; orderlies all ready to mount stood outside, and the wires of the field télégraph, which were brought into the house, were no doubt thrilling with their silent words. To-morrow will be a day of days. For miles round Chemery the hill-sides are covered with troops and blazing camp-fires, and the streets of the little village are packed with soldiery.

September 1.—The day of Sedan!—What hour it might have been this morning when a knocking at the door and a rough voice calling out, "The Crown Prince has sent to tell you to come to the battle," aroused me, I cannot determine. I only know that I would have given a month of my life for a couple

of hours' sleep. I awoke, weary and tired, with a sense of utter prostration, like one who has just gone to sleep after a day of exhausting labour, the word "*gefecht*" ringing in my ears. I was still dreaming of the cannonade of Bazeilles. I felt as if I had awakened in the midst of the Bavarians at Remilly. It was pitch dark. On the creaky stairs and on the floor of the little inn, soldiers were sleeping heavily, and in the kitchen the faithful Harpes was engaged over a very poor semblance of a fire trying to warm a cup of coffee. Every one was worn out, and with difficulty could I get the servant to saddle the horses. The causeway outside resounded with the clatter of horses' hoofs. Lights were glancing through the windows. The Staff were all impatient. They had not sat up late into the night as I had done, writing after my hard day's work yesterday. Four o'clock was the time fixed for the Prince's start. By the time my horses were round from the stable, the Crown Prince and Staff had vanished into the fog, which contended with the night, and Chemery was deserted. Fortunately, yesterday's excursion had given me a general idea of the position. I did not know exactly where the Crown Prince was going, but I knew that if I rode northwards I must come to the Meuse, and so took it quietly, and got out of the village by the road which led towards Remilly. In five minutes I and my groom were alone. There was not a sound to be heard, not a soul was visible,

but through the fog red and yellow lights, low-lying on the ground, marked the sites of the abandoned watch-fires. I rode on till near 5 o'clock. Then the fog began to lighten a little on the elevated ground, clearing sufficiently to enable me to see a column of troops on the march by a cross road leading to a valley which I recognised to be that of Raucourt. It was a division of Hartmann's Bavarians—cavalry and artillery and foot—descending to act as a reserve to Von der Tann in the attack on Bazeilles. I rode along with them for some time. The men had lain out in the fields; their uniforms were soiled; their boots muddy; their faces unwashed; there was profound silence in the ranks; and, as they marched along, the jingling of their equipments, cooking-vessels, and canteens, was the only sound which arose above the tramp of their feet. It did not strike me that they were at all joyous at the prospect before them—rather anxious, but resolute. It is always best, on these occasions, to salute the officers first as you pass them. They return it, and take it for granted it is all right, and the troopers will not interfere when they see their officers are contented. But if you wait for the fatal inquiry of, "Tell me, Sir, who you are?" there is a production of papers and explanations which lead to loss of time. I passed along the flank of the column quietly, and before an inquiring mind had been made up to ask questions, had got out of range; but I

could see that many of the officers were puzzled respecting the appearance of a stranger in civilian dress, followed by a groom, at such an uncanny time of the morning, and in such a scene. At half-past 5 the vapours had cleared off the whole of the upper range of hills, but still hung as white and dense as a sea of milk over the valley of the Meuse. Passing to the front of the Bavarian column, I got out upon an open country over Raucourt. The plateau was seamed with deep ravines, and belts of wood, outlying jets from the forest which covers the slopes of the hills towards the river. With the aid of my compass and map, I got a general idea of the situation. On my right was the valley of Remilly, debouching upon the river, at the extremity of which stood Von der Tann yesterday; so I inclined towards the left to keep upon the rising ground at the other side of the valley and get nearer to Sedan. At this early hour the freshness of the air was delightful. In the little dells were groups of cattle, which seemed to have hidden themselves as if prescient of coming trouble. There was not a soul to ask a question of; nothing but the twittering of the birds in the stubble disturbed the calm of the early morning. In about a quarter of an hour, as I was riding up the face of a hill which hid the Meuse from view, a grumbling noise, like the roll of a waggon on a rough piece of road, came for a moment on the ear. Then all was silent. From the top of the hill I could see far

away the wooded outline of the hills towards the Belgian frontier above the milky sea. I halted to study the map, and then struck out a little for the left, nearly due north. Again the grumbling! And again! Far away towards the right I could see now the tiniest little clouds above the dead level of the fog, like small flakes of cotton wool suspended in the air—French shells bursting high, as usual. The Crown Prince of Saxony had begun his work. I trotted briskly along the bottom of the ravine, in which there was a little bridle-path, and the sound of the cannonade, re-echoed from the hills, became more pronounced. The bridle-path led to a road, and at the junction there was a cottage. Outside were grouped, in exceeding terror, two old women, five or six girls and children. At our first appearance they ran into the cottage, but gradually became bolder. As they perceived no traces of the dreaded Uhlan's lance or the Bavarian's equipment, they came out, and a girl with a child in her arms approached timidly. "Is there any danger? Is there any danger?" I told them the battle would be many miles away from them. "Had they no one to take care of them?" "No; the men had all gone. The whole of the country had been deserted. Poor Bazeilles, just over the hill there, had been blazing all night." "Keep in doors, and no one will hurt you." I trust it was so. At a little after 6 o'clock I drew up on a ridge over the Meuse. The fogs and vapours

were clearing rapidly away. The curtain was drawing up. The play was about to begin. I trotted on, looking out for some sign of the Prussians. At half-past 6 o'clock, the cannonade upon the right towards Douzy became lively. I fancied that now and then the growl of the mitrailleuse was audible. The sun had come out strongly, and the flashing of bayonets and glittering of helmets marked the Bavarian columns down below. Bazeilles was a little on my right, its houses and roofs rising above the mist. Columns of smoke, whether from the fires of the night before, or from the fire of the Bavarian guns, which had just opened upon it, were visible. Over the railway-bridge a column of Bavarians was on the march. Across the river lower down, another body of infantry was extending in the fields as it debouched over a pontoon placed in a bend of the river. Every moment, as the sun became more powerful, the fog thinned, and as it melted away there were revealed the preparations which night had matured. All the Bavarian batteries seemed to be concentrated on the spurs of the hills, which descend steeply towards the Meuse; and as the light now permitted the gunners to take aim, they were pounding away methodically at Bazeilles, at the railway, at Balan, and at Sedan itself. A wide inundation filled the valley below the city, extending nearly as far as the point where the railway crosses from the left bank to the right to Bazeilles, so that

Sedan seemed to be placed in a lake, its ancient bastions and battlements, spires and steeples, reflected in the placid waters. Thus seen, the city looked stately, and reminded one of a Turnerish Venice; and the eye wandered over imposing piles of buildings with towers and sugar-loafed roofs, admirably set in a frame of luxuriant woods and gardens. On the hills, through wood and garden, and in the valleys, glistened bayonets, and arms twinkled and flashed like the waves of a streamlight in moonlight. I could make out infantry of the Line, Chasseurs, Turcos, Zouaves, Artillery, in motion, streaming towards the right, as if the French General were concentrating his forces to meet the Crown Prince of Saxony's attack. I could not see what was taking place upon my left, nor, listening intently, could I hear any sound of guns from that direction, but there arose on the right a vaporous cloud, to which every moment added extent and density. It thickened, and spread along the front of the woods to the east of Sedan. The sky became flecked with wreaths of bursting shells. Now and then the clattering of musketry, deadened by the woods, reached the ear above the thunder of the Bavarian guns, which were served with diabolical calmness. Indeed, why should they not be, because not a single reply was vouchsafed to them from the French? Their shells went whistling into Bazeilles, crushing through the trees, bursting on the road between it and Balan, flopping into gardens where the bright

colour indicated gatherings of Frenchmen, knocking up clouds of dust amongst the houses, tearing along the causeways, splitting the poplars which lined them, splashing up the water of the inundations. There were six batteries at work, close at hand. I was wondering whether they had not a gun at Sedan which could annoy us, when there burst out from the old ramparts a white puff, and out of this flew a shell right over the Bavarians, so very close to my servant that he was quite justified in thinking that it was fired at himself. It went into the ground; and as he examined the hole curiously, the English lad said,—“I wonder what harm they thought we were doing them that they should fire at us?” A round shot from the same gun followed, in a couple of minutes, right over the battery. It was evident they were getting the range of the guns next us, and so the officer in command judiciously shifted, and took up his position lower down, unlimbered, and opened away again at ease under cover. The French columns moving towards the woods, upon the right, where the battle was now raging fiercely, must have suffered from the change. Their right came close to the road, and spurts of reddish brown indicated where the shells were bursting in their midst. At last there came from among the trees at Bazeilles the fire of a French battery. This was directed upon the railway-bridge. All the country east of Sedan was surging with heavy masses of infantry. At 8 o'clock the

roar of battle in that quarter became tremendous. It was evident the Crown Prince of Saxony had driven in the French upon a line, which they were defending with exceeding tenacity. Their mitrailleuses were busily employed. Every few seconds came its voice above all the cannonade and musketry. Two belts of smoke rising among the woods, thickening and thinning, marked the position of the opposing lines of infantry. The scene from my hill was of stupendous interest. I could almost look into Sedan. I could see the soldiers on the ramparts, citizens in the streets, and people crossing over a low bridge of many arches sunk deep in the inundation. As I turned westward, it was evident that the Saxon Prince was encountering a furious resistance. From 8 o'clock to half-past 8 o'clock, the lines had scarcely altered. The Bavarians below me had not made much way. Bazeilles was, indeed, in flames, but the infantry were suffering heavily. They hung about the walls, gardens, and buildings to the east of the town, and did not seem to be making any remarkable progress. It is not a pleasant thing to be a mere spectator of such scenes. There is something cold-blooded in standing with a glass to your eye, seeing men blown to pieces, or dragging their shattered bodies to places of safety, or writhing on the ground too far for help, even if you could render it. In a few minutes more I was in the deep wood which screens the position from the valley of Remilly and the hills over Wadelincourt. What a

curious scene! Riding through this wood, fragrant with pine cones, and so dense that it almost shut out the signs of the contest outside, you could hear the rustling of the leaves as the game bounded across the rides. Innumerable paths crossed in all directions, some of them with recent traces of wheels or horses. I struck nearly due west by compass, and, in about a quarter of an hour, we could see light through the trees. Another minute I was out of the wood; and on a green field on the brow of a hill, close to me, I saw a group of officers dismounted, looking through their glasses. A body of Lancers and numerous officers were in the rear in the dip of the ground. I thought it was the Crown Prince's escort, and exclaiming, "Here they are!" I was galloping joyously towards the group, when an officer rushed at me angrily, and exclaimed,—“Dismount, Sir! Don't you see who it is? It is the King!” And, just at that moment, a shot or shell from Sedan whistled through the air and plunged into the bank close to the spot where the King himself, Moltke, Bismarck, and three or four of his Staff, were standing. This caused an immediate commotion. Whether I was the unlucky cause of the notice taken of us by the French or not I cannot say, but certainly the looks of several of the *entourage* seemed to imply that I was a criminal of no ordinary magnitude. The escort was directed to retire still further to the rear. The officers close to the King were ordered also to disseminate

themselves, and the group drew back a little from the spur of the ridge. The King was dressed in his ordinary uniform, tightly buttoned and strapped; Bismarck, in his white cuirassier flat cap with the yellow band, and uniform. The King spoke but little, pulled his moustache frequently, and now and then addressed a word to Von Moltke, Von Roon, or Podbielski, the chief of his Staff. A large telescope was mounted on a tripod, through which Generals Moltke and Roon peered eagerly from time to time towards the east, but I don't think they could very well see the position of the Crown Prince of Saxony, owing to the nature of the ground. What took place to their right, however, was very plain indeed. The position between Donchery and Sedan was laid out for them as if they were looking at a diorama in a peep-show. Moltke, when not looking through the glass or at the map, stood in a curious musing attitude, with his right hand to the side of his face, the elbow resting on the left hand crossed towards his hip. Count Bismarck stood rather apart, smoking a good deal, and chatting occasionally with a short, thick-set, soldierly-looking man in the undress uniform of a United States Lieutenant-General—Sheridan, with whom was the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Prince Adelbert, in his sailor's uniform, Prince Karl, and the members of the Royal Staff, were dispersed in groups, smoking, or munching sandwiches, or looking through their glasses; nor was the omnipresent black page, whom I had

seen everywhere from Berlin to Sedan, absent. He stood close to me, rolling his goggle eyes in great delight. How I was pestered for a look through my glass and a peep at my map as I sat down a little apart from the great personages, and tried to make out what it was all about! A glance to the left showed me that the Crown Prince had commenced his tremendous attack upon the French positions to the north and west of Sedan. In the plains below us, in a bend of the Meuse, were drawn up, in most beautiful order, great blocks of cavalry. On the hills above marched the long dark masses of Prussian infantry, their positions indicated by the play of their bayonets and the sun reflected from their helmet spikes. In front of them, from every knoll, and from the edges of detached clumps of trees, spurted continual jets of smoke from literally dozens of batteries, which seemed to have worked round for a part of a semi-circle towards the north, directing a concentrated fire upon the French, who, we could see, were suffering horribly on the position over the village of Floing. The village itself lies so deeply in the plain, directly under the steep escarpment of the hill, that we could not see what was going on in it; but, from the edge of the plateau, an incessant fire was kept up by a body of French infantry, firing from a trench, or epaulment traced along the ledge; not that they were safe there, for the Prussian guns on the rising ground away upon their right enfiladed the line ter-

ribly. Again and again the French infantry abandoned this defence. But the plateau was not safer, and they returned again and again with their officers, only to suffer the most terrible and unanswerable fire. The French batteries, which were posted to reply to these Prussian guns, seemed perfectly unable to produce any effect upon them. A considerable body of cavalry, perhaps a brigade, one regiment consisting of Chasseurs d'Afrique, were standing by their horses in a sort of hollow above the village of Glaives, and in the rear of them I could catch a glimpse of more cavalry, one a regiment of Cuirassiers. The sun was exceedingly powerful; the day had become so clear that, through a good glass, the movements of individual men were plainly discernible. As yet it was evident that the whole force of the French resistance was directed against the Crown Prince of Saxony. It had, in fact, become an attack upon him. The motion of the columns was all in his direction. But, if the French General could have stood beside the Prussian King, he would have already felt the day was desperate; for how could the position of Floing, and the heights around Sedan upon the west and north-west, be defended with one corps against the prodigious force which was encompassing them round about, whose bayonets glittered for miles, and whose columns darkened the ground, advancing, as sure as fate itself, in one great cloud of war against an almost helpless enemy? It must have been about 9 o'clock,

or half-past 9, when indications of alarm on the part of the French at the menacing movements of the Crown Prince's Army were perceived. This seemed to be mainly the cause of the withdrawal of troops from their left, and the direction of columns towards Floing from the rear of Sedan. Examining the ground, which was clearer than any battle-field I had ever seen, at this moment, owing to the absence of any cannon smoke in the midst of the infantry fire, it was not difficult to detect great confusion. Regiments or battalions broken up and mingled together, bodies of stragglers crossing the open space in various directions, the fire irregular, as if at random or at nothing, clouds of dust through the wood, showed that infantry and cavalry were marching and counter-marching as if without any settled purpose. After a time, however, this perturbed and agitated movement came to an end. The troops on the plateau of Floing took up positions as if to cover the approach to the town, whilst the movement towards the Bois (at the other side of which the map gives a very deep ravine) became more decided, the battle raging with exceeding energy on both sides of this narrow front. The Prussians, debouching from the Bois on the right, were making desperate attempts to join the Bavarians engaged in fighting their way to Bazeilles; and vast clouds of black smoke rising above the trees marked the work of destruction going on in that ill-fated town.

CHAPTER VI.

The Three Fates—The First Prussians—Charge of the Cuirassiers—Their Fate—Floing—The Fifth Jäger Battalion—The Tiger in the Toils—
“Kaiser Captirt”—“Armée Capitulirt”—Visit to the Battle-field—
Doncherry to Sedan—The Man of Destiny—Colonel Pemberton—
The Famous Cottage.

September 1.—I remained for some time with the Staff of the King, as I could gain no information respecting the position of the Crown Prince. He was somewhere to the left, but none of the officers to whom I spoke could indicate the place, and I was loth to leave my vantage-ground and ride in search of the Staff to which I was more immediately attached—now looking at the progress of the fight, which was spreading from ravine to hill-side, and from hill-side to wood, veiled now and then by the clouds of smoke which showed where

Furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout 'neath their sulphurous canopy—

now observing the scarcely less interesting movements of the King, of the great Count, and of the strategist—the three terrible “Fates” before whose eyes the power of Imperial France was being broken

to atoms. I sat surrounded by officers more excited than myself, whose eyes roamed over the battle-field, and whose lips quivered as they whispered, like men in deep suspense :—"The French are making a great stand there! See! That must be a fresh attack on Bazeilles!" "Why are not the Saxons pressing more forward?" "It is a hard fight!" "See how grave His Majesty is!" "Ah! but Bismarck is laughing." Some there were who absolutely read letters or newspapers as they sat on the grass. Others studied maps. The Meuse was a great guarantee against any hostile demonstration. Never may man see battle in these long-range days in such ease and safety. I wondered where Pemberton was. For several days I had been inquiring, but could only get the expression of a belief that he had joined the Crown Prince of Saxony. The great Head-Quarters do not much affect correspondents. Mr. White, who was now with them, came over some days ago, and joined the Crown Prince's Staff in one of our marches; but he received indifferent welcome, or rather no encouragement, and returned to the neighbourhood of the King. The men who are around me gaze curiously as, with watch in hand, I noted down every five minutes the apparent changes in the fight. Much of the ground to the right was hidden by woods, and so far I had lost the advantage, which I had gained in the early part of the day, of seeing the progress of the Crown Prince of Saxony's Army and of the

Bavarians. But Sedan itself and the plateau towards Illy was brought under sight. Count Bismarck seemed to affect the society of General Sheridan, perhaps to practise his English or to gain a knowledge of the ideas of his military friend on the contest going on. Now and then he looked over at the King, or took little short walks apart. His Majesty scarcely moved. Occasionally he raised his arm to point out something to Roon or Moltke. It was about 11 o'clock, I should think (for unfortunately the notes which I made of the day and the memoranda for my diary have been lost), when I saw Seckendorff riding out of the wood upon our left, and coming to the Staff of the King, to one of whom, dismounting, he handed a despatch. He recognized me as he passed, and I mounted at once so as to be in readiness to cut him off on his return. Back he came, at a hand-gallop. "Where is the Crown Prince?" "Just round here; close at hand. Where on earth have you been? we all thought you were lost." As we rode together he told me all he had seen, and I acquainted him with my own proceedings. "These devils of French are fighting very hard, but we have got them fast and sure; still they are causing us heavy loss. The Emperor is in there. All we are afraid of is that they may break through and escape to Belgium before the two Armies can shake hands round them." We passed by a wood, down a small ravine, up a sloping hill-side, and there, on a

knoll, stood the Crown Prince, sure enough, with his Staff and escort in the rear; Blumenthal and one or two officers by his side; a portable table with maps; a telescope on a stand; and before him the whole field of his own battle; for now, indeed, the 5th and 11th Corps were pressing on from the valley of the Meuse, and swarming up the edges of the plateau. Here I could see more clearly than even from the King's Ridge what was taking place about Floing. That awful Prussian Artillery circled the whole of the French in a continuous smoke belt, pouring forth what seemed almost like a running file-fire. Close at hand was a small patch of young trees and scrub. I walked over to it and sat down, and was presently joined by Mr. Skinner. I had my watch on the grass, and a large black note-book; and finding that I could write a current account of what was taking place with pencil, I went on, noting every five minutes, as far as I could observe them, the changes in the aspect of the battle. As fast as a sheet was filled, I cut it off with a knife and put it into an envelope in my sabertache. Thus it is that I have no notes of much of the events of this most exciting day.* No one well knew what was taking place upon the right. The roar of musketry was deafening in volume, and far exceeded anything I had ever heard. The air quivered to the roaring of the artillery. And there stood the young German Princes, pointing out to each other such

* The Estafette was captured by a sortie from Verdun.

details as caught the eye at the moment; beneath us the vast array of their horse; further on the columns of infantry, like blocks of Indian ink covered over with the glaze of gold, which is familiar to artists, where the sun shone on their accoutrements—and it did shine fiercely. Even there, far away on our left, there was fighting. Afterwards we knew it was the Wurtemburgers who were vexing Vinoy and the garrison of Mézières. I have already said that the projection of the plateau of Floing concealed the village and the ground at its base. The musketry smoke told that it was stiffly held. Above, the French, lining the edges, were being literally torn to atoms by the Artillery, which concentrated from half of a semi-circle a fearful fire, which threw up showers of earth and scored the field with bloody lines. In their rear the cavalry, just sheltered, but not quite safe, were moving rather uneasily, when suddenly I observed appearing at the edge of the plateau, just above the village, an undoubted Prussian. Another—another—another, coming in quick succession, till a line of skirmishers was developed, who advanced from the edge of the epaulement and from the village, right over the fields sown with turnips, mangold-wurzel, and potatoes, on the plateau. This line advanced apparently without support, and it was quite curious to see them in face of an immense body of cavalry, and of whole battalions of French infantry, awaiting them in a seam in the ground on their left,

I could see the Prussians rising upon tippy-toes and craning their necks to see what was in front of them. Suddenly one or two began to fire; the fusilade extended along the front. Still there were no supports behind them. All at once the foremost regiment of cavalry—a splendid-looking body of Cuirassiers, shook themselves up, and, sitting low, charged out of the recess in which they were concealed, and swooped upon the Prussians. Those who were aware of the coming wrath turned and fled. Others went on placidly, advancing and firing almost till the wave was upon them. In another minute the great current, steed and man, had swept over the plateau, trampling or sabring the luckless skirmishers, and in a thick cloud of dust, crashed down over the hedge into the village of Floing. In an instant they were gone clean out of sight. One or two horses, and, for aught I know, men, were left upon the ground; but it was curious to see the Prussians get up, shaking themselves and toddling off, in the same direction as their enemies, for shelter amongst the stone walls of the village. Down there a terrible tragedy must have been enacted. The Cuirassiers went pell-mell down the descent—so steep that I saw several next day—horses and men—with broken necks. The houses were crammed with Prussian infantry, who fired on the horsemen; and presently I saw in the field troops of grey horses riderless and a few mounted men reeling in their saddles, or flying along the causeway in a desperate

attempt to escape towards Mézières. This all happened in at most two minutes.

September 1.—(Sedan continued.) Scarcely had the Cuirassiers thus disappeared ere the cavalry in the rear, consisting of two more regiments, of which one was Chasseurs d'Afrique and the other Lancers, advanced up the hollow and extended their front in two lines, the French infantry upon their right also settling into better order in a small seam or valley, in front of which were two little covers for mitrailleuses or the guns of a couple of batteries. These, however, had been so raked whenever they opened fire that the guns had been retired. As I was looking, the heads decorated with *pickelhaubes* appeared rising above the edge of the plateau again. They were formed in a thicker line than the first; still they consisted but of skirmishers. They must have passed through the vineyards in which lay the luckless Cuirassiers and their horses. The signs of the charge were all around them. They advanced, as the first line of Prussians had done a few minutes before, very cautiously, each man with his head erect, and craning forwards to see his enemy, ready to fire; but the rise of the ground must have hid both cavalry and infantry from view. The distance, as far as I could judge, between that advanced line of skirmishers and the cavalry was about 1,200 yards. As they extended along the plateau, picking their way through the turnips, the men upon the left, catching

sight of the French beyond the ridge, began to fire. Just at that moment there emerged from the gap of Floing, and mounted on the plateau, what seemed to be a handful of infantry—a company at most—marching, however, in solid order. It was a mere block—a little parallelogram of dark blue upon the green field. The fire of the skirmishers was replied to now by the leading sections of the French infantry; but the distance was too great for musketry to take effect either way. The leading regiment of cavalry moved out of the hollow at a walk, quickly changed to a trot. They were mounted upon white and grey horses, and presented a very gay appearance in the sun. They were going to charge. As they reached the top, the trot was quickened to a gallop, and in two or three seconds they seemed to sweep down upon the infantry, as if to annihilate them; for at first the charge looked as if the effect of it could not be resisted by the small body of men in sight. The Prussian skirmishers, catching sight of the tops of the shakos and the sabres, turned and ran back towards the support of infantry in formation, some firing as they ran, others standing, steadily taking deliberate aim, and then joining their comrades. The cultivated ground was unfavourable for the united action of light horse, and as their pace quickened the squadrons became broken, so that the leading files of one were mingled with the last files of that before it;

12 still the rush was terrific. Here and there, as they passed over the ground, a white horse would drop, or a man was seen amidst the turnip—a terrible 1st of September; but it was not until the front had reached within a couple of hundred yards of the infantry—on the flanks of which most of the skirmishers had rallied somewhat unsteadily—that there came out the whiff and roll of a volley, which was kept up like the rattling of a catherine-wheel. The result was almost incredible. The leading squadron was dissolved into a heap of white and grey horses, amidst which men were seen trying to disengage themselves, while others held up their hands as if to avert the charge of the squadron behind them. The survivors, dropping fast, passed around upon each flank of the infantry, and as the second and third squadrons came in a confused mass over the plain, filled with the carcasses of horses and men, they swerved from rushing upon their fate, and wheeling past the infantry, rode off right and left, as water divides upon a rock, pursued by death as they rode. The ground presented in one moment a most singular appearance. It was as though some one had strewn a carpet with fragments of white paper, with here and there dots of brighter colour. A prolonged buzz of satisfaction broke from the Prussian Staff. The Crown Prince, turning with unusual animation, said:—"That is, indeed, well done. Who commands there? Who commands that battalion?" I

believe, but am not quite sure, that the officer was Captain Von Strantz, of the 5th Jäger battalion. Whoever he was, he did not lose much time; but dressing up his men and sending out his skirmishers once more, he continued his progress right on to the sort of trench where several thousand troops of different regiments in irregular order—one could see the uniforms mingled together—were opening a heavy fire. This time, however, he did not stand so bad a chance. From Floing came pouring steadily on the battalions of the 5th Army Corps. Ere they had well got into formation out from the narrow lanes and gardens of the village, the third regiment of French cavalry, not more than a minute or two after the second had met such a terrible overthrow, charged on the leading companies of the Jägers, but did not press at all so close or home upon them; for as they emerged from the hollow, a battery, which the Prussians had now established, enfiladed them, and a murderous infantry fire met them in front. This was too much to face. They inclined towards the river, wheeled round, and galloped back by their right upon the wood in rear of the infantry. At this time the roar of the musketry and the sustained cannonade exceeded, if possible, the din which we had heard from the woods and ravines to the east of Givonne, on the King's Hill. One or two fires appeared to break out in Sedan itself. The artillery upon the south bank of the Meuse, untouched by the

reply from the city, had never ceased raining projectiles upon Torcy and upon the southern bastions, many of the shells going far away into the streets of the town. The artillery of the 11th Army Corps upon the left of the 5th advanced to new ground, and so seamed the plateau of Floing with its shell as to prevent the infantry attempting to resist the progress of the Prussians with any success. Nevertheless, the French stood resolutely, although their losses were terrible—shells pitting the whole of the landscape, and tearing up the ground in showers. But far away towards the right the circle became narrower and narrower. The toils were closing around the prey. Indeed, it occurred to me over and over again that I was looking at some of those spectacles familiar to Indian sportsmen, where a circle of beaters closes gradually in on a wild beast marked in his lair. The angry despairing rushes of the French here and there—the convulsive struggles at one point—the hasty and tumultuous flight from others—gave one an idea of the supreme efforts of some wounded tiger. To us, each of these hurried movements was inexplicable, for we could not see the enemy before whom the French were retreating; and, on the other hand, we could make out dangers to them of which the full effect was concealed from their eyes. By 2 o'clock, Floing was covered with masses of the German troops; but their progress was stiffly resisted at a deep wooded gully which bordered the

plateau, and through which runs the road of Givonne into Sedan. The circle, however, was now completed. The Armies of the Saxon Prince and of the Crown Prince had shaken hands. They were in military communication to the north of Sedan, and had cut the roads to the Belgian frontier. The battle became broken up into a series of engagements. Wherever one could get a glimpse between the wood and under the trees, on every open patch of ground, the French infantry were seen in retreat, or, now and then rallied by their officers, standing and firing. Single guns and waggons, the remnants, perhaps, of batteries, could be made out flying towards the city. At intervals, great columns of smoke rising above the tree-tops told of explosions of caissons and tumbrils. The growling of the mitrailleuses was dying away; but just as the fight became almost a musketry fire alone, suddenly the well-known sound was heard again, and the French Artillery renewed its efforts. But it was evidently a hopeless contest. From the time that I had seen the Crown Prince's attack developed, I was satisfied there was only one thing the French could do. If the whole Army had been well in hand, it appeared to my poor judgment just possible that they could have made a desperate attempt in the direction of Mézières, to overwhelm the left of the 11th Army Corps, or to break through it and the 5th Army Corps, and fight their way out. No doubt it would

have been a desperate attempt, but at least there was just a chance. Vinoy's corps was engaging the Wurtembergers in the direction, and the fortress would give some objective point for the French Army to march upon. The Bavarians were at the wrong side of Sedan, and the Army of the Crown Prince of Saxony would have had to make a considerable *détour* before they could have come to the assistance of the Crown Prince's troops, or have fallen upon the rear of the French, Sedan being thrust in like a wedge between them. The 6th Army Corps was at the south side of the river, and the ground towards Mézières would not have been at all unfavourable for defensive fighting. I suppose the fact is, that the distracted counsels which we now know prevailed, as well as the complete loss of any hold over the troops by the Generals, prevented vigorous action. Everything seemed to be merged at last in the individual desire of each man to get within the walls of Sedan. Of course it would have been hopeless, when the Bavarians had got as far as Balan, and the Prince of Saxony's Army had forced the roads north of Sedan and round by La Chapelle, to make the effort I allude to. Before the circle was completed, some thousands of French marched north, or more properly fled, and escaped into Belgium. I doubt if any of us, however, great or small, were aware at the close of the day of the enormous gravity of the event, so much of which had been

worked out under our eyes. As soon as Floing was solidly held, and column after column of Prussians covered the plateau with forests of steel, it was evident to the most ignorant observer that, to use a concise and expressive phrase, it was "all up" with the French Army. But no one could say what preparations had been made to render Sedan itself defensible, and it was obvious that there were still many tens of thousands of brave soldiers representing the Army of Imperial France, with artillery and cavalry, and munitions, with gallant and experienced Generals, surrounded indeed by an enemy who might be considered victorious, but not destitute of hope, and likely to take counsel from despair rather than from dishonour. From the time that the Saxons, or, more properly, the Guards, had been seen north of Sedan, all anxiety vanished from the face of the Crown Prince and his Staff. Blumenthal gently rubbed his hands, and almost ceased to search the field with his glass. In the middle of this tremendous tragedy, men unbuckled their havresacks, and searched their holsters and ate lunch. I had brought out a flask of country wine and a paper of bread and meat; but it was not until the French had disappeared from Floing that I felt I had fasted since 4 in the morning. Every man was asking his neighbour—"What do you think is going to take place? What will the French do?" At 4 o'clock, the firing, as an indication of real battle, had almost died out. Several

places in Sedan were on fire, and from Bazeilles arose a thick black smoke which spread out like a great cloud in the sky, and three columns less dense from among the trees indicated the sites of burning houses or villages. Suddenly two or three shells from Sedan were fired in the direction of the Crown Prince's Staff. They dropped into a meadow where the regiments of the cavalry reserve were drawn up by the river at our feet. A concentrated fire of the Bavarian battery was directed upon the spot, and the Prussian guns upon the plateau (a horse battery of which had been advanced with singular boldness and celerity early in the day, preceding the infantry column after the rout of the cavalry) began to pound the beleagured town. I wish some painter had been present to sketch the group upon our hill. The Crown Prince with his arms folded, and his flat cap, uniform frock, and jack boots; Blumenthal so spruce and trim; the half-dozen princes and many aides-de-camp; the members of the Staff—all standing, sharply and well-defined on the sky line, looking through their glasses at the ruin, not lovely, which their arms had wrought on the Armies of France. Several times I hoped that the Crown Prince would occupy some post at the other side of the river. He would certainly have lost his vantage-ground, and the general commanding view of the whole field of action of his armies. The commanders of corps act almost independently of the General-in-Chief in the execution of their orders; that is, each General

of a corps receives from the chief of the Staff a plan more or less detailed of the battle. He regulates his movements according to circumstances in relation with the corps acting with him, but the disposition of his divisions and brigades are left to himself, and he fights his army of 30,000 men with its 96 guns and its divisional cavalry very much as seems best to him to carry out the plan, of which he has received a full and perfect picture in principle. We should have gained nothing unless it had been possible for us to cross the Meuse and ride over to some knoll close to Floing. That, as I found out afterwards, would have involved a ride of several miles in consequence of the sweep of the river.

September 2.—The events of yesterday and the sights of to-day never to be forgotten, as long as memory lasts! When the Crown Prince left the place under the Château of Frenois, whence he had surveyed the battle all day, he told his Staff that he wished to be left alone, as he had been summoned to attend the King on the knoll over Wadelincourt. His Royal Highness, attended by one of his Staff, proceeded accordingly down into the little valley from which a road led by the wood to the King's Headquarters. The firing had almost ceased, but a white flag was visible through the black fumes arising from the burning of a paraffin factory. I thought I had seen this flag some time earlier, but it was not until a sudden lull in the fight occurred that every eye was

attracted to it. Some of the Staff remained ; others mounted and rode off ; some occupied themselves peering through the smoke which hung over the woods and town of Sedan. Mr. Skinner and I resolved to ride back to Chemery as hard as we could and prepare our accounts, of which I had written from time to time the greater portion. So we left the Staff at Frenois, and made a straight cut across country. Ere I lost sight of Sedan, a vast pillar of smoke shot up into the sky, which spread out until it assumed the form of a gigantic tree, overshadowing the whole town. In a few miles we were in solitude. The agony of France was hidden by the ridges of the Meuse. I arrived in Chemery, rushed to my quarters, in a little back street in the village ; sat down, looked over my notes, got my manuscript leaves in order, and was arranging them, when my old host hobbled into the room, and asked, with a face I never will forget, "Is it true—is it true? our Army captured and the Emperor a prisoner?" "No! but they are in a bad way." "Listen!" he said. There came from the distance a noise as if of tremendous cheering, a great clamour of voices, the rolling of drums and flourishing of trumpets. A Jäger came into my room, flushed and bright-eyed, and said: "The day is ended. The Crown Prince is coming, and you are bidden to dine with him to-night. God be praised!" I hastened into the street. It was dark, but the whole of the road to the Crown Prince's Head-

Quarters was illuminated by a line of soldiers, who held candles or torches, and who, from time to time, gave cheers, which were taken up by the mass of men in the streets outside, and rolled in thunder round the town. "*Der Kaiser captirt!*" "*Die Armée capitulirt!*" These were the oft-repeated words cheered again and again. I went into the low-browed long-room, where the table was spread for dinner. The Crown Prince—slightly flushed—was standing, surrounded by Blumenthal, Arlemborg, Gottberg, Seckendorff, his Adjutants, Aides-de-Camp and Feld Jägers, the Prince of Hohenzollern, the Prince of Weimar, the Prince of Mecklenburgh, and others, speaking in low and almost saddened tones. From his lips I learned how the Emperor was indeed a captive; and that the terms of surrender for the whole of the Army of MacMahon were under consideration. The Crown Prince told me how an officer had come out of Sedan with the Emperor's letter—the very man who had waited upon the King of Prussia when he was lodged in the Emperor's palace during his last visit to Paris. He repeated the words of the letter and the King's reply. The magnitude of the success seemed almost too great. Its consequences no one could foresee. Obviously there were inconveniences in the Emperor's surrender. The acquisition of his person was no gain. What would happen in Paris? What would Bazaine do? The dinner was served—a most humble and quiet meal.

Never were men more grave and modest. There was scarcely an exclamation of delight, surprise, or triumph. But there was something reverential and touching in the way in which the guests received the toast proposed by the Crown Prince. He said, "Gentlemen, at this table it is not usual to propose toasts. But I will give you one: it is 'The health of His Majesty the King and of the Army.'" It was drunk in champagne, a wine rarely seen at these banquets; and the Crown Prince, to account for it, said that the wine belonged, or rather had been intended for, the Emperor, to whom it was being sent as a present from the mess of a cavalry regiment when it was captured by the Prussian hussars. From Colonel Gottberg I got a hint that a special courier would start in an hour with despatches for the Queen and for the Crown Princess, for Berlin. I rushed off to my quarters, made up my parcel and brought it back. The town was a blaze of light, and I could not help laughing at my landlord, who stopped me as I was going out, to beg another candle. Harpes had given him one, "but," said he, "it is not worthy of the occasion—*il sera plus digne*—to have two candles for such a victory." When I got back to Head-Quarters most of the officers had lain down, but I got off my letter in time.* All night long the

* This was unfortunate, as it turned out. The particular despatch in question was taken by the French. A sortie from Verdun intercepted the courier, and carried all his letters and mine into the fortress, where they had ample information concerning the great event of the day. It

words rang through my head—the formula in which the soldiers were shouting, “*Der Kaiser capitirt!*” “*Die Armée capitulirt!*” and then I had dreams of such a curious nature! The name of the place, I suppose, put it into my head; but I thought I saw the Emperor carried in a sedan chair down the Avenue of the Champs Elysées by men in very curious uniforms, whose faces I could not see. When I was awakened with the announcement that breakfast was ready, and that the horses were at the door, I remembered that I was to start for the battle-field. Chemery was a good long way, as the crow flies, from Sedan, but I had no idea that the river Meuse took such an enormous turn as to lengthen the journey very materially. The Prince was going also, but I thought it would be better to get off before him, and not to be swallowed up in the Staff, although I lost the opportunity of seeing the Prince upon the battle-field which he had won. My poor old host was bowed down with grief. What a strange people! Last night he was anxious to burn two candles in honour of the day. To-day he is quite

was probably the only spot in France where the news was faithfully and fully told and known; but to me the loss was irreparable, for these notes, written from time to time upon the spot, were more valuable than any afterthoughts, and gave a faithful record of the progress of the fight as seen from the Crown Prince's post of observation. His Royal Highness afterwards told me that the Crown Princess had expressed her disappointment at not receiving an account from him of the battle, and the Queen doubtless shared the same feeling, but it was afterwards explained how the despatch had been lost on the road.

overcome, sitting with his face between his hands amidst a crowd of Germans, who are drinking in his parlour to their glorious victory. I determined to make, in the first instance, for the ridge or plateau over Floing, which I had seen so clearly, and to look at the scene of the cavalry charge. So I resolved to ride for Donchery, across the river, and thence to Floing. The road from Chemery passes by a number of villages situated in a valley on a small stream which flows into the Meuse below Donchery, Conuge, Chéhery, Coulon, Cheveuge, &c. At the last place, instead of taking the road, I struck up the hill-side to the Château of Frenois, and had, on gaining the height, a wonderful view. Sedan lay peaceful and bright in the sun, but one train of smoke rising aloft from a house or factory burnt in the shelling yesterday. Little did we know what a hell there was inside. First, I looked at the plateau. There were still the white horses and the motionless figures on the ground, but in and about them were moving stragglers, burial parties, ambulances—the work that follows the battle—going on actively. And what was to follow? Who could say? In the plain below was drawn up a most brilliant and imposing force. Thousands of cavalry, cuirassiers, and lancers, standing by their horses—spears and swords, helmets and cuirasses flashing in the sun, which shone out early in the morning. And then, upon the heights close to us on the right, were drawn up battalions of

infantry, put ostentatiously in sight of Sedan, and what seemed almost a continuous chain of batteries of artillery, unlimbered, with the gunners standing by, directed against the French. I descended to Donchery, crossed the bridge guarded by infantry, and entered the market-place, which was literally crammed with prisoners, upon whom the inhabitants stood looking with wonder and pity in their eyes, fenced around from them by a line of bayonets. The church or cathedral was crowded with prisoners. They were of all arms, and many wounded. Donchery was keeping a sad festival of battle, for out of almost every house was waving the white flag with the red cross. Nuns and Sisters of Charity, and Johanniters and burial parties, and the bearers of wounded carrying their litters, jostled each other on the pavement. I rode through the streets, and never can forget the expression on the faces of the prisoners and of the people. Yesterday, with all that thunder of battle, must have been horrible. Outside the town was a large railway-station. This and the field adjoining were occupied by about 3,000 prisoners belonging to some ten or twelve regiments of all arms of the service. They were guarded by a party of Wurtemburger troops, and although many of the French were mere boys, they towered above their captors, especially the cavalry and artillerymen. There were but comparatively few of the ordinary Line regiments; *le petit perdre de rouge*. The

prisoners were drawn up according to their corps, and their officers were taking down their names and calling out their numbers, in order to draw up lists for the captors for the service of the rations. It had been a cold night; many of them had nothing but their uniform coatees or tunics. All things considered, they looked wonderfully smart; the bright colours, the kepis, the turban, the shako, making them look almost gay at a distance. One called out, as I was passing, "How do you do, sir? You never expected to see anything like this. *Parbleu!*" but a dirty little Wurtemburger at once threatened him with his bayonet. Half-a-mile further on, in another field, or series of fields, was indeed a sight—at least 12,000 prisoners, sometimes in whole battalions, 500 or 600 men of individual regiments. Many were standing as if in the ranks, others lying down, a few more smoking, and passed their pipes or cigars after a few whiffs among their comrades. I rode on by the farm Dumesnil and Dancourt. It was crowded with wounded men who were coming towards Donchery. Curiously enough, there were no escorts to the French wounded. The Germans knew well they would make no effort to escape. Now and then a Frenchman and a Prussian came helping each other along, but, generally, the enemies walked apart. These were men who were mostly shot in the hands or arms, or in the face, but sometimes limped along one who had been hit in the leg or foot. The ambu-

lances were coming along for miles. My progress was slow, so crowded was the causeway, bounded here and there by the river, where the inundated fields were too soft to ride in. From the height at Frenois the top of the church spire at Floing seemed to be quite near; but, in reality, the winding of the river puts it some five miles distant. Passing through Tondrecourt, we came out upon the road by the bend of the river, and saw the village of Iges before us, leaving St. Menges on our left. Here were drawn up infantry and cavalry of the victorious Army, and at Iges itself we came upon the first traces of the battle. They were dead horses, those which I had seen breaking away and fired upon by the Prussians. Then came sabres, lances, accoutrements; then, lying out in the field, a solitary cuirassier as if asleep. Further on four were laid side by side. And here began signs of some loss amongst the Prussians. One man told us that his regiment of cavalry had been charged by the French down here, and certainly there were a good many dead horses and some fresh-filled graves to justify his tale.

September 2.—Let us have a look at one of the dead French. Cold and dead as he is, I can learn all about him. The spoilers have been at work. His tunic is open, showing a small blue wound in his chest which let out his life; his gay *pantalons* have been cut in search of his purse, and among the wreck of

the poor vessel lies his little *livret*. In this little book is all his military history—how he was incorporated in the 1st Regiment of Hussars the 30th July, 1858, as *appelé*, and inscribed under the number 57 of the list of the Contingent of the Department of the Seine. Neither father nor mother knows as much as I do now of “Jules Auguste Barrilliet, No. 1,391 of the 4th Regiment of Lancers, 5ft. 9in. in height, oval visage, grey eyes, large nose, round chin, dark eyebrows, moustache, small mouth, and broad forehead; born 22nd October, 1837, at Etampes; a jeweller by profession; son of Jules Victor and of Louise Elizabeth Cochery, living in Paris, No. 7, Rue de Duras; enlisted on the 6th February, 1868, coming from the 1st Regiment of Hussars.” He re-engaged in virtue of the law of the 26th April, 1855, on the 28th August, 1861, for seven years; on the 1st January, 1862, he became Brigadier; got another step in 1865; but on the 19th February, 1867, he came to grief, was broken, and became a simple Hussar of the 2nd class. On the 31st December, 1871, he would have been free from service; and now he is beyond all engagements. In 1859 he was in Africa, and served for 1864, 1865, 1866, and 1867, in the same ardent country, but, like the hero in the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, *blesseures* he had none. He could swim and fence, and knew how to read and write; was *Maréchal des Logis* on the 23rd July, 1869. He seemed to be tolerably well off with his Captain as far as pecuniary

effects were concerned, having 16 francs 41 cents to the good ; but his little book was only made up to the 1st January of the year. Many of his comrades lay around him, and here and there a Prussian or a French infantry soldier and the bodies of cuirassiers glistening in their mail. I have given a long account of this battle-field in my letter to the *Times*, and need not repeat it now. As we came over the bridge of Bazeilles, one of the Crown Prince's Staff, a Feld-Jäger, Von Lenck, overtook us, bound to Chemery, and we rode on together through Remilly to Raucourt, and so on till we came to the hill overlooking the village. Troops were bivouacked around belonging to the 6th Army Corps, and, quite unsuspecting of the ordeal in store, I churned the old horse into a trot, and got into the village, but was struck with a sudden alarm at the appearance of the Crown Prince's Quarters. No sentries or orderlies, no white flag with black eagle and golden emblazonment hanging over the door ; but privates smoking their pipes, leaning out of the windows. Not a sign of duke or noble of high degree. The streets were filled with soldiers of a corps to me unknown. It must have been past 6 o'clock in the evening, and I hungered exceedingly after a long and trying day. Judge of my horror when, dismounting at the door of my humble quarters, my fat host informed me that soon after I left, Monsieur Harpes had packed up all my things, loaded the van, and moved off with the Crown

Prince's baggage to some parts unknown. The groom had gone off too, with my other horse, and the poor beast I had was in want of food and grooming. "Where was the Crown Prince gone?" "Alas! how could he tell me? Doubtless to Paris;" as if it just lay over the hill. "But these gentlemen, no doubt, could tell me." Now, there is one thing I had learned during my sojourn with these valiant Germans, not to tempt their discretion by asking suspicious questions. Every soldier seems born a diplomatist in one respect. To ask the Head-Quarters of King and Prince is to expose you at once to the most vigilant investigation, and is certain to shut the mouth of him you address, supposing he has any knowledge on the subject. The poor old landlord could not give me a morsel to eat or to drink. "I have nothing left in my own house," he said; "they have taken all my wine; and my wife and I shall have to beg of them something to eat ourselves unless we go hungry to bed." Chemery, indeed, was in the full throes of hostile occupation; and wherever one was to go, it was obvious he would stay there with no advantage, unless he desired to dine with Duke Humphrey and sleep at the sign of the Belle Etoile. Fortunately I caught sight of Von Lenck, who told me that the Crown Prince had sent to the Staff to order them all to Donchery, the very place I had started from in the morning. This was, indeed, hard fate. Mr. Skinner and Mr. Landells were in the same plight as myself.

There was nothing for it but to continue our dreary way—horse and man—utterly done up, our utmost hope being to get into Donchery ere midnight. To add to the little miseries of the situation, down came the rain, settling, as the gloom of evening came on, into a tremendous and continuous torrent.

This *September 3rd* was one of the most exciting days I ever passed. The ride over the battle-field the day before had filled my mind with such dreadful images, that, fatigued as I was, sleep fled from my eyes when I lay down on the loom, or whatever it was, in the house of the poor *industriel* where Harpes welcomed me. With many years' experience of the work of war, I had never seen the like before—never beheld death in such horrible shapes—because the dead had on their faces the expression of terror—mental and bodily agony such as I never should have thought it possible for mortal clay to retain after the spirit had fled through the hideous portals fashioned by the iron hand of artillery. There were human hands detached from the arms and hanging up in the trees; feet and legs lying far apart from the bodies to which they belonged. One terrible thing oppressed me—the recollection of a Lancer who had fallen on the ridge over Floing. His head rested on a man-gold-wurzel, and his knees were drawn up towards his chin; his eyes were wide open, and he seemed to be inspecting curiously the head of a Turco or Zouave, which, blown clean off, lay in his lap, with the tongue

out and the teeth set in it—a sight beyond description. The misery of the night of September 2nd, when I had to walk beside my broken-down horse for what seemed endless hours on my way from Chemery to Donchery in torrents of rain, fevered me. My companion, unduly confident, had insisted on taking a doubtful turn, and we were not sure that our steps were bringing us nearer Head-Quarters. I almost longed to be one of the thousands of prisoners who passed us on the road in the dark. Their tramping feet sounded like the flow of rivers ; not a voice in the ranks ! Thousands on thousands in white cloak and grey capote, under guard of horse and foot, on their way to captivity ! Then when I had reached Donchery, crossed the bridge, and got into the town, the sense of utter helplessness in a place where soldiers were lying in the streets under eaves, sheltering from the storm ! It was midnight. A weeping woman in a doorway directed me to the Mairie, and in the kitchen of the house, which was already crowded with wounded, I found an imbecile old man, dazed with terror, surrounded by German officers demanding quarters, doctors asking for litters, lint, carriages, wine, meat—the incarnation of terrified despair. It seemed as if I must pass the night holding my horse till he or I dropped in the streets. One of the officers told me where the Crown Prince's Head-Quarters were established, and we set off, and, after a long search, discovered it ; but he and his Staff were all in

bed, except some tired aides-de-camp, who were asleep before a fire, and had no idea where my or any one's quarters were. It was something to know where *they* were, at all events; for if one could but get through the night, help would come in the morning. We turned away, and got into the street near the church. Then I resolved to halt whilst my companion renewed the search, and came back to me as a point of departure. They marched in the darkness; I backed the horse against a wall—poor beast nibbling at my wet clothes in its hunger—and was dozing on its shoulder when I heard a voice, so cheerful and joyous, calling, "All right! Come along; I have found out where you are!" That blessed "goat" of mine! As Landells was wandering along the main street—a narrow paved lane—he saw a cart covered with a white tilt, and, approaching, discovered my "sign" and name on the cover. The groom was sleeping inside, and he awoke Harpes, who was in the next house. Picking up Skinner, we made our way to the refuge—the house of some manufacturing weaver or small employer of a most ingenious turn, no doubt in mechanics, for his house was full of working models of all kinds of machinery for making tissues, and certificates of prizes at exhibitions were hung on the walls. There were books and scientific works on shelves; drawers open; cupboards smashed; all the beds taken for the hospitals; but what mattered it? We had shelter, and loth as I was to do so, I had to

lead my horse into the front parlour, which was a kind of study, and fasten him beside the van-horse and his companion, which welcomed him with a friendly neigh. I tossed about till it was near day-break. Then there were rough voices below, and Harpes came up to say that the Intendant would require the house for an ambulance that evening. I told him to get an order from the Crown Prince's Quartermaster as soon as it was time. He prepared breakfast, and Skinner and myself sat down to write. The rain poured in torrents; the sky was dark as pitch. It will be plain to any one who has read these pages that as yet there had been no opportunity for me or any one to write an account of the scenes around us. It was now of vital necessity to seize this occasion, no matter what might be happening outside. My feet were swelled and painful. I took off my boots, lighted a candle, and set to work—Skinner opposite to me. Landells in a corner, sketching from his note-book. There was all of a sudden a murmur in the street. Landells went to the window, and exclaiming, "Here comes the Emperor!" dashed out of the room, followed by Mr. Skinner and myself. The soldiers had turned out of the houses and flocked to the windows as a troop of the Black Hussars came along at a trot, preceding the *cortège*. There was a vision of fourgons crowded with lackeys and officers in French uniforms—of piqueurs, Imperial cockades, and servants' hats covered with oilskin,

from which the rain streamed ; but I saw only the one *coupé*, in which sat the "Man of Destiny," and, seeing, scarce believed. And yet there he was, whom last I had seen, as it seemed, but a few weeks before, when his glittering squadrons were displayed at Longchamps for the Prince and Princess of Wales as they were returning from the journey in the East, on which I had accompanied them—the most dreaded, and esteemed the most powerful, Sovereign in the world ! With one hand he twisted the end of his waxed moustache ; the other was placed on his hip, rather back, as if to ease off the jolting of the carriage over the rough stones. An officer—I think Achille Murat—was by his side. The Emperor scanned the crowd at each side wistfully. As he passed, I took off my cap, and he at once returned the salutation, as I thought, with an expression of inquiry in his face. But my servant, quite overcome, was on his knees ; and certainly a flash of recognition came upon the Emperor's countenance as he caught sight of the man ; for, strange caprice ! the house in which Louis Napoleon first lodged when he came to London belonged to the man who there, with clasped hands, in the streets of Donchery, was praying Heaven to bless the Captive of Sedan. It was all over in a moment. More Black Hussars—a turn in the street. They were gone ; I would have followed, but that I had no boots or coat, and the rain had increased to a deluge—lightning flashed, thunder muttered. I

returned and tried to write. In vain. I was quite overcome by what I had beheld. My mind wandered far away. The Emperor in Italy—the Emperor as he stood with the King of Prussia by his side in his own capital, at the time when all Europe had flocked to pay the tribute of admiration to the syren he had decked with new charms, and when civilization seemed to have an upward career through a long and prosperous peace under his rule; or, as I saw him, proud and exulting at the spectacle of his Imperial Guards, loaded with Crimean laurels, marching in their triumph through the streets of Paris; still I tried, and got out sentence after sentence. The thunder rolled nearer and louder; flashes of fearful intensity lighted up the room. An officer pouring with rain came in: “I am sorry to tell you the Crown Prince of Saxony, who has just come over to Head-Quarters, says that Colonel Pemberton was killed in the action near Douzy on September 1.” I rushed for the Crown Prince’s Quarters. He and his Staff were gone to meet the King at Vendresse or elsewhere, and the Saxon Prince with them. I made out Colonel Walker. He it was who had been first told of the news; but the Crown Prince of Saxony could give no particulars. All he knew was that “an English Colonel, who was correspondent of the *Times*, had been killed when riding up to a party of French infantry, who, as he thought, had surrendered.” I begged him to get further particulars if he could, and

he said he would make representations, as I understood, to the Crown Prince to ascertain the facts. On my return to my room, I addressed letters to the Chief of the Staff and to the Crown Prince of Saxony, whose Army was in full march towards Paris, asking for information and some directions to enable me to discover where my poor friend's body had been laid ; but this sad intelligence, it may well be conceived, had not smoothed the difficulties I experienced in getting over my work. I saddled a horse, and, for all the rain, rode out mechanically, visited the house where Napoleon and Bismarck had met—the Château of Belleville, Sedan—saw an army of French prisoners on their way to Germany, returned to Donchery, and found Mr. Skinner writing away. Whilst I was out riding, however, I had been struck by a happy idea—I would start off early in the morning without saying a word to a soul, ride to the Belgian frontier, and so to the nearest station on the rail to Brussels, make for London, finish my letter, and overtake the Crown Prince as he marched towards Paris. So I went to my groom and gave him notice to feed the horses well, get his wallets and my holsters, and be ready at 6 A.M. ; but I did not warn my excellent courier, lest he should divulge it to the German valet of my colleagues. Then I went to the Crown Prince's Quarters and saw His Royal Highness, who told me he would move to Chagny—a long march—to-morrow (September 4), and after dinner I retired to my room.

I laugh now as I think of the scene which followed. There Mr. Skinner and I sat writing or pretending to write for hours, he having resolved on the same plan that I had conceived, and wishing to conceal any indication of it, and I equally reticent as to my intentions, but haunted by the notion that he had divined my purpose. The church clock struck and recorded the flight of one hour after the other. I could see that my colleague's eyes were now and then scanning my face as I wrote. The candles burnt low. It was nearly 11 o'clock. He made up his packet. "If you finish in five minutes," said he, "I will wait for your letter and take it to the Feld Post, where they know me, and will receive it in order to oblige me; otherwise you are late." I was "very much obliged," of course, but said recklessly that "I could not finish in time, and could not send by that mail at all." My astute colleague left the room, went down stairs, out into the street to the Post-office, for all I know. When he returned I was in bed; that is, I was stretched on my loom, and after many sad memories of my poor friend, I fell into a deep sleep. We were not very artful nor very wicked in our duplicity; but I could not help smiling to myself next morning, when my brother correspondent at breakfast, in the most friendly manner, inquired what I had done with my letter, when I replied it had not yet gone. He said, "Well, then, I tell you what; give me as much of it as you have ready, and

I promise you to have it delivered to-morrow in London." He did not know that I was bound for London too, or, knowing the fact, declined to make me aware that he was bent on the same errand as myself.

September 4. — A gloomy morning, the sky threatening rain, as I set off upon my mysterious journey, taking the high-road from Donchery to Sedan. The street was like one continued hospital ward—doctors and nurses in and out of every house, stretchers, blood-stained litters; the Geneva flag waving its sad welcome to sick and wounded from every window; wounded prisoners seated in rows, returning with interest the sad gaze of the townspeople. The church, which was full of French, still afforded a touching scene, for the poor women of the town, exhausted as it was by excessive contributions in the necessity of supplying the streams of soldiers in and around it, were struggling at the door to get in bread, basins of *potage*, and boiled vegetables to the occupants. A glance inside revealed a scene like the *Inferno*—masses of wild heads, on which fell grotesquely-coloured rays of lights from the painted windows; a vapour of perspiration and tobacco-smoke; the building filled with a clamour of strange voices, songs, and shouts, and probably a few oaths intermixed. I called at the Crown Prince's Quarters, but all was silent there. He had moved off with his Staff to Attiguy

ere I arrived. At the little bridge, my passes were rigidly examined. Then all was free, and I cantered on to the famous cottage, where a man was already giving a few touches to the story of the day before concerning the celebrated interview between Count Bismarck and the Emperor. To verify the facts I alighted, and found a most learned German—I should say, originally, Schoolmaster or a Herr Professor—in uniform, who was established in the place, and did the honours, giving a most minute account of everything that occurred, though he admitted he was not in the place at the time. -Already there was a discrepancy in the statement as to the entrance of the Emperor and Bismarck into the chamber where was the weaver's loom; but the main facts were similar, if not identical, with those given in my letter. Nearly all the flowers, and the tendrils of the little shrub against the wall where the rising and the fallen greatness sat side by side, had been plucked and carried off already. Count Bismarck got one chair and Colonel Walker took the other, of course paying the owner something for it, but the man firmly believed it was the Crown Prince himself. Proceeding by the road down by the Château of Bellevue, I came to a large sort of farmhouse, or *auberge* perhaps, with Bavarian sentries at the door, mounted orderlies outside, and a couple of officers, whom I recognised as on Von der Tann's Staff, at one of the windows. As the General had been left

in charge of Sedan, I thought it right to pay my respects to him. I was received very courteously and kindly by the veteran, who was busied with reports and orders, maps of the country spread out before him, returns and muster-rolls, and plenty of signs that official correspondence is not neglected in the Bavarian Army, in all directions. He was much affected by the great loss of his own corps. Of the whole amount of killed and wounded on the side of the Germans, nearly one-third was suffered by the Bavarian Army. There is a proud motto of Austria, "The more the enemy, the greater the honour;" but I do not think that careful Generals, however brave, highly appreciate its practical illustration. The Bavarians had been butted savagely at Bazeilles, and certainly on the 31st had been sent on a very bootless errand. I got a *visé* on my pass from the General, who seemed perfectly aghast at the idea of my going to London in order to finish a letter. To him the distance appeared enormous, the journey difficult, the object futile. None of these Bavarian gentlemen, indeed, appreciate the feverish anxiety with which what is called "news" is expected in England by the proprietors and readers of newspapers. Mr. Skinner waited for me below, and, as I was recounting to him what the General had been speaking about, we passed through the suburb of Torcy, and so entered by the portcullis into the city of Turenne. The time which has

elapsed since the action has developed a horrible smell from the hastily-buried corpses and the horses, which are lying in the moat and floating about in the inundation and in the river; but it has allowed the savage passions which animated the French to subside somewhat, and they have been succeeded by a depression stamped on every face which is melancholy to look at. What *débris* a ruined empire leaves after it! It was almost impossible to ride through the streets for fear of treading on bayonets or sabres. Heaps of shakos, piles of musketry, all sorts of military equipments, knapsacks and belts, and thousands of Imperial eagles torn off infantry caps or belts, were lying piled up here and there. The statue of Turenne seemed to mount guard over hundreds of cannon, before which paraded stumpy Bavarians. The living were dragging the dead through the streets—horses, I am glad to say; and here, as at Donchery, the Geneva flags floated in long perspective from door and window. Out of the slope and in the doorways nothing was heard but the German tongue. Every building was filled with soldiers. Now and then came processions of French prisoners carrying their rations of meat and bread, or going to the stores for them, guarded by men who were often inferior to them in stature and martial bearing. A sickly, indescribable, sour smell pervaded the streets, and I was exceedingly rejoiced when I found myself out upon the open, or, more properly

speaking, under the crumbling bastion in the very profound cut which leads to the Fonds de Givonne, and thence northwards to the Belgian frontier, for which I was bound. The various delays in getting through the crowded streets, and the halts along the way, had cut well into the forenoon, and it was past 11 o'clock before I and my companion got upon the road. Just outside Sedan, in the deep cut, came a solitary horseman, a face I knew well, but whose appearance for a moment puzzled me. I could not be mistaken about the identity of a soldier well known, if somewhat envied, in our Army during the Mutiny in India—the son of a gallant father—who now came in some nondescript garb with the Geneva badge upon his arm, the carbine of a French Chasseur slung at his back, and at his saddle-bow trophies of battle. He had been collecting relics, and was on his way back to Donchery, to the brotherhood and sisterhood to whom he was temporarily attached.

CHAPTER VII.

The Unburied Dead—Curious Table d'Hôte—Reminiscences of the Emperor—Arrival in Bouillon—A Sad Errand—Start for England—Arrival in London—Return to Sedan—State of the City—In Pursuit of the Crown Prince—Arrival at Rethel—Rethel to Rheims—Count Bismarck's Staff—A Retrospect.

September 4 continued.—Continuing along this gully we came soon on the unburied, and so on for miles we had to pass through scenes so horrible, that my English groom sickened, and the horses were in a state of perpetual shy. Details would be disgusting. It was by part of this road the Emperor must have passed on his way to captivity. At least those whom I saw now were silent; their lips were stilled for ever. I do not remember ever having a ride through more horrible sights, or ever experiencing such loathing and disgust. The smells were vile. It was a true vulture land. All the Prussians had been buried long ago; but although we saw the working parties busy all over the fields in burying, the bloody and corrupting masses, covered with red and blue cloth, came thick and frequent in all their horrors, save that the charity of the peasants and of the

passers-by, civil and military, usually veiled the faces by pieces of cotton cloth, which were beaten in upon them by the rain and revealed their frightful outlines. Strange to say that the people of Sedan, who had fled, were returning in little detachments along the road—the women weeping, their faces covered up—the men running past the objects as they lay. There were also bodies apparently of Belgians or Germans—three or four together—searching for arms or laden with spoils. One man I felt a most intense desire to see executed on the spot, and I am not sure that I should not in case of necessity have undertaken the work myself. He was dressed somewhat like the lowest class of German student, with flat parti-coloured cap, embroidered jacket, covered with grease, tight pantaloons, and boots trodden down at the heel, with the *brassard* of Geneva on his arm—the cover of his rascality. I never saw a viler face. He was literally staggering under the weight of an enormous bag on his shoulders, on his way towards the frontier; and I afterwards learned that it was filled with watches and purses he had taken from the dead and dying, and with gold lace and silver cut off the uniforms of those who had fallen. The train for which I was bound ought to pass Librimont, beyond Bouillon, at 5 o'clock—so said a very ancient Bradshaw; but the people at Sedan said it was 4, and that hour would make all the difference. How delightful to get out of the region of the battle,

passing through villages, nevertheless, which were all *lazarettes*, and many of which bore traces of fire and of shell ! The Prussian soldiers and patrols towards the frontier were very strict ; and more than once was I halted to exhibit my papers, or detained till some superior officer could be summoned to see they were all right. The mile-stones (if it is not a bull to call wooden kilometre-posts by the name) gave satisfactory indications that we were approaching Bouillon, to which there are two routes diverging beyond La Chapelle. I took that which was followed by several omnibuses and carriages, filled with French officers who had given their parole—many wounded—and were making for Belgium. The country here is densely wooded. Above the tops of trees we now saw black wooden pillars or towers rising, which indicated the frontier posts of observation. The landscape is almost closed in, but as we near Belgium there is a succession of rolling plains which become more accentuated as you travel northwards, and finally assume the proportions of hill and valley. A quick gallop brought us to the top of one of these hills, from which descended the road down to the charming valley, pierced by a broad river, above which rose the antique towers of Godfrey of Bouillon, and the picturesque outline of the little city. A few hundred yards in advance was a brisk cavalry vidette, with carbine resting on his thigh, who called out to us to halt when we were

within about fifty yards. Not understanding what he said, I rode on, and immediately had the pleasure of looking down the barrel of his weapon. This brought me up, and the vidette then said, "Halt there. Who are you? Have you got passports? Do you carry arms?" Another vidette in the rear rode down to the guard-house and brought up a sub-officer, who questioned us, and at last allowed us to ride on. My companion on this occasion conducted himself with infinite propriety, for he never said a word. He had, from the uncontrollable desire to impart information which possessed him, and rendered him one of the most lively and interesting of companions, in past time got me into a succession of small troubles along the road. I cannot tell how often we were halted and cross-examined, owing to the needless outflow of his vivacious and sprightly turn of mind. The road was almost lined with sentries and patrols; and whenever one of these was close at hand, it was my companion's habit to prepare for an encounter by getting ready his papers, clearing his voice, and beginning a little speech in French or German. "Good morning, my friend; we are two English gentlemen who are going to Belgium; we are perfectly innocent; we are not carrying any documents about us! What a very fine day it is! What wonderful times we live in!" and the like, which was certain to lead to a strict investigation of all his statements. I told him at

last that I should be obliged to part company if he did not attend to my infallible receipt: "If you see a sentry or vidette and are riding past, slacken your pace, and, as you approach him, go at a walk. If you are not smoking, take out a pipe or cigar, and strike a light just as you come within a couple of yards of him, and then look fixedly at the end of it, and direct your eyes to a point a couple of feet above the sentry's head with a contented smile, as if engaged upon some happy thought, and, ten to one, he will let you pass. Having once gone on, never quicken your pace within range of his operations; and if he halts you, immediately produce your passes, saying to him, 'It is all right, sentry,' in rather a quick, decided tone, which will make him rather ashamed of himself for detaining you." Here we were at last in Bouillon—a muggy, hot day. French officers leaning over the bridge; the Hotel de la Poste crowded from floor to ceiling with Prussians, or with French families who had come to meet the survivors of the fight, or to inquire after missing relatives and friends. The *table d'hôte* presented an extraordinary spectacle—French and Prussians, the latter wounded and going home; the former on parole, sitting together, but not in friendship. Belgians on duty in the garrison making the most of their French friends, and mingling but little with the conquering Prussians, whose haughty looks, loud voices, and imperative ordering, were evidently but

little to their taste. I had the utmost difficulty in getting room for the horses in a cow-shed, and a meal for the groom in a room full of soldiers; but it was quite necessary to feed the animals, and give them a little rest, for only a sharp long canter or gallop could bring us in time to Librimont now. An English acquaintance, whom I was astonished to find here, gave me some interesting details concerning the arrival of the Emperor, who slept in this hotel for the night—slept, did I say?—who walked wearily for live-long hours over the creaking boards of his poor bedroom that terrible night. He also found places, through the landlord's favour, at a table where I sat beside Major Tonnare, Belgian Commandant, an agreeable and friendly gentleman, who expressed his doubts as to our getting room in the train at Librimont, saying that hundreds of persons were waiting there with hourly augmentations, and only a few seats were reserved at that little one-horse station for Brussels. "And," said he, "if you don't get into the train, you will have to ride back here, for there is no place at Librimont in which you can sleep; the half-dozen houses are all full." There were at table several French ladies, evidently women of refinement and of good position, who certainly would not have left a living Prussian in the room if looks could kill; and once, when a big blonde Westphalian, who fancied his *vis-à-vis* wanted the salt, handed it across the table with a bow, the lady

jumped in her seat as if she had been stung, and whispered audibly to her companion, "There are some politenesses that are more offensive than insults." While the horses were finishing their hay, I went into a *coiffeur's* to have my hair cut. There was a tall and very handsome woman in deep mourning seated at the counter, buying some little articles of stationery. She asked me if it was possible to get into Sedan, judging that I had arrived from it by my boots and riding dress, and I told her that she would have to nerve herself to horrible sights along the road. "But," said she, "what do you think can nerve a woman, if among those horrors to which you allude I recognise my husband and my brother? for it is to seek their bodies I am going."

September 4.—"The Emperor had only left Bouillon at 10 this morning," the barber said. "But, monsieur, would it not have been better for him to have died as that poor lady's *parens* have done?" Then he told me how a young officer, native of the district, had been into his shop just before I arrived, and related to a comrade how he had warned Douay of his danger if he allowed the Prussians to get up to the wood at Givonne in his rear and attack him. No one ever appears to have listened to any one, and every one seems to have been warning every one else. It was past 3 o'clock when I got out of Bouillon; trotted briskly along when we got to top of hill; day very hot and muggy. Some

miles on met civilian on horseback followed by groom. It was Mr. Sanford, U.S. Minister, Brussels, an old friend. Hasty greeting. He was going to Sedan to distribute stores to wounded, and help the French. Ice, medical comforts, &c. "Librimont!—you will never get there in time for mail train. It will be up in twenty-five minutes, and you have eight or nine miles to ride. It has taken me three-quarters of an hour to come, and I have got over the ground fast." This was bad news. It seemed as if some demon had hold of Librimont and was pulling it away from us. But there it was at last : a station ; a line of rails ; telegraph posts ; a crowd on the platform. It was after 6 o'clock before the train came in, and then there was a delay in lifting in wounded officers, so that it was 6.30 before we got off. The fraternity of the Belgians with the French was real, proved by a hundred little acts of sympathetic kindness. It seemed to me like the revival of an ancient life to find myself travelling in a railway carriage out of the sphere of German speech and uniform once more, for I had heard or seen little else now since the end of July. As I drove from the station to the hotel in Brussels, I caught glimpses of many French officers in the streets sauntering about as if they were in Paris. These had given their parole not to serve again, and wore their swords. Belgian officers were with them, often arm in arm, and the windows were lighted, and there was a

general air of festivity about the place, in strong contrast to the scenes of pain, sorrow, and desolation through which I had passed. At midnight I was in a comfortable bed, with every desire to make the most of it, at the best hotel in Brussels. Nothing in the papers but the battle of Sedan and the captivity of the Emperor, and that fills them all to overflow. My fellow-passengers were unanimous on one point—"England must not interfere; Prussians only made war against the Emperor, and he is in captivity." The French officers did not expect much from Bazaine, except that he could defend Metz as long as he pleased.

September 5.—The object of my journey was nearly as possible defeated by a stupid waiter. He had neglected to put me down as a passenger by the early train to Ostend. Notwithstanding the fatigue, I had slept but badly. Perhaps it was the luxury of a comfortable bed, or that I was spoiled for the enjoyment of civilised life. Fortunately I had not much packing to do, but I had some evil words for the porter of the Hotel de Flandre as the miserable *fiacre* came lumbering up to take me to the station with an infinitesimally small number of minutes in which to accomplish the journey—if I would catch the train at all. The agony of such moments is a quintessence of the smaller miseries of many years. As I rumbled along to the railway station, I feared to consult my watch, and turned my eyes from the

clocks. Suddenly I missed what I valued more than the gold of Ophir—the manuscript giving an account of part of the battle. It lay safe enough in the flap of the sabretache on the seat before me, but I had quite forgotten that I had put it there. I had a spasm for a few moments till the happy memory occurred to me. The bell was ringing—it seemed to me a knell—as I drove up to the station. I have a vision of obstructive guards, explanations and expostulations, and at last of flitting by back ways amongst bales of luggage out upon the platform, and being crammed in, as the train moved off, amongst a number of persons, one of whom was my fellow-passenger from Librimont the day before. The day glided by like a dream. At 6.30 that evening I was in the Grosvenor Hotel. A few friends came to see me, and by one I was welcomed at the threshold. The telegraph had, indeed, discounted largely the value of what I had to say, for the papers of Saturday contained accounts of the action. An English officer, who had seen the smoke of the battle from the Belgian frontier, or its vicinity, had sent a letter, giving his impressions, to the *Times*. The *Pall Mall* contained a narrative by a closer observer. But still there was no one who, like myself, had seen the course of the battle on the south side of the Meuse from the beginning of the Bavarian attack at Bazeilles to the extreme left of the Crown Prince's Army ;
.. had gone over the battle-field from one extremity

to the other ; had visited Sedan ; seen the departure of the Emperor as prisoner of war, and witnessed the out-march of the captive French Army. I would have needed days to have written a narrative of all that I had seen, and there lay but a few short hours before me. Fortunately, precautions had been taken to make the most of them, and by the aid of another's facile fingers I was enabled to dictate till long after midnight what appeared in the columns of the leading journal at an early hour next morning. I could not believe when I lay down to rest that I was in London once more, and, tired as I was, perplexing dreams and visions haunted me all night.

September 6.—The first thing I did was to rush at the papers, and see if there was any further news of the movements of the German Armies. Movements of German cavalry were reported from various parts, but of the Crown Prince himself no definite information. I knew well he was tramping away full speed for Paris. I was concerned to see that the letter written on the battle-field and despatched on the night of the 1st of September was not in the *Times*, but I attributed its non-arrival to the long delay incurred by sending it round through Germany. The narrative written last night was there, and, as I read it, I had full reason to deplore the absence of many details which would have made it more interesting ; whilst, as Bishop South said of his sermon, " If I had had more time it would have been shorter."

In the forenoon I had a visit from Count Bernstorff. His Excellency heard what I had to say with grave satisfaction. He was somewhat surprised to hear that I intended to start to-night. I telegraphed to Abergeldie, and communicated with several friends in London, but time was too short to pay visits. I bought some necessary articles, bade good-bye to my friends, and at 8.30 o'clock left Victoria Station for Ostend.

September 7.—Arrived at Brussels at 9.40 in the morning—Hotel de Flandre. At 1.35 p.m. started for Librimont. Telegraphed from Ostend to groom to be ready with horses at the station. I directed the despatch "to the care of the Station-Master, for the English groom in care of two horses of Mr. Russell." The train was filled with French hurrying to meet wounded relatives, and was heavy with stores and supplies of every description, furnished by the benevolence of England and Belgium. It was past 6 o'clock when we arrived at Librimont. What a change! Mounds of hospital stores have grown up by the side of the rail. The platform was thronged with French and Belgians, and there were a few wounded Prussians surrounded by comrades. No groom was to be seen. I inquired for my message. The Station-Master, taking me into a little room, said, "See if it is there!" He pointed to a heap of hundreds of telegrams, and there, sure enough, I saw my unhappy despatch. A

dozen of loutish peasants outside, who knew every house for miles around, could aver that no such person as my groom had been seen. At last one sharp lad, with a squeaky voice, averred that he had beheld a "Monsieur Anglais" on a beautiful horse, leading another, waiting for the arrival of the train the night before. The Station-Master remembered having seen him too. But, alas! what good was that? I addressed the multitude generally, offered egregious reward to any who would find the groom's abiding-place and bring him to me. Then the question arose what to do meantime. A man with a red nose and husky voice offered to conduct me to snug quarters, and led me to a kind of shanty, in which there was a sitting-room off a bar occupied by French officers. It was something to be thankful for to be able to get out of the rain, and presently in came the landlord from the bar to say that we could have a bed, as two French officers, who had engaged the room, had found a carriage, and were going to drive to Luxembourg. The gentleman who shared our meal was a captain of the 2nd Cuirassiers, as well as I remember—a splendid type of the *vieux sabreur*. Though over forty years of age, he was but Senior Captain. He had one ball in his arm, and another in his leg. His horse had fallen dead under him in a charge, and, as he was lying on the ground, his own troopers had ridden over him; his shoulder was dislocated and his ribs crushed. He seemed pleased in extolling the adroit-

ness, skill, and intelligence of the enemy, and in blaming the ignorance, confidence, and brute stupidity of the senior officers of his own Army. But in one quality he would insist the Prussians were no match for those whom they had beaten—courage,—hot or cold—courage, fierce, obstinate, and enduring. Fourteen regiments of cavalry, put into a decoy like wild ducks, until they were led out to do what no cavalry could do, and sent to slaughter! He was particularly severe upon General de Failly and upon the *Intendance*. If that fierce *sabreur* ever gets a chance, mauled though he has been, he will certainly not be backward in his charge on Germans. It was about 9 o'clock when a peasant came with the intelligence that the groom was found at last. In half-an-hour more I was summoned to the door to gaze upon a woful sight. There, with the water streaming off his glazed hat and mackintosh, sat on one dejected beast the lad whom I had been obliged to leave "to do the best he could," and that seemed to be bad indeed. The other horse seemed quite as wretched as his fellow. The boy made a lamentation, dismal, incoherent, but evidently under the influence of some strong potation. He could not understand the people, and they could not understand him, though he spoke his best German to them. But he had been taken in with the horses in a farmhouse some miles away, and the farmer was there with a bill as long as my arm for the entertainment of man and beast. It was impossible to go to

Bouillon that night. So the groom was warned to arise betimes, feed his horses, wash, be clean, and to come to the *auberge* early, and vanished in the rain like some gigantic slug *à cheval*.

September 8.—Left Librimont, and rode back to Bouillon. The road crowded with visitors to and from Sedan—pedestrians, vagabonds, camp-followers, and processions of officers on parole. On my way I was offered carriages, gigs, and horses, if I would only take them back from Librimont, for almost next to nothing; but I was obliged to refuse the tempting bargains. These were vehicles which had been bought, and of course the owners would have to leave them at the railway station. Halted at the Hotel des Postes, Bouillon; fed ourselves and horses; found the same amiable Belgian officer in the restaurant; and from my English friend learned that the Crown Prince was as far as Rheims! Arrived in Sedan in the afternoon, in torrents of rain, passing through the battle-field, the smell of which was worse than ever. Sedan air putrid, filled with a dank pestilence. A cheery German told us that typhus, small-pox, and cholera, were quite abundant, and that it was utterly out of the question to look for admission into any house. The whole Bavarian Army quartered in the place. From hotel to hotel—from door to door—we went, leading our fagged horses, and literally begging our bread. At last a bright thought occurred to me. General Von der Tann might be in the town. I

asked. Oh, joy ! Not only was he here, but he was Commandant Generalissimo of Sedan and of all the parts that there around did lie, established in the Hotel de la Croix d'Or, which is on the Place Turenne. Thither I repaired. I was resisted on the threshold by the sentries who guarded the General. A passing aid-de-camp, who knew me, took up my name to the General, and I was very soon afterwards in his presence. I doubt whether he at first believed my story, that I had actually been in London since he parted with me, corroborated as it was by the *Times* of the 6th, with my letter in it. He gave orders that a room was to be found somehow or other in the large rambling hotel, and that the horses were to be provided for, a service for which I felt exceedingly grateful. "Dinner in an hour, but you will find it very rough." A most obliging aide-de-camp, searching in vain for an empty room, hurried up and down passages, tapping at doors ; but at last the landlord remembered that he had been told two officers, who were in one of the upper rooms, were going to leave, and Mr. Skinner's traps and my own were carried up there as a guarantee of possession. At 6 o'clock I dined with the General and his Staff.

September 9.—Looking round in the kennel of the Hotel de la Croix, on the floor of which I lay, I was not refreshed by the sight of my comrade in an agony of sickness, which rendered him indifferent to exposition. The stench which came from the streets

exceeded toleration. The reeking atmosphere seemed laden with disease ; one could smell decomposed animal matter ; filth around, above, below. No bell to ring, no waiter to attend, no water to wash with ; the only basin monopolised by the invalid. I wandered out in the passages, filled by frowsy soldiers, stumbling over uncouth boots, two or three pairs at the doors of each room denoting the number of the inmates inside. Fortunately I came across the aide-de-camp of General Von der Tann, and made my way to His Excellency's room. There he was, surrounded with maps, plans, and reports, but half dressed. The General gave me a mighty cup of chocolate and a slice of bread, for which I was most grateful. The General is scarcely satisfied with his orders from Headquarters, but he is too thorough a soldier to find fault directly with the orders of his superiors. Sedan is in a terrible condition. Typhus and small-pox are abroad. There is no forage to be had for the horses. Thousands of these are starving round the town. Some have been sold or given away, others shot. After breakfast I proceeded on a desperate expedition to hire a carriage to take me on. I had taken down the address of all the places where it was likely a carriage could be hired. Some were closed, in others every vehicle had been taken ; but, indeed, I do not think that any Frenchman would have been very willing to have let a carriage out of his sight. Those to whom I spoke seemed at a loss to know which to curse most—

the Prussians or the Emperor. "Look at our men still," exclaimed one, "after days of marching and counter-marching and fighting and starving; see how fresh and brisk they are; how much better than those Prussians! Oh, the villanous Emperor! he sold his Army, seeing he could not get on any longer in France!" It rained in torrents; the streets were deep in mud; all the shops shut; prisoners—immense trains of them of all arms—with their rations; the cavalry draped in their white cloaks, soiled and dirty; the men of crack corps still with a certain military swagger and air about them; but the troops of the Line regiments disheartened, squalid, and unwholesome. Up the streets and down, look where you like, there they are, tramping through the mud in thousands. Bavarians in multitudes also throng the streets. These are more than usually dirty, and seem as if they had lain, as, indeed, probably they may have done, out in the streets all night. I have been told that 8,000 French officers have been ~~pat~~rolled. The walls are covered with notices, some from the German authorities, warning the inhabitants that the soldiers must pay for everything and are to take nothing; that the wounded French are to be taken care of by their own people; that returns are to be made of all the inhabitants, and the like. French notices, issued before the battle and after it, may be read in curious juxtaposition. Now and then through the crowded street is borne a blood-stained litter, or

something wrapped up in a blanket is carried along by men at each end. As it swings, the living are jostled by the dead. Surgeons with the Geneva badge and Johaniters and Sisters of Charity pierce through the throng. "The brigands, the thieves," growled a Frenchman beside me, "they are carrying off our watches, our plate, and our clocks! There, right under the very nose of Turenne." "But," said I, "such things happen in war." "This is not war," said he, "it is pillage." "But if you wished for war," remarked I, "you could not be sure that pillage would not accompany it." "We wished? We here? Never! It was the peasants and the Emperor who wished it, and the peasants will pay for it now. And as for that Emperor, he will pay for it for ever." All searches for a carriage were vain; but in Sedan I would not pass another night, and I resolved, by hook or by crook, to make the best of my way to Donchery. I returned to the hotel, bade good-bye to General Von der Tann, who, had prepared for me a great despatch with many seals, to take to the Crown Prince. This would serve as a passport through the Prussian lines; but, in addition, the good General *viséd* my ordinary passport, and did all he could to help me in my troubles. With difficulty I made my way out through the gates by Torcy, and got upon the high road to Donchery. No words could describe the streets—horses blown out to an enormous size, rotting in the dykes and in the inundations, the *débris* of the battle,

and the horrible *rabblément* of hundreds of thousands of men penned inside and outside the town ; herds of horses, some wounded, in meadows trampled into black pasty mud, groups of Bavarians shooting the beasts one by one and throwing them into the river, where the carcasses float slowly down, forming great parti-coloured islands. Every sense was outraged ; Donchery was but a continuation of the horrors of Sedan. Very glad to find honest Lancret Courtois and his good lady still extant, though much afflicted by Germans on the brain. -

September 10.—Woke early, after a good night's rest. Listened to Madame Lancret's troubles and drank her coffee, and at 1 o'clock started on horse-back, followed by my groom, on a long stern-chase after the Crown Prince. The air round Donchery pestilential. The fields horrible with dead horses ; the bridges choked up with them. Men with poles detaching the bodies so as to let them flow down with the current. The Bavarians shoot steadily four hundred a day, and throw them into the river. Meet townspeople returning to Sedan. A Prussian officer remarks that they are very ill-looking, and do not seem at all gay. Poor devils ! it would be hard indeed if they were. Approaching Boulcicourt, a picket of Black Hussars arrested us. The sergeant said that they were at any time open to an attack from Mézières. The people of the village were in the greatest distress : literally nothing to eat. After much search, however, a woman,

touched by the sight of coin, produced a small pat of fresh but dirty butter and a bit of cheese, but solemnly declared she had no bread. Sent out a little boy for some. Meantime, the sergeant of the Black Hussars came to say that I might go on. After a time, the little boy returned with part of a loaf and a bottle of wine. Availing themselves of the absence of police, there are smugglers in all the villages who sell tobacco. So with bread, wine, butter, and cheese, and a paper of caporal, I managed a breakfast. The landlord declared that when the Prussians came into the town, he had a stock worth 1,500 francs: they had professed to buy it from him, and he drew out handfuls of those small metallic wafers which do duty as currency in parts of Germany, and showed what might have represented about thirty shillings in Prussian money. At Pois, which we reached at 12.30 o'clock, there were no troops; but, as I halted to feed the horses, we heard that an alarm had been given by the Garrison of Mézières. The groom's horse, which had been going worse and worse, regularly gave in, as if attacked by acute rheumatism in all its limbs. It could not draw one leg after the other. It was yet a long and weary way to Rethel, but to halt at Pois was impossible. There was neither food nor lodging, and the inhabitants were ill-disposed. So the only thing to be done was to leave the groom to come on as well as he could with the horse to Rethel, and to make my way before him. Rethel at 5.30 P.M., drenched by a

thunderstorm as I entered. The principal hotel was full. The Etappen Commandant was in the Town Hall, distributing billets to such a crowd, that it would be long before my turn could come. I had picked up the rear of the German Army. At last I found out the Hotel St. Antoine. The groom arrived with the horse, and a veterinary surgeon stated it would be many weeks before the animal would be fit for work, that it was quite broken down for want of food, wet, and neglect. During my absence, the English groom at Librimont had utterly neglected his duty.

Rethel, September 11.—Up early and to the Etappen Commandant. Hear that the Crown Prince is halting somewhere beyond Rheims. The landlord of the hotel got me a trap. After a visit to the horse, which seems on its last legs, and is handed over to the charge of the vet, I set out, followed by my groom on horseback. Some distance outside the town came upon a carriage drawn by two horses, laden with portmanteaux, a waggon with a Genevese cross and flag, with four horses and postillions, two men with badges on their arms, curvetting on restive steeds. The postillions were French soldiers; other French soldiers were leading horses and driving the carriage. This was the party of Sir Henry Havelock, Mr. White and Lieutenant Armit. I rode on with them for some way, but, on approaching Targon, I perceived a Prussian patrol upon the road assuming a very hostile attitude at the aspect of the kepis, blue tunics, and

red pantaloons. The leading troopers cocked and presented carbines, and called on the party to halt, their comrades galloping up from the rear. Sir Henry Havelock tried to explain to the non-commissioned officer who he was and what the party were; but the trooper said his orders were peremptory; he was to fire upon every one in French military uniform or take him prisoner. As I could do no good in the matter, I rode on. At the next village, Vitry, halted for the examination of papers by insatiable Hussars. In this place I was fortunate enough to hire a carriage in which the Emperor and some of his Staff had driven when at Rethel, where the Emperor slept on Saturday week before the battle. On Tuesday he slept at Turnois, and a dreadful storm raged, said my informant, during which the officers had to sleep in their carriages, the men suffering greatly from the rain and tempest. At half-past 12 o'clock the grand old Cathedral of Rheims came in sight. Great bodies of troops bivouacking in the fields, and quartered in the suburbs. As I entered the main street one of the King's retinue informed me that I had come up with the Royal Head-Quarters. I went to the Hotel de la Croix Blanche, while a commissionaire found out the quarters of Count Bismarck, to whom I wished to pay my respects, and for whom I was the bearer of letters. Count Bismarck's quarters were in a fine house belonging to some civic dignitary near the Cathedral. Several respectable Frenchmen, some

décorés, were waiting to see him, but the Count was not in. A clatter of knives and forks, the pop of champagne corks, many voices, showed that his Staff were making merry. And a strange sort of Staff it is too, half clerk half soldier, or rather whole soldier, obliged to write and perform clerkly offices. In Berlin the Staff wear the dress of civilians. When the Count is in the field they are in uniform, with swords by their sides and spurs on their heels. I saw Major Von Keüdal, *quantum mutatus ab illo* in Berlin!—*illo* then in a black coat, a wide-awake, looking very sleek and diplomatic and smooth—now with military cap, buttoned up to the chin, in a tight-fitting cavalry frock—for he, like his great master, belongs to the Horse. He was much affected when he referred to the death of poor Pemberton, and drew his hand across his eyes. The Count was, he said, expected in every minute. After a little I took leave, and wandering along the streets, came upon the Cathedral, outside of which was collected a crowd of German soldiers mingled with citizens. There was no service going on; but on the floor were kneeling many Prussians and Frenchmen apart. How different from the great day when the Maid ratified her promises, and Charles was crowned within the building which now echoed to the feet of enemies more terrible than the old ravagers of France! Passing the street near the Cathedral I saw, cleaving his way through the crowd, with his head erect, puffing his cigar, the

unmistakable man—Count Bismarck—without any attendant, in his usual undress cuirassier uniform, with the stride of one who knows the value of time. “Why,” he said, “we thought you were lost or killed! No one knew what had become of you. For several days there was great anxiety on your account.” Then I told him of my rapid trip to London, and of my desire to overtake the Crown Prince. “Come back with me, and let us talk over matters;” and so, talking as he went, the Count made for his quarters, giving me no small trouble to keep up with him. Once a man ran out of the crowd, and ere his quick eye quite apprehended the motive, Count Bismarck started and moved his hand to his sword. It was only a mendicant soliciting alms; and the Chancellor halted, and, thrusting his hand under his tunic, pulled out some pieces, which he deposited in the beggar’s palm, and walked on. We passed to his quarters, and into his bedroom. “You will not mind my making my toilette while we talk. I have but little time to lose, for I am bidden to the King’s table, and you know we dine early,” and, giving me a cigar, he proceeded to talk about the events of the last few days. When in gracious mood no one can be so charming as the Chancellor—full of vivacity, frankness, and kindliness. I got up to light my cigar. The Count was busily engaged with his uniform. “I beg your pardon very much,” he said, “for not giving you a light. Pray excuse me.” It is the habit of

Prussians to wear underneath their uniforms warm waistcoats, which enable them to dispense with the use of greatcoats, and it is not any outrage upon the confidences of the moment to say that Count Bismarck was well fortified against any inclemency of weather. As he was dressing he gave me a most lively account of his interview with the Emperor after Sedan: "I was fast asleep in bed, and very much tired after the day, when an aide-de-camp woke me up to say that the Emperor was coming into Donchery to see me. When I heard he was coming I was astonished. I thought, under all the circumstances, I should have been the last man in the world that he would have cared to see. I had sat up till half-past 1 o'clock the night before, and it was just 5 when I was awakened by the news. I pulled on my coat, called for my horse, and was off immediately to meet him. I had no orderly, or I outstripped him, and when I got a little way outside the town, I perceived the Emperor coming along in a carriage with some officers on horseback. I immediately dismounted, and stood in the road, letting my horse go. When he perceived me standing in the road (perhaps mistaking my gesture as I raised my hand to my cap to salute him), and seeing that my horse had been let go, there came for a moment a look in his face as if of alarm. But he was at once reassured. I received him with the same respect that I would have shown to my own King. He alighted, and I

proposed we should walk into a little cottage close at hand. But the house was a weaver's, and not clean, and so chairs were brought outside, and we sat together talking." Then the Count repeated the story about the Emperor's anxiety to see the King. "I told him it could not be done till the terms of the capitulation had been signed. He urged it again and again, and I always gave him the same reply. Then I pointed out that it was no use for him to affect to treat with the King after his declaration that he had no power whatever, and that all the authority over the army and the country rested with the Regent and with the Government. As the conversation became unpleasant, at last I proposed we should talk on a different subject. Finally, you know what occurred." Alluding to the present, he said, "Our troops must march on wherever there is an enemy to encounter. Who are the people we have to deal with in Paris? We cannot treat with them. What guarantees can they give us? It is impossible that we can hazard the fruit of what we have done. You will have to go on to Paris." I was rather amused at his buttoning, in his hurry, the badge of the order "Pour le Mérite" inside his coat. "That will never do," he said, taking it out. "The value of these things consists in their being seen." I walked out with him, and bade his Excellency "Good-bye" at the door of the King's quarters, around which there was a crowd of Frenchmen pressing eagerly to look at the fast arriving guests.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rheims to Epernay—An Unpleasant Adventure—The Charcoal Burner—Reflections on Fate and Impossible Neutrality—Capture of Correspondence—Nach Paris—March to Chaumes—The Sound of Battle—A Lost Chance—Surrender of Versailles—Investment of Paris—Feeling of the Germans—View of the Battle-field—The Captured Redoubt—Paris at Last.

September 11.—Returning to the hotel, I found a most miserable animal and a rickety cabriolet, which I was informed was the only vehicle that could be had for love or for money. The man who owned the cabriolet was either overwhelmed by the horrors of the Prussian occupation, or was a person of such limited intellect that he scarcely seemed to know his right hand from his left. Although he was a native of the town he went wrong in the very streets, and at every step the conviction was forced upon me that I should not see Epernay that night. In fact, before we had got six miles from Rheims, as the sun went down in a great bank of clouds, the animal gave up, and we were obliged to halt. A country cart came up. It was driven by a beetle-browed, bull-necked, flat-faced fellow, with a cringing smile

and a horrible eye, who was seated with a companion scarcely less objectionable. They pulled up and entered into conversation with my miserable coachman. It was quite obvious, they said, the horse would never be able to get to the château of Madame Cliquot, at Boursalt, where the Prince was stopping that night. "But," said the man, "if monsieur wants to go there, I will take him on from the next village. I know every inch of the country; I can take him by a cross road, and we can avoid every Prussian patrol." Why he suggested that I don't know. To satisfy me he was all right, or to find out who I was, he produced a pass from the Commandant at Rheims, authorising the bearer to carry provisions and forage for the use of the troops through the Prussian lines without let or hindrance, and to buy things from the shopkeepers of Rheims for the use of the Army. He asked me what o'clock it was, and a quick glance passed between him and his comrade at the exhibition of my watch and chain. "I will go on to the village," he said, "and give my horse something to eat and a drink of water, and prepare for our start, and so we shall be ready to leave immediately." Before he went he asked me whether I could change him a Prussian note for 100 thalers, but he did not exhibit the document. We crept up the hill by a very bad and stony road towards the village which he pointed out up amongst the trees. The village was a miserable place. There was a small crowd around the door of the

public-house before which the cart had drawn up. They made way for me without a word. I found the *cabaret* filled with a very rough-looking set—blouses and faces begrimed with black, for the village is inhabited by charcoal-burners. My guide particularly busy whispering and going from one to the other. The air was stuffy. I walked out. A little child came up to me, and I patted it on the head; it was immediately dragged away by a savage-looking woman, and had its ears boxed. Guided by some happy instinct, I told the groom to keep the girths tight, and to stand by the horse. Presently a decent-looking old man, decorated, came up and asked me who I was, and what was my business. I told him I was an Englishman travelling in France. "These are not times for people to go travelling. The Crown Prince is our enemy, and you are now in an enemy's country. If you claim the protection of the Prussians, and I hear you have just left them, you have no right to be here." "They are not very far," said I. "Yes, but, monsieur, they are too far to help you. They have pillaged and robbed, and driven the people to despair. You are an Englishman, and I see you wear decorations" (alluding to the riband of the Indian medal which was on my coat). "Probably you have fought by the side of French soldiers in the Crimea; it is shameful for an Englishman in alliance with our enemies, who are trampling us under foot, to come among us." "May I ask, sir, to what these obser-

ventions tend?" "That you should leave this as soon as possible," he said. "I am going at once," I replied; "I am going with that man, as soon as he can get his horse ready, to Boursalt." "With that man! I would advise you to take care. He does not bear a very good name." Just at that instant a fellow came up and said, "I request you to come with me to the Maire to show your papers." I had a despatch from the Prussian Embassy to the Crown Prince, despatches from General Von der Tann to the Ober-Commando, and a packet of letters from Rheims. I asked the man who he was, and he replied that "it was no business of mine, but that he had authority to take me before the Maire." As the attitude of the crowd seemed to support the demand, I put the best face I could upon the matter, and followed him up the main street, the crowd, somewhat thinned, pursuing slowly some distance in the rear. Under my coat I wore a belt, from which hung a hunting-knife, a compass, and an aneroid barometer, which clinked together as we walked, and made the man turn to take a look at me. But I was enabled to take out the despatches from my breast coat-pocket and thrust them in between my belt and my shirt. The least search would of course have detected the documents. We entered a lane bordered on each side by a bank and a dense wood, which appeared to wind into the forest. "Where are you going?" said I. "To the Maire." "But the Maire is in the town." "No ;

the Maire is gone to his house. It is in the wood, about two kilometres from this." "Then I will not go," said I. "I cannot walk, and if the Maire wants to see me, he must come to me." The man put his hand upon my collar, exclaiming, "You must." Thrusting my hand beneath my coat I said, "Take off your hand at once or I will blow out your brains." He started back and whistled, and from both sides of the wood came whistles in reply. I walked swiftly back up the lane, calling out in French to my groom, who did not understand a word of it, "Do you see my escort of Lancers yet?" As I turned into the street, I could see in the dusk figures gliding in front, and on nearing the cabaret three or four men ran across the road. I called out in English to my groom, "Come here at once with the horse." Fortunately he heard me, and was by my side in a moment. I said to him, "You must stay here with the cart. You will be in no danger, but I am trapped. I will send for you;" and clapping spurs to my horse I rode in the direction of Rheims. A man darted from a doorway shouting out "Stop!" and made a spring at the horse's head, but a sharp cut of the whip, which was heavy and loaded, right across the head, sent him on his back. As I went clattering down the little mountain path, I was aware that men were running across the fields towards the road. The old horse answered to whip and spur, and in ten minutes, after a quick gallop, I recognised a cross by the road-

side, which assured me that I was returning by the path along which I had mounted to the village. I could make out the outline of the hills towards Rheims, and then taking my time, allowed the horse to pick his way towards the city. About two miles outside Rheims I came upon a patrol of the 8th Regiment of Wurtembergers, who halted me. The captain in charge—a most courteous young gentleman—took great interest in my story. By the light of a candle in a lantern on the end of a musket we examined his map of the country, and fixed upon the village. He said “We shall have some cavalry up presently. I will send a detachment of my company with the patrol, and rescue your servant and your property. Be sure it shall be done.” Giving him my address at La Croix Blanche, I rode along to the town, and, some time before midnight, to the astonishment of my host, presented myself at the hotel. He congratulated me on my lucky escape; “for,” said he, “I do not the least doubt that there was a plot to rob, and as mere robbery of any one attached to the Germans is dangerous to——,” and he drew his hands across his throat. The village was inhabited by a set of desperadoes, whose character had not at all improved during the war.

September 12.—RHEIMS. Awoke; sat up in bed. A voice in my ear—a light in my eyes. A sergeant of infantry was holding a candle to my nose, and a written paper, which he requested me to sign. It

was from the Wurtemberg officer, to request I would write a receipt for my groom and property sent under escort therewith, and sure enough there was the lad in the yard quite dazed at the whole transaction, for it appears that the German cavalry dashed into the village late at night, and, as he resisted their attempts to remove my luggage and refused to come with them, they put pistols to his head, &c., and frightened his life out, but had carried him off in triumph. Many of the people bolted as soon as I escaped, and they did not offer him any violence, but he was so stupid I could get no account of the situation, except that there was great agitation as soon as I rode away. By great good luck the landlord got me a carriage to go as far as Epernay, but no further, as it was bound there for the service of a Prussian General under terrible requisitions. I reached Epernay at 1.30. The inn was a gruesome sight—a landlady in tears and a landlord in dudgeon, and all the servants in rebellion, and the rooms crammed with Prussian officers helping themselves in the kitchen, and shouting for wine and meat. The cook had served 500 *déjeûners* that morning, and would serve no more. I was no better off than before, for there was not a carriage of any kind to be found. My horse was a cripple, and needed rest. As I wandered about meditating an attack on Count Bismarck by telegraph I saw General Von Gotsch, the Etappen-Commando of the Crown Prince's Army, who had

been so obliging to us at Landau at the outbreak of the war. The General was full of kindness, and promised he would do his best to provide a carriage. He came with me to the Etappen-Commando of Epernay, and gave orders for a carriage to be sent to my hotel after breakfast, and then I went back, a little troubled at the issue of a formidable requisition on my account. At 3 o'clock there came a handsome carriage and pair to the door, driven by a respectable old servant in livery, and I learned that I had unwittingly requisitioned M. Moët's best turn-out. It was my first exploit in that line. Just ere I left Epernay, an officer who spoke English very well introduced himself as Count Von Goertz. He was at table with General *en retraite* Von Löwen, and they were both bound on the work of the Geneva Convention, the former being in charge of the hospitals to which were attached our English volunteers: most of these had gone. Sir C. Dilke and Mr. Winterbotham, having exhausted their charity over the battle-field at Sedan, had left him, but others, of whose motives in coming out to the Army he entertained the highest opinions, still remained. General Von Gotsch sent me word that the Prince had left this morning, and that probably I should find him at Montmirail. Thither I drove accordingly, M. Moët's horses doing justice to the old servitor's praises, and getting over the ground at a good slinging trot of nine miles an hour. There is always care behind one, be he on

horseback or in carriage, and I was anxious about my horseless condition ; one left by Lord Ronald broken down at Rethel—the other not much better in charge of the stupid groom, miles behind. If the Prince should start again to-morrow ! But here I am at Montmirail. It was 10 o'clock and quite dark, but lights were gleaming in the windows of a fine château at the end of an avenue of lofty trees, and the officer in charge of the post at the entrance to the town, who made a rigid examination of my papers, told me I should find the Prince and his Staff quartered there. I drove up the avenue, entered the open door, and got among a labyrinth of cavern-like passages, in which, at last, I came upon a sub-officer of gendarmerie, who led me up to the hall, and so to the reception-rooms. The Prince had left table some time, and when I entered the drawing-room travel-stained and dusty to deliver my letters and despatches, he was standing in the midst of a group of Princes and of his Staff, smoking his pipe and listening to Von Blumenthal, who was reading aloud to him passages from a French paper regarding the defence of Paris. His Royal Highness gave me a most gracious reception. "For some days he had been in great anxiety about me, as no one could explain my mysterious disappearance from Head-Quarters, and stories about the death of a *Times* correspondent, founded on poor Colonel Pemberton's fate, were told about me," &c. He listened with great interest to

all I had to say of my visit to London, the state of feeling there, and the impression made by the stupendous success of the German Armies. As His Royal Highness was speaking to me, Colonel Walker came up and joined in. What followed was rather remarkable. The Crown Prince had been speaking of the escape of the Empress Eugénie, and expressing his hope that she was not so destitute of means as was reported in the papers; and he then alluded to the difficulties created by the absence of any trustworthy Government in France which could be taken to represent the nation. It was obvious the men who had seized on the reins of power in Paris had no national origin and could give no guarantees. Therefore, the war must go on till the French ceased to resist, and accepted terms at Paris. Had the Emperor not been taken at Sedan, things might have been different. Alluding to the inaccurate versions which had appeared of what took place at the interview in the Château of Bellevue, the Crown Prince said, "I will tell you exactly what occurred, as it was repeated to me by the King immediately afterwards. You know I was outside the room which His Majesty my father and the Emperor entered to speak together. I closed the door, and remained outside like a sentry on duty till the interview was over." The Crown Prince then related what I published in my letter to the *Times*. Colonel Walker was standing by at the time, and when the Prince had finished, and I had

thanked him for such an interesting narrative, saying, "I am glad, sir, to know the exact facts on such authority," Walker observed, "There now, you have the full story in detail and from the fountain head," or words to that effect, and the impression conveyed to my mind clearly and undoubtedly was that the Prince had made the communication to me for the express purpose of having it made public to correct erroneous versions, and when I thanked him for making it the Prince nodded his head, and made some remark that "I was welcome to it," or the like.

September 13.—The adventure in the charcoal-burners' village, which I thought over a good deal in the course of my journey yesterday, occupied my waking moments last night. The result of my cogitations was, that it is very unwise for a neutral attached to a belligerent to travel out of bounds, lest falling into the hands of the other belligerent the benevolence of his neutrality may be rudely questioned and very unpleasant consequences ensue. For instance, suppose I had been knocked on the head in that lonesome wood! Well, there would have been found on my body despatches to the Ober-Commando of the Third Army, and letters, &c., from the Prussian Embassy and General Von der Tann, as well as the Head-Quarters pass-papers. These would be quite sufficient to justify, in the eyes of the French authorities and people generally, the aforesaid knocking on the head. They would never have considered

that if one in my position were attached to the German Army at all, it was quite necessary for him to have papers to enable him to move about, and that it would be in the nature of things impossible for him to refuse to bear such documents as I had been charged with on behalf of the authorities of the Army to which I in one sense belonged. The special correspondent of the "organ of Bismarck, who had bought it up with German gold"—the exact sum was named—in the enemy's camp would have had scant favour, even if he were not the bearer of German writings, but found belated in a French village, where the people were blind with passion, and, bound from the quarters of King William to those of the Crown Prince with damning proofs of complicity in their wickedness on his person, there could be but little doubt as to his fate. And yet it was not easy to see the alternative of what I had done," for I was obliged to come up to the Crown Prince's quarters again. I could not say that I would not bear the letters entrusted to me in an Army where I was protected, and the conclusion I arrived at was that the position I occupied was one in which there were "divided duties," which, at all events, forbade neutrality in act and deed, and involved responsibilities of a kind which rendered the protection of the Army to which I was attached constantly desirable. I fancied I heard the comments on the story of the charcoal-burners' patriotic

revenge echoing in the club-rooms, and the curt remark, "How could he have been so foolish! He at all events ought to have known better." And so perhaps I ought. And then I went to sleep. The first sound I heard this morning was Harpes' voice by my bedside. His look was eloquently reproachful, mingled with satisfaction at seeing me again. He was voluble over his wrongs; my departure had astonished not only him, but the Staff. He told me of his anxieties, perplexities, and fears, much increased by the fate of Col. Pemberton. "If one gentleman got killed, why not another? All the Staff gentlemen asked where you was. How could I tell?" And he had journeyed on day after day, always expecting a letter or news, and never finding any. He was quite scandalized at my present headquarters, and he set about getting me better. In truth, I was not magnificently lodged, but so satisfied with my success in coming up with the Crown Prince before he had moved that I could have slept anywhere. Mr. Skinner and Mr. Landells joined Headquarters last night or this morning. The Government of National Defence—a good name—acting with a good deal of energy and making serious preparations to meet a siege of the capital. Make abortive attempts to get a horse—none for sale. Bidden to the Crown Prince's table in the evening; told the story of my visit to London; adventure at the charcoal-burners' village; state of Sedan, and the

like. In the drawing-room very interesting things belonging to the Counts (I think De Rochefoucauld) proprietors of the castle, which is a fine place, with good gardens and offices, but no demesne. The Prince, who was in exceedingly good spirits, and whose health is splendid now that he has regularly got on to his campaigning work, indulged in some delightful reminiscences of his early life, of his visits to England, to Balmoral, his visits to Paris, &c. He told me that the courier with his letters to the Crown Princess after the day of Sedan, and with one from the King to the Queen, had been taken by the French in a sortie from Verdun. The Crown Princess had written to express her wonder at his silence, but in some days the reason was known.

September 14.—Halted all day at Montmirail. Saw the Crown Prince in the morning. From all quarters came the same news—Prussian cavalry entering towns, levying contributions, and doing as they pleased; but bands of Franc-tireurs forming, and some show of resistance being made in places off the line of march. The German horse have got within 120 miles of Paris, breaking up bands and displaying the utmost boldness, the consequence of complete impunity. By this time their tactics have become the subject of amusement to the Germans. Numerous stories are told of their audacity. I spent the day in writing and making a little excursion on horseback; but glad of the rest, which

gave my stud, now reduced to one, time to pluck up a little. The groom resumes his place, with Harpes in the van.

September 15.—As the Crown Prince, on a lovely morning, led his Staff out of Montmirail through a beautiful country, where vineyards heavy with grapes clothed the hill-sides, I came upon the body of a French peasant, dressed in a blouse, who was lying off the road inside a gap; he had been shot through the breast, and had fallen face forward. There would have been nothing to account for his death but that an old musket broken in two lay near him, and that the band of his cap had a number, and a stripe of red cloth gave it some semblance of uniform. We hear that the Parisians, in anticipation of investment, are making experiments with balloons, in order to reach the parts of France which lie outside the hold of the invader. After a long day's ride through a delightful country, we entered the town of Coulommiers, where we were to halt. I was quartered in such a quiet, nice, clean little house up a shady avenue of chestnut trees. My billet was "Chez M. Mariot, Rue des Marroniers." Looking up and down a long avenue of chestnuts, which lay before my door right and left, I could scarcely fancy I was in the train of a great Prince, leading a gigantic host on one of the most memorable expeditions the world has seen in later years. All was calm and quiet. Children

playing with chestnuts, and old ladies stepping out of their doors gossiping, and timid old gentlemen on the seats in the shade, talking of the departed glories of France and of the days when they were young. Coulommiers seems a very fierce, Republican, national sort of place. The walls are covered with "Mort aux Prussiens," "Vive la République," &c., and with proclamations from fugacious authorities, calling on the people to resist, and the abuse of the Emperor's administration and of the Empire. The town is of considerable extent. Many shops open. We English dined together at a restaurant, where we were very fairly entertained, and our Prussian friends did full justice to French cookery and champagne. We English are made aware that our ancestors got a thrashing from the natives near or in this aforesaid Coulommiers once upon a time, and are not a bit less satisfied with ourselves in consequence.

September 16.—Round comes the gendarme of the watch with agreeable news in the early morning. The Crown Prince halts at Coulommiers all day. Prince Lynar and General Boyer have retired from Wilhelmshöhe, and we hear many anecdotes of the Emperor and of the journey and residence there. It is not too much to say that the Prussians feel pity for the fallen Emperor, and bear him personally no ill-will. They detest the Republic, and have no pity for Republican Frenchmen or France. Every day the war is prolonged the terms of peace, if

Germany conquers, as appears beyond doubt, will be more severe. To-morrow we resume our march—"nach Paris."

September 17.—Coulommiers to Chaumes. Sorry to leave my pleasant quarters. Hope that my landlady may have as quiet lodgers, not to say as profitable. The Franc-tireurs are becoming troublesome, and the Staff breathe fury against them. It is of no use talking of the duties of a *landsturm* or of patriotism. The conqueror is the law-maker, and if he lays it down that Franc-tireurs ought to be shot, I don't see that there is any court of appeal to which the latter can profitably repair. It is rather in opposition to the doctrines laid down by eminent jurists as to the obligations of citizens to defend their country in case of invasion. The invaders, if successful, will of course know best how to deal with the doctrine. If beaten, however, it will indeed be *we victis*. We had a very pleasant march to Chaumes, a small country town, situated most charmingly in a winding valley, surrounded by wooded hills—a sylvan landscape of great beauty. This is really the way to see France—I don't mean necessarily in the train of an army, for I confess I would rather travel in less noisy company. We have come upon places rarely seen, for even those country towns which are provided with railway stations offer very different points of view when approached by road, and we have views as we ride of

comely and quaint châteaux, snug farmhouses, and pretty villages never visible to railway travellers. At Chaumes I was billeted in a detached house with a large garden, belonging to a retired Government *employé*, the very fiercest old Radical I ever met. He had served only kings, but he was devoted to the Republic. At first he would not look at me; told the servant he would give me nothing; that I might break and take by force whatever I wanted, but that he would sooner have his head *tranché* like that of the Sieur de Framboisy than help a follower of bloody King William. When he heard I was an Englishman, he became rather less turbulent, although he would insist upon it, as I heard through the partition, that Englishmen had forfeited all right to the good graces of Frenchmen by their base desertion after having been saved in the Crimea. Finally, dwelling somehow with emphasis on my name, sounded with I know not what pretence by Harpes in his Republican ears, which he repeated several times as if it were spelt "Rooselle," he took it into his head that I was a great personage, probably watching the proceedings of these Prussians, and there was sent into me a bottle of wine, bread and butter, cheese and fruit, as a good-will offering. Presently, he appeared in person—a red-nosed, large-chinned, fiery-eyed old man, with a big red nightcap and an old tattered velvet dressing-gown, in which he draped himself after the manner of

Talma, and threw off fine passages about the Rights of Man. He had apparently spent the latter years of his retreat in reading the literature of the early Revolution, his favourites belonging to the Mountain rather than to the Girondists.

September 18.—CHAUMES. There were not many persons visible in the pretty little village. All the young and middle-aged men seemed to have been swallowed up; but some women in charge of the houses which had been abandoned by the owners sat on the steps and criticised the Prussians, who, with jingling spurs and clanking sabres, disturbed the quiet of the streets or lanes, and were too grave and haughty for flirtation. Each house had its garden—each garden its rich growth of vines and rose-covered trellices, and fruit-studded walls. Well may the poor people wonder at the caprice of war which brought these strange-tongued invaders here to their secluded homes, and curse it too. I sat out in the garden of the old *employé*, looking out on the road for an hour or so, and then turned in, wrote, and went to sleep—every night a strange bed—wondering if the old Republican's assurances of our utter destruction would be justified in the end. "The Empire was a lie! See on that wall," he shouted, "how we were deceived!" And there, sure enough, was a printed proclamation of the Prefect of the Seine, with a copy of a "*Dépêche—L'Empereur à l'Impératrice, Longueville, 14 Août,*" in which it was announced

"après une lutte acharnée les Prussiens ont été repoussés." Beside it was another despatch by the Government of National Defence, to acquaint the Prefect—of course a new one, and I should think, by his decrees, a man of energy—a M. Charton—that "Vinoy's corps had arrived safely outside Paris." "You will now see what will happen; France will rise as a man, as in 1793—our soil," and so on, the "Marseillaise" in prose. I am not at all impressed by these vaticinations; but I must say that I, in my poor way, think it exceedingly rash, from a military point of view, to march upon Paris on the unfounded assumption, as it seems to me, that the city will yield. I cannot write publicly as strongly as I feel, but in my letter to the *Times* of to-day I express my doubts of the soundness of this movement, and over and over again on the line of march I have talked of the consequences of any disappointment in the German calculations. The reply is always the same: "The Parisians will not venture to resist." But if they do? Consider the forts—the *enceinte*, the want of a siege train!" "Oh! they are too much cowed. They are a frivolous set, and when they see us on the ridges they will soon come to terms." A very comfortable assumption, and on it let us go to sleep. It was 6 o'clock when I woke, A lovely morning. I got up and visited my horse, which looks as if he needed rest, and wandered about the pleasant lane, and peeped in at the gardens in

which the fruit would be gathered by foreign hands. Evidences of terrified flight everywhere—children's toys and dolls on the gravel walks—articles of dress and furniture—books, letters—littered in the courtyards. I breakfasted on grapes—a *bouillon* from a tin—a piece of brown bread, some honey, and a bottle of Chaumes wine, and got ready for an adventurous day, for the news has come in that there is a strong force holding the roads to the capital, and the Prussians are looking rather grave. Their Army is immensely scattered. The King is at Meaux or near it, and the cavalry divisions are out in an immense fan all over the country, but there are only three of our Army Corps ready to be put into a connected line of battle. The position of the French, to be sure, is not good. Their regular Army blockaded in Metz or captives in Germany: artillery, horses, stores, generals, all wanting! But among great nations it is such a crisis as this that calls forth power. The Crown Prince had left the village before us with his Staff. Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, who was quartered opposite to me, and I took a wide cast across country, and came up with the Staff as they were cantering along the road to Corbeil, passing Harpes and the groom in the van far behind the baggage, and in great distress. They deserved to come to grief, because they were late. The little black Berlin horse a perfect treasure. He has never given in for an hour, and has come steadily thus far

into the bowels of the land. Our road lay by many villages. We passed Yerés, la Grange, Lissy, Limoges, Cramsay, Moissy Cramouzal, Alfroy, and Frene, and in each and every one was the same story repeated. The walls breathe slaughter and defiance to the last. Placards from Prefects and Maires incite the people to desperate resistance. The villages are deserted. Some had literally not a soul left. The doors and windows had been shut, but the troops had smashed them in. Most of the shops had been plundered. The church bells were ringing, nevertheless, and priests going stealthily to mass across the fields. Their congregations must be scanty. At a quarter to 11 o'clock the Prince halted by the road in a wood, in which were regular rides, evidently intended for game. Looking up through these we could see that the outlets were well watched by sentries sent on in advance. As we were at lunch heard two guns, which sent a buzz through the Staff. The Crown Prince told me that news from Strasbourg of a lodgment being effected in the counterscarp had reached him, but I confess the intelligence which I had heard of the loss of the "Captain" quite put the war out of my head. Cowper Coles, Burgoyne—so many brave hearts gone for ever! The Feld Post overtook the Staff as we were resting on the road by a fine château, and the paragraph was read from a German paper by one of the officers, who was surprised at my exclamation of horror. I remembered Cole's persistence in his pro-

ject ever since he mounted his two guns on a raft at Taganrog, and the zeal with which he worked at his great—if “one,” idea from that day till the dream of his life was accomplished, and with it his death. I do not know if I looked at the countenances of the Staff officers around me through the medium of my own feelings; but it certainly seemed to me as if they were not so joyous and confident as they had been. In vain I tried to find if there was any reason for the gravity of their mein—nothing but successes, great and small, and progress uninterrupted could I hear of—and so I concluded that the increasing signs of resistance as we approached Paris produced some effect on Head-Quarters. General Blumenthal is very angry because the Republican Government has ordered the cutting down and destruction of the woods around the capital, and breaking of bridges. We hear of barricades being thrown up, and of a large army encamped on the road to Versailles, where the Crown Prince is to have his Head-Quarters. Versailles! It sounds almost incredible! It is just a fortnight since the Empire was overturned by the Paris mob; eighteen days since the Emperor surrendered at Sedan; and here we are, after a not very rapid march, calmly contemplating the possibility of the surrender of Paris, and the end of the war, for Bazaine and his Army are considered quite safe at Metz. It was late in the afternoon when we reached

the end of our day's march, Corbeil, a large and important place on the Seine—the bridge over which was broken or rather blown up—furnished abundance of quarters. I was lodged in the house of a milliner, near a little bridge over an offshoot of the River Seine. Sauntered about the town reading the placards on the walls. Very brave words. The little milliner, however, had no great opinion of the men who were to perform deeds they were called upon to execute. They were demoralised, she thought, by want of religion. Still Paris, she thinks, will never yield, and very probably we may all be sent as prisoners to some place in France or Africa in a week or so.

September 19.—CORBEIL TO PALAISEAU. Marched at 8 A.M. Corbeil is rather a large place, as I have said, and I lost my way this morning. We had no rendezvous, and so it was that I could not ascertain which route the Prince had taken in his unexpected start; but, following the direction of some officers on the line of march, I pursued the road of the Staff now led by General Von Baumbach, with whom were most of the Princes, Colonel Walker, &c. Scarcely had we cleared Corbeil when there arose in front of us the tumult of an action. The country is very much wooded and seamed with valleys, and as the roads wound up and down the hills, the noise came from three-quarters of a circle in the most puzzling way. We rode on at a canter in what seemed to be the direction of the sound, looking out for the Crown

Prince. About 12 o'clock, as well as I could judge, the cannonade grew more faint, and soon after died out; but where it was or what it was about no man could tell. Of course it was either a sortie from Paris or an action fought on the road to Versailles; most provoking to miss it! The Crown Prince not more fortunate. He took the wrong side of the river, and the bridge being broken could not get across to join his troops. As we approach Palaiseau, news came that the 5th Army Corps and the Bavarians had a severe encounter outside Paris, on the plateau of Chatillon, and had driven the French into the city. The Prussians have swept round on the north of the capital, and are by this time enclosing the whole of the city, with, perhaps, the exception of the direct communications with the west. We passed the limits of the department of the Seine and Oise. At 2 o'clock we had reached our destination. Palaiseau! what a picture! What it may be like in its normal state I know not. It seems as if the contents of all the old furniture shops of all the cities in the world had been taken out and broken in the streets. The houses all look out of broken windows and shattered door frames on heaps of furniture. My quarters were in the Rue de Mont Buie, where I had a deserted château, somewhat out of the town, all to myself if I liked. The street, so called, was in fact a rural lane. My castle had been visited by the soldiery, who had taken stock of the wine

and apparently of the bedding. Drawers, cupboards, *armoires*, had been forced, but there were many evidences of comfort—sofas covered with silk, satin curtains, and ancient furniture. Here Mr. Skinner, Mr. Landells, and myself were installed, having at least spring mattresses to lie upon. And then, when we had unpacked our kits, we sallied out in search of food into the town and entered a confectioner's, where there was no confectionery (the Bavarians are intolerably fond of pastry), but an *affiche* was placed outside announcing that dinners and suppers were provided for officers. Here came the Hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg and the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg, and joined us. Meat was served, and bread, for which we were thankful. Visited Walker, who is also installed with some Staff officers in a *château*—really a handsome place. He seems to think we are going to remain here for several days, and talks of getting his *château* into order. We are close to Paris, and hear of more preparations to resist, which produce no impression on the Staff, beyond a general expression of opinion that “it means nothing serious”—“the wish is father to the thought.” It leaks out that the action was rather serious, and that at one time the 5th Corps was rather in a bad way, as the French caught them on the flank as they were on their march towards Versailles, and attacked the rear with fury. They were in a strong position and pressed old Kirchbach's men severely; but the

Bavarians coming up attacked the French in turn, and the latter gave way and fled in such disorder and panic, that they did not defend an important redoubt, and left it, guns and all, to the Germans, who now hold it, and look down on Paris from the parapets. I walked a short way out of Palaiseau, and visited a very fine place with a very large and handsome horse-breeding establishment—stables, gardens, conservatory, &c., which has not yet been taken possession of by any officers. The doors were all open, and everything, as far as I could judge, in good order—one decrepit old man in the lodge told me “it would soon be served the same way as all the other places around;” “for,” said he, “you see these Barbarians envy all these fine objects, and destroy them just as the Barbarians did Greece and Rome.” Curious to hear an old gate-keeper discoursing in that fashion! He would have been much astonished to hear that the Barbarians were the most highly-educated Army in the world, and would not have believed it. He took me for a travelling Englishman, and begged me not to extend my walks, as there were some good patriots in the woods who might suppose I was a Prussian, and drop me on the road. I could not see any traces of these heroes, but it is certain that bands of Franc-tireurs are accumulating in all directions on our flanks. As soon as the Army halts, the cavalry can deal with them in most instances, but the stiff resistance of

the fortified places is a very serious element for consideration in our position. Slept luxuriously in our castle, though there were no sheets, blankets, or pillows.

September 19.—An unexpected move ordered for to-morrow morning. It seems that General Blumenthal became uneasy respecting the position of the Crown Prince. The Army is all concentrated towards Paris in our front, and so leaves the Staff at Palaiseau unguarded. Wherefore, we are to move to Versailles, and so get more under cover of the troops. The city was summoned this evening by a few Hussars, and capitulated on terms. M. Jules Favre, who, the Germans consider, has much to answer for in prolonging the war, as well as in the causes which led to the declaration of it, met Count Bismarck at the château belonging to Rothschild, at Férrières, where the King is to-day. And to-day it was which decided in another sense the fate of Paris, for the combat at Chatillon was the last effort of the French covering Army, and they have now all retreated inside the capital. The Prince had crossed at St. Gèneviève aux Bois, twenty-one kilos. from Versailles and eight from Longjumeau. But when he got over the combat was at an end.

September 20.—Not one of us knew when we left Palaiseau this morning that we were about to see the battle-field, and before night closed to enter Versailles itself, after gazing from the heights of

Chatillon on Paris in all its glittering misery. As we rode along, the rumour went through the Staff that M. Favre had refused the conditions imposed by Count Bismarck, and it was considered that he had thereby ensured for his countrymen harsher terms and more stringent conditions, for of immediate as well as ultimate success no one seemed to doubt. I confess that I had a greater faith in the national spirit. I could not believe that the country which had furnished the soldiers I had seen in two great campaigns displaying the highest military qualities, would submit, even though their capital were surrounded, one Army destroyed and the other invested, almost at discretion to the conqueror. But it is not palatable to speak of these things to the conqueror himself. To-day is the anniversary of the battle of the Alma. Mr. Kinglake does not think much of the efforts made by the French on that day; but, according to all accounts, for some hours they fought yesterday upon the heights of Chatillon with energy, if at last they gave way to disgraceful panic. If proclamations could set a people on fire, France should be in a blaze. The Maires call out the soldiers of the Contingent of the year 1870, and command all good citizens who can carry arms to repair to the rendezvous. The Germans generally hold these levies in contempt. They hear of masses of Mobiles laying down their arms to a few horsemen, and of others scampering off at the first sight

of a Lancer. It is scarcely too much to say that the Prussians now have completely changed their opinion of the French. They were full of respect for them after the battle of Wörth, and when the news came of the terrible fights of Mars-le-Tours and Gravelotte, outside Metz, they felt that the French were worthy foemen and deserving of their best efforts. As we were riding along through a country filled with charming villas, and seeming almost one perpetual garden without an inhabitant visible, except in such towns as Longjumeau, I could not help thinking of that invasion, the fear of which comes upon us at home like a dark cloud in the sky. Talk of the capacity of England for defence! Nowhere could natural and artificial obstacles to the march of an Army abound more than here; deep ravines, wooded hills, garden walls, causeways lined with trees, high banks, village after village of houses of substantial masonry, offering most formidable defensive points. As we got near to the valley of the Bièvre the intention of having a fight outside the capital was proved by the crenellated walls, by obstructions on the road, where deep trenches had been dug and the stones of the *chaussée* formed into barricades. But the invader was in possession. From any of the high points of the road we could see before and behind us bayonets, bayonets, bayonets! It was like a river of steel. The sun was bright and the day warm, and we passed Bavarian regiments, the

men of which, resting by the roadside, looked as if they had quite enough of marching, if not of fighting. Of course they all rose as the Crown Prince came up; but somehow or other they did not seem in my eyes quite so jubilant as the Prussians. "Do you know," said a little Erb Prince to me, "what has happened?" "No." "Well, yesterday evening two or three of our Hussars rode quietly up to Versailles, which you know has some 15,000 or 20,000 inhabitants in it, and summoned it, and the Maire surrendered at once! We are in Versailles now, and have occupied St. Germain: And this evening Paris will be completely surrounded, so that no doubt we shall enter it in a day or two. There is no hope for them, and they will not dare to fight." "It must be a very thin line, Highness." "Yes; but they won't venture to break through. It is like a ring of chalk a magician draws on the floor to keep the Devil inside." His Highness's illustration was not quite correct, for the magic circle generally keeps the Devil outside. After two hours' smart riding there was a halt outside a village or town which, I think, was Sceaux—it may have been Chatenay—and a consultation took place between the Crown Prince, General Blumenthal, and Colonel Gottberg, after which a communication was made to the members of the Staff that the Prince was going to visit the seat of the action the day before at the captured redoubt, and that as we were almost in view from some of

the forts, it would be necessary to spread ourselves out so as not to draw fire. The Lancers of the escort furled their lances and carried the points down, and we proceeded cautiously along a narrow and steep road winding upwards to a plateau which was wooded in patches here and there, but generally covered with fields of corn, vetches, turnips, and potatoes. And here came the first tokens of the fight. The Prussians and Bavarians had as usual removed most of their wounded, and buried the dead; not always, however, for both lay in the grass and in the market gardens, where the burial parties and ambulances were moving about in search of them. When we got upon the plateau each man took very much a line of his own, taking care not to crowd too near upon the Crown Prince. Here and there were dismounted guns, gun-carriages, blown-up tumbrils, surrounded by their usual *entourage* of dead and burned men, the French suffering more and more as we came towards the high road lined with trees, many of which were cut so as to lie across the causeway, which masked their main position. I remarked men of the 47th, 58th, 6th, 16th, 27th, 18th, and 19th Regiments lying dead, sometimes twenty or thirty together; and outside the clumps of wood, and inside too, there were lines of them, many having evidently been overtaken by shot and needle-bullet as they fled. The houses and the farms by the roadside were destroyed by the explosion of

shells. At last we came to a hamlet situated at four cross-roads, and I read on the signpost "Versailles eight kilos., Chatenay four, Chatillon four-five, Bièvre three," with a finger pointing down the road "Clamart, octroi." Here there had been a very fierce encounter. At the very angle of the street or road where the houses were most riddled were the fresh graves of some German officers. We went on threading our way through fallen trees and broken walls in the direction of a body of Bavarians, who were concealing themselves behind the slope of a large earthwork on the sky line. This was the ridge occupied by the abandoned redoubt. The Prince dismounted, and, accompanied by several of his Staff, walked across towards the ridge and the redoubt. It was not finished, but still was very strong. A portion of Vinoy's Army or Ducrot's had camped around it. The place was littered with straw, remnants of rations, cooking tins, camp furniture, field tents, and the like, with here and there unburied Frenchmen. I was attracted by the appearance of one fair-haired, handsome young fellow, who lay on his back, shot right through the forehead. His knapsack had been opened, and some letters were lying by his side. I took up one. It was in English, evidently written by his mother to the man who lay dead before me, and who went under a very common English name, entreating him not to persevere in his mad intention of fighting in a cause with

which he had no concern, and to remember he was the guardian when she was gone of his sister. Beyond the redoubt about one hundred yards there was a curious-looking gazebo—or observatory standing in the garden of a *maison de plaisance*, and thence from the edge of the plateau the land went sheer down in a succession of wooded lanes, villas, and gardens, to the suburbs of Paris, bordered by the lines of the *enceinte*. I walked to the edge and looked down. Yes, there was Paris before me! The dome of the Invalides glistening in its fresh gilding, the towers of Notre Dame, the roof of the Tuileries, the gables of the Louvre, the well-known steeples of many churches, the line of the Seine—as fair a sight as eye could see—bright in the sunshine! Nearer us the Fort Issy, just below us Vanves, to the right Montrouge. I lay down and had a good look through my glass. Men were working in the trenches with a will. As I swept the line of Vanves I caught sight of an officer in an embrasure looking earnestly up in the direction of the plateau through his glass, and evidently directing the gunners at the piece by his side. I could look straight down into its muzzle. Here is the use of a field-glass. With even the best binocle, unless it is as big as a telescope, you have no chance of making out such details, and there was one especially interesting. I called out “They have caught sight of us, and are laying a gun for this very point.” Out came a puff of

smoke, and in a second or two the rush of the shot coming nearer and nearer caused every one to stand stiff with upraised head as if to sight his enemy. It whistled right over the Crown Prince's head, making some of the weaker vessels duck their heads, rushed over the Bavarians, who were nestling against the face of the redoubt, and plunged down into the valley behind them, which was filled with men. Had that been a bursting shell instead of a solid shot, there might have come pregnant telegrams from the little plateau of Plessis Piquet! Another shot or shell came from the direction of Montrouge, and Staff and Prince walked slowly away. Be it observed that the Bavarians, no doubt unintentionally, were making a somewhat ostentatious and unfair use of the flag of the Geneva Conference, for it floated just above the edge of the plateau, as if there was an ambulance there, whereas all the men I could see were very well able to fight, and were all armed to the teeth. And so we mounted—it was near 3 o'clock—and continued our march to Versailles.

CHAPTER IX.

The Ride to Versailles—My Last Visit—Reflections—My Billet, 29, Avenue de Paris—The Forts Open—Hôtel des Reservoirs—The Château as an Hospital—Visit of the Crown Prince—A Terrible Calm—Speculations on Peace—Critical Position of the Besiegers—Justification of their Temerity—Retrospect of both Positions.

September 20 (continued).—I do not know how it is, but the sight of a people "beaten, and bobbed, and thumped" in their own land, certainly has something very saddening in it to one who cannot keep the reason of it all constantly before his eyes, reflecting duly on the eternal attributes of justice and the fitness of things. To be obliged to direct my horse carefully through the turnip-fields outside Paris lest he should trample on a dead Frenchman causes me some natural *dégoût*. Why will not people stay at home, and not go out of their own country to kill each other? It is all along of that French mania for "*La Gloire*," and that passion for making exoteric "*promenades militaires*," that the sedate German is now taking calm cold comfort in tramping along, as we see him, on the road to Versailles, meditating on what the French did at Berlin long ago, and in

the Palatinate before that, and concocting noble vengeance for what the ancestors of his fallen foes did to his grandfather, if not to his grandmother. As the Crown Prince was passing through a village on our way to the Redoubt to look at the French field-batteries captured yesterday, we came on a body of prisoners in the angle of a street, and among them was a very handsome green omnibus, with the words "*Ambulance du feu Marquis de Hertford.*" It was filled with priests, nuns, Sisters of Charity, wearing the Geneva badge. I called out to some one in English, "There's an English ambulance!" and was pressing on, for the Prince and his Staff were going at a sharp canter, when an ecclesiastic ran to me with uplifted arms, and implored me, "if I was an Englishman," to intercede with the Crown Prince for the release of himself and his friends. They had come out of Paris to help the wounded French, relying on the protection of the Red Cross, but the Prussians would not allow them to pass back through their lines, and held them captive to help wounded Germans. I took his name and rode off after Walker, who was the proper person to interfere. As we rode along we zig-zagged all over the country; fields of many crops, market-gardens, and, with a wood, the forest of Meudon, or Velizy, screening Paris from us on our right, and on our left the road from Plessis-Piquet, by Villacoublay, to Versailles; villas burnt, gardens destroyed, the choice fruit—

pears, peaches, and grapes—encased in paper, still pendant on the walls. At a gap in the wood the Prince turned to the right. A grand château lay below us, and beyond, Paris shone in the declining sun, pure and radiant, a queen of cities. “Meudon!” exclaimed the Crown Prince. “How well I remember my last visit!” I wonder the forts below did not throw a shell or two at the group. They could scarcely have missed, for the gap in the trees made by a long avenue descending towards the château would have given a famous line of fire. Walker wondered too, and we sat on our horses expecting every second to see one of the black mouths in the ramparts of Issy spit out its fire and smoke. But they refrained. His Royal Highness took a long look, and as he put up his glass there was, if I mistake not, a gleam of softer feeling than the conqueror’s pride in his eye. The Prince’s escort made for the main road, and we followed. Here we found trees felled, trenches dug, the stones of the *chaussée* removed, mines laid, and crowds of French cantonniers, under the potent persuasion of Prussian bayonets, surlily engaged in repairing damages and undoing the work of their countrymen. There were infantry battalions all along the road. The Prince addressed a few words to each as they halted and faced about at the sight of the Royal escort. Well might they be proud, Prince and soldier. What an echo to the cry of “*à Berlin!*” there was, as the

woods gave back the hohs and cheers of those who were bound "*nach Paris*" at last! I am riding as if in a dream. There is a broad avenue before me lined by noble trees and shady walks, with stately mansions at each side. I read on walls of carved and sculptured stone here, "*Cavalerie de la Garde*," there "*Artillerie de la Garde*," and so on—the dwelling-places of the famous legions which believed they were the terror and masters of Europe—the lurking-places of the thunder and lightning of war. When last I rode down this avenue it was from a grand review at Satory; the air was filled with music and the tramp of man and horse; and from the end of the broad avenue welled out a bright flood of colour, as the Imperial Guard, Horse, Foot, and Artillery, passed on their way to the barracks, exulting in the praise they had received, some not the better for less ethereal stimulants, and when a Frenchman asked me (it was the year of the Exhibition), "Do you think there are—I will not say as good—better troops in the world?" and I replied, "They are not as steady as the Prussians, and the Artillery does not move as well as our own," he almost laughed in my face. "*Les Prussiens! Bah! Je me—&c., ces Prussiens.*" But I had seen them at Koniggrätz, and beheld them from Vienna inundating the Marchfeld. And now here was I riding through Versailles itself with a billet from the Mayor, requesting one "M. Carton, Avenue de Paris,

No. 29," to give me lodgings and food, whether he would or not, by virtue of the arms of these same Prussians, in the very last place in the world I ever expected to be in under such auspices. Versailles had come upon us very suddenly. There is a bend in the road from Sceaux and a dip in the ground, so that you do not get a view of the city till you come to the top of the descent, and then you see the railings with their gilded spikes barring the road at the Porte de Buc. The Racecourse is on the right, the Grand Stand still bright, and the grass still well kept, and above the lines of trees which mark the course of the grand avenues rise the gables and roofs of the temple erected by the Great Louis to "All the glories of France." The gates of the barrier were open, and an old Octroi stood by the portal, looking as if he ought to levy toll on us. Men and women in blouse and mob cap, and boys and girls and children sat by the roadside. Nothing but a fierce bombardment will ever drive the people from the streets if there is anything to see. Beyond the Porte there is a street of not very good houses crossed by a railway arch. This is the Rue des Chantiers. Shops on the street front mostly shut—doors open. The pathway lined by a French crowd—for a wonder silent. The archway is crenellated, and so are many of the walls, but not a shot was fired from Versailles. There are people in the windows too, and, looking up the street, one can distin-

guish British and American flags waving out of some of them. As the Crown Prince passed through the streets of Versailles, followed by his Staff, dusty and travel-stained, the people must have felt rather surprised that their gay troops should have been beaten by such sombre cavaliers. But little lace of gold or silver; but little glitter, save of button, spur, or scabbard to answer the sun's caress just from over the trees of the Orangerie—for the Prince and his following have on their flat caps, and there would be nothing to look at if it were not for our jocund Rittmeister of Uhlans, his cheery sub with a terrible name, and the Lancers they are leading, till we came to the end of the street as it debouches into the Avenue de Paris in front of the Prefecture. Here there was drawn up a battalion of infantry. At the other side of the broad road, by the gate of the Prefecture, there was a company with the colours and the band. The Gendarmerie and Jägers of the escort drew up at the other side of the entrance, and the Lancers formed a double line from the end of the Rue des Chantiers across the Avenue de Paris to the Prefecture,—a handsome brand-new stone building with a courtyard in front. There were about 700 or 800 French outside on both sides of the way. As the Prince crossed the Avenue he cast a look to his left. There was the Château of Versailles, the statue of Louis well in view, the dome surmounted by the red cross on white! Well he knew the spot!

There came a great cheer from the German infantry as they presented arms to their Chief, and then drums, trumpets, bugles, and all sorts of brazen instruments, burst into a strident strain of triumph, and the colour-bearers with the colours saluted as the Prince turned and rode down the front of the company. It was a study—a painful one—to look at the faces of the crowd. I avoided doing so as much as I could. When the Prince had finished his inspection of the guard for duty, he turned into the courtyard of the Prefecture and dismounted, and stood for a few moments receiving the congratulations of his Staff. Then he mounted the steps, and stood for a moment with folded arms as his Royal standard was raised from a window over the portal, bowed his head, and walked in. An eager group was formed round the Quartermaster, who was giving out the billets, altered in composition every moment as each comer was provided with his order. No. 29 was a fine house with shady trees in front. There was the usual *porte-cochère*—a court inside—a garden—a portly madame and a grocer husband came out to receive us and welcome us to our *pièce*, which was snug enough. There was stabling below for the horses, and accommodation for the couriers; so we thought ourselves lucky. But M. Carton, our landlord, opened on us a battery of griefs at once. He was ruined. He lived by letting his apartments, and his lodgers had fled. Then his wife came with

her story, and then several small Cartons appeared in distress, and a gloomy friend from a top storey, emerged to swell the chorus of tribulation, and so we agreed to pay a sum for our board and lodging, which we were not bound to do at all. There was a comely girl to wait at table, who was not in the least afflicted by the misfortunes of her country, hardened possibly by the practices of Mons. Carton's cook, who certainly was deserving of a *cordon*, if badness in her art could secure her the attentions of Mr. Calcraft, and so we began a residence in Versailles, which proved much longer than I anticipated, with light consciences.

September 21.—There is little rest for any one with an army in war time, no matter where he may be. This morning, about 2 o'clock, I was awakened out of my sleep by a cannonade, which reminded me of the best or the worst days of Sebastopol. At first I imagined the French had taken heart of grace and had burst out of Paris in one more desperate attempt to break the line of circumvallation now nearly established. I got up and went to the window. I looked up and down the tall avenue of trees, above which the stars were shining serenely, and then ascertained that it was the report of heavy guns from the forts vexing the Prussians and Bavarians, probably on the plateau above Clamart, which made such an infernal pother o'er our heads. A head here and there out of the windows on the right and left.

showed that the owners were on the *qui vive* ; but out of doors there was not a soul moving in the Avenue. And so I turned in again and went to sleep to the music of the great guns, which kept booming away incessantly. When I awoke in the morning I had some trouble to remember where I was. A snug room ; a comfortable bed with white canopy ; a red tiled floor, on which my tub, temptingly filled with clear fresh water, was prepared ; engravings on the walls ; chest of drawers, in which were articles of ladies' dress and little odds and ends left by the late occupants ; all my scanty kit unpacked ; boots and spurs, and clothes laid out and brushed ; writing materials on the table told me that I was installed in Versailles at last, and then appeared Harpes with my cup of coffee and a crisp French roll, and with the announcement that there would be butter for breakfast, but that provisions were already very scarce except at the hotels. "And are the hotels open?" "Oh, yes. There is the Hotel des Reservoirs, where most of the Princes are located ; there is the Grand and Petit Vatel ! and all the Restaurants ! The tariff has been already fixed for meals, and I think we shall be very comfortable." I dressed and went out into the Avenue, which so many of us knew in better days for France. It was a glorious morning, and I sauntered along in the shadow of the trees, reading the chalk inscriptions on the gates which proclaimed the strange change of ownership of

the houses. Colonel Walker was at No. 46, nearly opposite; Count Solms higher up on the right; Dr. Hassel, together with Lieutenant Brontsart, of the Staff, nearer to me, at the same side of the way as the Head-Quarters. The Post Office was already established in the street. At the end of the Avenue rises the Great Château, above the dome of which floated the white flag and red cross of Geneva. A few old men seated on the benches seemed to be cogitating as if they could not quite understand the events of the last few days. Where the owners of these fine houses were it would be hard to say; but in nearly every one was left a *concierge* or guardian. A man, not very old, a sort of major domo left in charge by his fugitive master, in the next house, remembered all about the time when the allies were last in possession of the City. As I walked along I recognised on the doors, in chalk, the names of nearly all the members of the Staff except those who were in the following of the Crown Prince, quartered at the Prefecture. Here there was a small group of French men and women looking through the railings at the sentries and the officers, who were stalking up and down smoking their cigars. Others stood with open mouths endeavouring to decipher the German characters inscribed on the walls. In the Place d'Armes at the end of the Avenue, in front of the Château, four batteries of artillery, unlimbered, were ready for service at a moment's

notice, the horses being turned into the barracks of the Imperial Guard. Through the open windows one heard only German in speech or song. I turned down by the Place Hoche, and went to the Hotel des Reservoirs in company with Mr. M——, who had called upon me. A long room, provided with many tables, was filled by a number of officers at breakfast, and bewildered French waiters trying to understand their orders, rushed backwards and forwards in great trepidation to the lady at the Comptoir, who, with spectacles on nose, had accepted the situation more readily than the waiters, although the tariff must not have been quite to her taste. We proceeded on to the Salle des Maréchaux. The Chateau is now a huge hospital. There are some French who were wounded in the action of the 19th in one of the rooms, but the great number of the occupants of the long halls, filled with pictures of the Marshals of France, were Prussians, or more properly speaking, Poles belonging to the 18th and 19th Regiments. One might have thought the place had been an hospital from its earliest days, except for those many square yards of canvas covered with heroes in boots and lace and feathers. It was very hot, the sun was blazing, the windows were all open, and the juxtaposition of the wounded men as they lay in their little iron beds underneath the pictures was very strange. Marshal Saxe was glowering at a Bavarian who sat up in bed looking through the only eye left to

him, in a piece of broken mirror, at his wounded face. Lannes, young and handsome, seemed to watch a wounded Pole, and Marshal Ney bestrode a case of typhus. Victory is the King of Necromancers. The gallery in which the Emperor had given a great ball on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to him was now filled with hospital beds and wounded men; and instead of feathers, and lappets and diamonds, the white coifs and black robes of the Sisters of Charity were seen moving up and down, and the beaux and gallants of the hour were doctors and hospital orderlies. We turned out into the gardens, which were almost deserted. Presently three Prussian officers appeared coming along by the terrace, one easily recognisable as the Crown Prince. He halted when he got to the top of the steps, and stood with folded arms for some moments as if in meditation, while Count Eulenberg and Major Mischkow remained apart. Then the Prince turned and walked slowly towards the Château, which he entered by the door under the gallery of Louis XI. The Prince, passing slowly along the galleries, went through the building from end to end, visiting the wounded in the wards, stopping by the beds, and saying pleasant words to the soldiers. Returning we entered the Chapel. The door was open. A notice in French called upon all Christians to pray for the wounded. Two Germans were on their knees before the altar, and my English friend and his little son knelt down

and prayed for those whom they had never seen, and for friends they hoped perhaps to see again. From the Chapel we went to the Gallery of French History, where we met the Prince, who was now attended by the Duke of Coburg and several of his Staff once more. His Royal Highness went in a leisurely way down the long lines of the pictures, halting especially over those of the battles of Rocroy and Namur. Leaving this we went on to the Theatre. As his Royal Highness stopped to speak to me in the corridor I asked his permission to introduce my English friend, and the Prince remained for some time in conversation with that gentleman. He was specially interested in hearing what had occurred in Paris since the proclamation of the Republic, and he asked many questions respecting the resistance of the city. Mr. M——, who was thoroughly French in his feelings, expressed his belief that the Parisians would fight desperately, and told the Prince that Paris was provisioned for two months with ample food for two millions of people. The Prince was followed by the chief custodian of the Château, a polished old gentleman, who treated him with marked respect, without servility. All the guardians who remain at their post are now decorated with the white band and red cross of the Order of Geneva. A walk through the city which I took afterwards was full of interest. M. Rameau, the Maire elected by the Republicans, seems to have been a very energetic man. He is

still in possession here, as far as the Prussians will let him. His proclamations are everywhere; and the dead walls, upon which the placards are posted, offer a most curious study. From under the despatches of Republic prefects peep out here and there "*décrets*" and "*arrêts*," and the words "Napoleon III."—"Dépêche télégraphique." "Le Ministre l'Interior du Seine-et-Oise;" and calls upon the mobiles, &c., and sédentaires, and conscripts; notices of the reviews of the National Guard, and lying bulletins, are all posted together. Not the least curious amongst these was a notice that workmen could find plenty of labour in the construction of works on the plateau of Clamart, at a place called "La Tour des Anglais." This was dated 11th August, and referred to the redoubt, which was quite unfinished on the 19th of September, when it was abandoned by the flying French to the Bavarians! On my way back to breakfast at my quarters I heard all kinds of stories from various Prussian officers, all of whom were in the best of spirits and delighted with their promised repose. The telegraph from Meux was cut last night—the Prussians have got Meudon—the mobiles who ran away on the 19th have been shot—there is no charcoal for cooking—bread has got scarce—milk is unknown. These are what, in Crimean days, used to be called "shaves;" why, I never could make out. Versailles, which is never exceedingly lively, is now stone dead. Even

the aspect of the dusty Uhlans galloping their foam-covered horses up the Avenue de Paris to the Prefecture, as if bearers of news of life and death, and the roar of three or four heavy guns, scarcely provoke the notice of the old creatures who sit out sunning themselves on the benches of the avenues. Madame Carton does not give us a very good breakfast. There is a cheerful, fat peasant girl of twenty who waits on us at table, and is dying for news. She is married, but she seems far more anxious about her brother than her husband. "What are they?" "Oh! they are soldiers. Most of the young men in Versailles go soldiering, for there is little else to do. My brother is in the 3rd Dragoons—a fine regiment—they wear green uniforms and helmets with a leopard skin in the front, and a great plume of horsehair, like the cuirassiers. He was in garrison here, but went away a long time ago—when they first began to talk of this war. I should like so much to hear from him or of him if you can tell me." Now, I knew that the 3rd Dragoons were part of Gondrecourt's brigade, which is shut up in Metz, and which suffered heavily in the previous actions; but there is no good in telling her that. "What about your husband?" "Oh! he was in the cavalry at first, and he went into the 4th Hussars, but did not like riding. He was too idle, and so he went into the infantry—the 16th of the Line, and I think they have gone into Paris." The 16th of the Line! I

had seen many a one of them dead on the heights two days ago. There is no use to tell her that either. M. Carton comes in to say that he really does not know what is going to take place, as the Prussians are eating up everything. "But," says he, "that is nothing; why, they are taking our horses," and then came a catalogue of griefs about "Mr. So and So's beautiful *jument*, the Marquis's pair, the carriages of Mons. This, the calèches of Madame That, all ordered off to the Mairie for the use of the Prussians!" However, he says he does not think it will last long, and his reason is "that the Prussians have been driven back all round Paris, and the French will very soon drive them out of Versailles." Then, again, the Prussians appear not to be so brave as might be expected. "They have not attacked the forts, and they have insisted on the surrender of all the arms in Versailles, and the poor National Guards have given up their firelocks, which the Prussians have burned, and the charred stocks and bent barrels are to be seen in the market-place." The Crown Prince is to go to Ferrières, some people say for a few days' shooting. *Apropos* of that, I hear that the pheasants in the parks about here have had a very rough time of it. Sending in squadrons of troopers and beaters, and stopping all the drives and coverts judiciously, the officers have managed to kill an immense quantity of game: another grief for the French, who are not allowed even to fish in the

ponds of the Château without special permission. I had the honour of receiving several visitors in the course of the day :—Mr. L——, an English banker, —a Catholic—who is, however, very much impressed by the excellent demeanour of the Prussians ; the Viscountess Visconti, an English lady, long resident in Versailles, one of whose sons is in the French, and another in the English Navy ; Mrs. Inglefield, wife of a Post-Captain in our service, who has been left with her family and her father, an old French nobleman, in the Avenue de St. Cloud, towards the end of that outlet from the city. Their great anxiety is to hear news, to get letters, and to have some communication with the outer world. As a general rule people who live in France contract strong sympathies for the people, but there are some very great exceptions, and, indeed, as a general remark, I think it may be said exiles dislike the people of the country in which they are forced to dwell. There were two or three families more closely connected with French people by marriage or long residence, who did not take quite so favourable a view of the conduct of the Germans. I dined at the Hotel des Reservoirs, which presented a most animated scene ; and were it not that the animation was too much connected with the struggle for existence in obtaining viands and drink, it would have been quite an agreeable diversity. At the long centre table sat the Dukes and Princes from the Second Staff, and some other of the

Staff officers, and it may easily be fancied that men who have had rough and irregular living for some weeks past are anxious to make up for lost time when they get a good *menu* and a long wine card to choose from. The clatter of plates, knives, and forks, was tremendous, and as for the potations, the landlady expressed to me her firm convictions, that no Frenchmen could be expected to fight "these Germans, who could drink a couple of bottles of champagne each without being in the least affected by it, not to speak of their beer and their red wine as well." That lady has risen to the occasion, and the landlord has been already menaced with fine and imprisonment for alleged attempts to exceed the tariff.

September 22.—We had a terribly calm night. It seems so unnatural that the Great City, with its teeming population, should be shut in as completely as if it were in a corked bottle, and make no sign. Not a shot from the forts, not a sound of war, except those in the streets of Versailles, where guns and troops are moving to their position, "closing rivets up" round Paris. Our rations were brought in this morning—very bony lumps of something red pronounced to be beef, a paper of cigars, some coffee and sugar, and a hunch of bread. The fat girl and her mistress had a brisk passage of arms before breakfast, which did not add to the comfort of our meal. As I had no horse I was obliged to confine my excursions

ro the town of Versailles and to walk towards Sèvres, and then on the road to St. Cloud. All the town gates are held by strong guards, and the sentries are most rigid in the examination of passes and papers. The Prussians seem to be clearing out the villages, and detachments of troops bringing in groups of men, women, and children as prisoners are constantly passing, followed by the "evil eye" of every citizen. There are more Frenchmen in the streets, and most of the shops in the business part of the city are open. But there are great complaints of the scarcity and dearness of food. In a short time Versailles will be quite eaten up. The French people here are in tolerably good spirits because they hear stories (quite fabulous) of the success of sorties outside, and I am told there was a tremendous fire opened upon the Bavarians or rather upon the 6th Army Corps, from 2 to 3 o'clock this morning, but I did not hear it. The process of Germanising Versailles is going on with marvellous rapidity. The Jew and the camp merchant have already set up their stores, and the *genus loci* is certainly Prussian. I went to the Hotel des Reservoirs, and paid some visits. In the building next to the hotel, and forming part of it, is a French ambulance bureau, under the charge of M. de la Roche, son of the great painter, and the ladies of the town are busily engaged in organising a system of hospital attendance. The Johanniters have arrived in great numbers, and Sisters of Charity

and the members of the Geneva Conventions have begun their operations, for which there is ample room. The Dutch Ambulance, which is installed in the Château, where the society was administering to some French soldiers, has had a difference with the Prussian authorities, because the chief, M. Vandervelde, did not feel inclined to put his officers under the control of the Prussian doctors and refused to move his patients to make way for wounded Germans. It must add to the misery of the wounded to be cleared out of their own buildings to make way for their conquering enemies. I wonder how long we shall be here? It is so odd to find myself within twelve hours of London, and yet to be five days off by post. All day the conversation of those I met turned on the prospect of peace. Some of my friends open their mouths very wide. France, they thought, must give up her fleet and half her colonies. Alsace and Lorraine, eighty millions of money for their expenses in the war, a year's free quarters in France, and a triumphal march of the German Army through Paris. One authority informed me that all this had been complied with, except the entry of the German Army into the capital, "and that," said he, "is a *sine qua non*." There is certainly no disposition to let the French off, and there will be less as the war goes on. I cannot agree with those who maintain that Paris must surrender immediately. I wrote to the *Times* to-day:—"The Prussians are not in Paris yet; and although there does not appear

to be any fair reason to doubt they can reduce Paris at last by close investment, and that the other towns must fall as soon as the seige trains come up, it must be admitted that the mere investment of Paris will not lead to a surrender for weeks to come if the city be supplied as it is said to be; and, with winter imminent, a tedious operation of that kind ought to be avoided if possible. As to bombardment, even if practicable at present, I doubt if many Prussians would not shrink from such a measure. I am sure their leaders would. If the necessities of war-making are tremendous, would a bombardment, however, ensure a surrender? A partial and feeble bombardment only exasperates, and at last almost creates contemptuous indifference amongst determined men. Paris is yet in a condition of perfect defence, and the mere destruction of buildings and loss of life, and dismay caused by vast conflagrations could not, as a matter of course, lead to the fall of the place. There are many long lines to guard, convoys to watch, and garrisons to maintain; in November the Vosges passes are often covered with snow; and should the Government of Paris meet with popular support, and resolve on resistance, there must be risks and anxieties which will cause the movers and leaders of the armies of Germany around Paris to turn their minds and thoughts to the rear." In the afternoon much excitement was caused at the outposts by the appearance of the great Captive Balloon, which rose above Paris laden

with officers, who could be seen, I am told, reconnoitring the Prussian lines. What a use of the aerial machine in which so many of us mounted during the Jubilee of all Nations at the Paris Exposition! A friend of M. Carton reported confidentially to the household that the Prussians had got an awful mauling outside Valérien, and that 10,000 at the least—he inclined to believe 20,000 men—had been put *hors de combat*. “Where are the wounded?” asked I. “Ah! Monsieur will conceive that these Germans are so *rusés* they would not let the wounded be brought in here, as it would expose the situation!” These people believe anything except their defeats. The Crown Prince is away at Ferrières, where his Majesty is quartered with M. Bismarck by his side. He went off with a small escort of cavalry by the road to Villeneuve, and the French got up the report that a disaster had occurred, and that the Crown Prince had quietly cleared out of Versailles.

September 23.—There is not a horse to be bought, because the authorities seize on every quadruped for the use of the Army. And here am I dismounted and almost a cripple at the most interesting moment of the investment! No news of the horse left with the veterinary at Rethel. If the Germans were to turn out of Versailles, I should be in a sorry plight indeed. The French believe that the *Times* is “a Prussian organ bought by Bismarck,” and I am told that I am specially detested, although I defy any

scrutiny to detect in what I have written a word which could be reasonably objected to by any Frenchman who considers what my position is. I am engaged to tell the truth as far as I know it from the German Army, and to describe events as they appear to me, and to procure news for the journal I represent. At Head-Quarters, where I went to ask for a pass for the outposts, which no one in or out of uniform can visit without a special order, I was told that the Sixth Army Corps had attacked and taken a strong position before Villejuif to-day, but had met a stout resistance, and were under a heavy fire from the forts. I could not get the pass, as General von Blumenthal and Colonel von Gottberg were away with the Crown Prince. I met General von Bothmer, the Bavarian Military Commissioner, who gave me a version of Von der Tann's proceedings at Bazeilles to correct the view taken in the *Times*. I had intimated my opinion from what I had seen, that the attack had been precipitate and rash; but it seems that the orders from the Ober-Commando of the Third Army were read at the Bavarian Head-Quarters as positive instructions to make the attack at the time Von der Tann might consider opportune. General Bothmer said that the French officers were of opinion the Bavarian attack had exercised a most important influence on the fortunes of the day, as it had prevented the French Generals carrying out their plan of battle. After

breakfast I set out, according to agreement yesterday, with my excellent colleague, Dr. Hassel, of the "Staats Anzeiger," who has got a little trap—a pony chaise with a hood, and a small horse to match, driven by a Polish gendarme. I do not know whether some Frenchman, seeing horse and carriage, might not under the circumstances shout out "Aux voleurs!" but I opine and trust the doctor bought them all. He was anxious to see the captured redoubt at Plessis Picquet, and I knew the ground and the way. We took Mr. Landells with us, so that the pony had a bad time of it, for the road from the Porte de Buc is all cut up, though the French cantonniers are busy at work on it under German surveillance. They are replacing the stones of the Chaussée, and filling in the cuts and mines.. But the splendid trees! It will be many a long year before the shadow of such as those which lie prostrate along the road afford grateful shade to the traveller. Once out of Versailles it needed reflection to make one convinced that he was at the scene of one of the greatest military operations the world has ever seen. The road passes through or by forest glades and expanses of cultivated fields, and for a long way ahead no one was in sight—till we came to Villacoublay, a few cottages and a mill and farm by the roadside.

Beyond Villacoublay the road gave evidence that the fighting ground of September 19 was not far

distant. We could absolutely sniff the dead who lay on both sides of us under the sod. The carcases of horses dotted the fields, with their legs stuck up in the air above the crops, which there was no one now to gather. The Crown Prince's escort of the 2nd Lancers, who were disconsolately eating walnuts as they stood by their horses, had been waiting here for four hours for his return from Ferrières, and they told us a good deal of firing had been going on in the direction which we were taking. Petit Bicêtre is about four and three-quarter miles from Versailles; but the roads were so abominably cut up, and felled trees so obstructed them, that it was more than an hour and a half before we got there. Ten minutes beyond Bicêtre we came upon a regiment of Bavarian Cavalry on the alert, with a battery horsed and ready for action in rear of them; and then when we would have proceeded further there were two sentries on the road, who pointed to the orders on a board nailed against a tree, that neither man nor vehicle should pass, and indicated that we must take a road to our right. The reason was that the ground in advance of the sentries' post sloped a little, so as to bring the road in view of the French fortresses. The trap followed the well-worn track of many gun-carriages, and ascended out of the ravine in which the lane ran, and we soon came out upon the plateau of La Tour des Anglais, on which stands the captured redoubt. Keeping well out of view

was a post of Cavalry, the officers of which showed us the way to the redoubt. I was walking along when my friend suddenly exclaimed, "Stop! he is going to fire!" Looking in the direction of his hand I saw a Bavarian with his levelled rifle, who had, it appears, called me to halt, but I had not heard him. I pulled up sharply, and an officer came out of the trench and commanded us to come to the presence of his General. General Schleich was stern at first, and with some reason. "Do you know," he said, "gentlemen," as soon as he was satisfied by our passes that we were not spies, "that another few yards or so you would have been in plain view of the French, who would have immediately opened fire, and if they had missed you, their shell would probably kill some of my men beyond there? How would you like to be the cause of their death?" After a time, however, the General was persuaded that it was, at all events, part of our business to see what was going on, and so with many injunctions he gave us permission to go in single file as quickly as we could across the exposed space to a little summer-house surrounded by trees at the edge of the plateau, from which a fine view of Paris could be obtained. One after the other we passed across the open, led by the General's *aide-de-camp*, a very pleasant gentleman, to the garden, whence we could see, with wonderful clearness, Paris down below us in all its marvellous beauty. I was looking at Montrouge through my glass, and there,

in the very same embrasure from which the gun had been fired at the Crown Prince, was visible a little group of artillerymen. I was watching them curiously when Bang! went a gun from it, and then that curious incident which occurs when a shell is fired directly at you was noticeable. The projectile travels more rapidly than the sound, so that you hear the noise of the explosion of the shell first, and immediately afterwards the report of the cannon. The fragments whistled through the trees around us; and we retreated in a gingerly manner to the *Gazebo*. Here appeared Dr. Hassel after a time, guided by Captain Brix Förster. We mounted the tower, which consists of several storeys with glass windows. Each one revealed a larger and more beautiful view of Paris! Once more I looked at the fort. There stood the perpetual officer with his glass to his eye in the embrasure, looking straight up to the tower. The soldiers at work in the trenches below rested on their spades and looked too. My companions had already gone down. I followed them, and when I got outside, "I saw a fellow laying a gun just now right for the tower," said I. Scarcely had I uttered the words when a shell burst close to us and its fragments went humming around us. "The French are waking up," said the Bavarian officer; "they have had their dinner, and are in good spirits." "Hang their waking, if this be the sign of it!" This time came a round shot, making an awful row, sheer through the trees

over us. "We must retire," said the Bavarian: "one after another, gentlemen, if you please, 100 yards apart." Neither the tower nor the trees were any protection, but still leaving cover somehow or another is a little ticklish; and I have heard a very brave fellow say that he would sooner fight his guns, for the sake of the men and himself, behind a sheet of brown paper than nothing at all. As I was making my way with as much dignity as I could over the open towards the cover of the redoubt, another shell, which appeared to my not untutored ear to be coming down right on my head, whizzing and fizzing along, went on its way rejoicing after the honour of a low bow from me, and burst among the vines on the slope of the hill. We got back safely to the General, who was inside the redoubt, rather uneasy at the fire which the forts were opening. General Schleich says that the French are beginning to pluck up their spirits. The inaction of the Germans has given them time to think; and they commence to work their guns with energy. Several losses have already occurred in the redoubt, which is now in a strong condition of defence. At 6 o'clock we were back in Versailles, feasting in the Hotel des Reservoirs. I was much struck by the contrast between that lonely redoubt and the deserted fields and the glitter of the gaudy saloon filled with men who seemed quite unconscious of danger. And yet to my mind they and we were on a mine with the match already lighted. Could anything be more

precarious than their position? I had kept my eyes well about me from Versailles to Clamart, and was quite satisfied that there was no force on the ground capable of resisting a really vigorous sortie of 30,000 men and adequate artillery, issuing from Paris on the south between Issy and Montrouge, and covered by the guns of the forts. The villages on the left bank of the Seine were all occupied, it is true. Sevres and Meudon, Clamart, &c., were held pretty strongly, but the actual line of investment was so thin that a determined rush would break through it at any point. And what did such a juncture mean? The death of siege itself. If the French once got up and established themselves on the plateau between Villeneuve and Versailles, the Crown Prince's communications being cut, it would have been necessary for the German Army to have retired to seek new lines, and to concentrate their forces to meet the necessary consequences of a most dangerous position in which the rashness of their operations against Paris would have been very fully demonstrated. Rash! most rash! To enclose a city which contains, we hear, 500,000 soldiery of sorts who are any way safe from attack and are hemmed in by a wall which secures them against disturbance by a tape-like band of 200,000 and odd men, thinned away over 48 kilometres of distance, and so disposed that any serious break of their continuity south or east may entail ruin on the whole investing force, is rash—most rash. The only possible

justification for such temerity is, and must be, based on the complete prostration of the French Army and nation—or the most utter contempt for the population of Paris. The Germans have in all this war hitherto been very mindful of the essentials to secure success in their work. They have always made sure of the result of conflict by getting three stout, well-drilled, obedient, orderly men to attack one or two ill-conditioned, ill-prepared, and disobedient men, therein exemplifying the highest military wisdom in securing the best of all possible results—the utter defeat and demoralisation of the enemy. The only possible disadvantage from the attainment of this numerical superiority has been in giving the French an excuse. “You are always two or three to one,” they say; “Fight us on equal terms.” *Pas si bête!* And man to man, be it said, the German is a bigger, stouter, and, I expect, stronger animal than the Gaul. Now, however, Von Moltke is surely reversing his processes, and attacking three with one, relying apparently on such a deterioration in the three that they shall be only equal to the third of his one man. What events are occurring round us! The entry of the Italian troops into Rome has scarcely caused a remark here except among the Germans. Every day a new success! Melun occupied the day before yesterday, and of course Fontainebleau, which can make no defence! Toul is a thorn in the German side, but its surrender is imminent—Strasbourg burning—and

France torn by evil political passions—Marseilles in revolt against the self-constituted Government of National Defence—the democrats—“men of the pavement” as Count Bismarck calls them, raving in words and impotent in action—what a picture! There is some slight apprehension and greater irritation lest there should be any attempt to interfere on the part of the European Powers.

CHAPTER X.

Distribution of the Iron Cross—Visit to St. Cloud—Municipal Election in Versailles—A Visitor from Paris—Captain Johnson's Adventures—The Sortie of September 30th—Entrenchments round Paris—Breech-loaders *versus* Muzzle-loaders—Daily Life at Versailles—The Countess Della—Capture of the Duke of Coburg—Startling Disclosures—Arrival of the King.

September 23 (continued).—I made the acquaintance of Mr. Furley, who has been doing yeoman's service in company with another member of the St. Martin's-lane Society in relieving the sick and wounded. He could give me no news of poor Pemberton's resting-place, which rather disappointed me, for I had heard by telegram that Mr. Furley had sent Pemberton's effects to Arlon. Mr. Furley is a most active, energetic, quiet person, and there is only too much room for the exercise of all his good qualities here, for Versailles is filled with sick and wounded, and with objects of charity arising out of the terrible pressure of this war. Everywhere wounds, misery, disease! The Château has 500 in its galleries; the Lycée is crammed with 700 sick and wounded French. In the *Reservoirs* this afternoon, I was struck with the apparition amidst all the armed and uniformed men

at table of a woman's face, under the coif, or whatever it may be called, of a religious order. It was a sweet face, full of tenderness and firmness, lighted by serene calm eyes, but somewhat worn, as if by watching and fasting. The "Mother Marie Josephine of the Servants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," of Hammersmith, has arrived here on a holy errand indeed, and has travelled right through the lines of the belligerents, permitted to pass by the French and Franc-tireurs, and received by the Prussians. She had with her a Sister of more heroic type, a Bavarian, who puts me rather in mind of Corporal Trim's Beguine. I hear sad stories of the distress in private families here. And the price of provisions is enormous. Butter 7s. a pound, common sugar is 2s. a pound, very common 1s. 8d., and so on. How are the people to live? As a solace the Prussian authorities announce that private soldiers quartered in the houses have right to food for 24 hours only, but that officers must be maintained for five days.

September 24.—I went all over the place looking for a horse in vain. Visited, and heard stories from both sides. A neutral tint never does in war-time. The Prussians are becoming much irritated at the apparent resolve of the Parisians to force them to a regular siege of the place, and the French are maddened by the demands, attributed to Count Bismarck, at Ferrières, as the price of peace. They are recovering from the stupor of defeat, and reports come from all sides

of arraying of levies and organizations of guerilla bands. "Gentlemen," said a dear old moustache to-day, dusting the snuff from his shirt-frill with one hand, and lifting his cane menacingly with the other, "these Germans are cowards! I don't speak of Jena, when they ran like rabbits, true rabbits, I assure you. But of this war? Bah! they were always three to one, and they hid in woods, and surprised our foolish, ignorant, young generals—and these African incapables. Well, they come before Paris. They halt at once. They don't venture to assault it. Why do they not attack the *enceinte*? Because they are afraid. Messieurs, croyez-moi! Ces Prussiens sont des laches!" And his auditors were applauding him when suddenly appeared two Prussian gendarmes from behind a statue in the garden, and in a moment the orator was left alone, flourishing his cane valiantly at the enemy.

September 25.—Last night when we left the hotel, and were on our way home, there came a tremendous outburst of cannon and musketry which startled the Princes and the guests at the *Reservoirs*, and summoned them to the windows. It was a lovely night, the sky blazing with stars; but otherwise the city was as dark as a house of mourning. For more than half an hour the uproar was tremendous, and at one time it sounded as if the French were coming up right to the town. Curious to see the German Princes at the windows of their quarters, smoking their

cigars, calling to each other laughingly, and speculating on the cause of all the row. Close at hand, the great bulk of the Château lighted up by the candles of the hospital nurses, and now and then a long corridor marked by the lamps of a file of Sisters of Charity, or by some procession of *krankenträger*s bearing one of the late inmates to his last home.

September 26.—At 10 o'clock this morning my friends went off to the front of the Château, where there was a ceremonial of the utmost simplicity, but striking indeed from the circumstance of the scene. The Crown Prince was about to distribute the Iron Cross. Few persons have crossed the Channel and visited Paris who have not gone to Versailles, and seen the great temple erected to all the Glories of France. The wide semi-circular space lined by statues, where Duguesclin, Turenne, Bayard, Condé, Massena, Lannes, Mortier, and other heroes of Royal and Republican France keep watch and ward over the approaches, was nearly filled by officers, penned in by lines of troops. Above them all towered the statue of Louis the Great. Inscriptions announced where France was celebrating her triumphs over Spain, where France triumphed over the Germans, or Peace and Abundance were secured by the Grand Monarque. The Prince, who was attired in undress uniform, his frock decorated by two stars, wearing his flat cap and long boots, followed by his Staff, arrived at 10 o'clock, and walking straight to the statue of

the French King, took up his position on the upper step above which towers the equestrian effigy. Curiously enough, as he stood, there appeared on the angle just over his head the inscription "*A toutes les Gloires de la France,*" on one of the flanks over the portico. On his right stood Generals Blumenthal, Tumpling, Kirchbach, Voigts-Retz, and Staff, and on the step below were the Dukes of Coburg and Augustenburg, the Princes of Wurtemberg and Mecklenburg, the Prince of Hohenzollern, &c., &c. On his left a dragoon officer held a large salver, encircled with laurels, on which was placed a heap of iron crosses. A regiment of dismounted dragoons formed one side of the square in front of the statue, which was faced by two regiments in masses of grand divisions and a double line of troops, formed an avenue through which those who were called to receive the crosses advanced towards the Prince. When all was ready, drums and trumpets proclaimed the ceremony, and then one after the other some twenty-five or thirty officers were summoned, to each of whom the Prince said something in his pleasant princely way, presented them with the crosses, often shaking hands as he did so, and when in some half an hour or so all was over, the Prince drew his sword, raised it in the air, and in a loud clear voice called for three cheers for the King. The effect produced by the figure of the man as he stood, and by the action which accompanied it can never be forgotten. And such cheers as they were ! I am

told, indeed, that the poor wounded fellows in the gilded picture galleries close at hand roused up and joined in it. Then a General called for three cheers for the Crown Prince ; drums, trumpets, and voices filled the air ; the Prince descended the steps, and the ceremony was over. We hear, with great alarm, that the King is coming here, because it will probably be fraught with woe to many who are now in pleasant quarters. The Crown Prince will have to go very probably from the Hotel of the Prefect. He is going over this afternoon to St. Germain, to see if quarters can be found there to accommodate His Majesty.

September 27.—To-day I was enabled to make a very interesting excursion to Saint Cloud by Ville d'Avray, and along the road so familiar to pleasure-seeking Parisians, which is closely bordered by *maisons de plaisance* and small country houses. These are now all occupied as barracks by the Prussians, who hold the line of the roads very strongly. Issuing by the gate of St. Cloud from Versailles, I noticed where the British Jack waved somewhat disconsolately in front of a large house standing within a garden, and that another hung from the window of a house in the Avenue of St. Cloud, a little higher up ; but whether they answered their purpose of scaring off the all-pervading German or not, I cannot assert. There were suspicious appearances of helmets and accoutrements close at hand,

which made me doubt it. I believe the first house is occupied by Lady Warrender. At Ville d'Avray we found a post of the 58th Regiment, under the command of Captain Von Werneke, who was so much distinguished at the battle of Woerth, when with his company he met and checked a charge of heavy horse, and eventually routed them with enormous loss. At St. Cloud proper there was but small trace of hostile occupation, because, indeed, the slope down towards the river is considerably exposed to the fire of the works of the *enceinte*, and the houses at the other side of the broken bridge over the Seine are filled with riflemen. The Château is strongly occupied. How beautiful the woods looked as we went through the rich grass, keeping well in the shade! Along the avenues came booming shot and shell with most irregular and provoking fitfulness. Captain Von Werneke had given us passes through his posts in the park. There were strong patrols hidden among the trees, and at all the angles of the roads through the wood were posts of dragoons connecting the infantry pickets. A sharp rattle of rifles indicated where the outposts were popping at each other across the river. We were making for the tower which is called the Lantern of Diogenes when the sentries halted us, and declared that the strictest orders had been issued to let no one proceed beyond the spot where we stood. It appears that some officers had been looking out from the tower, and had attracted

the attention of the French gunners, and a fire had opened which had obliged them to retire the pickets and to abandon the tower. They directed us towards the Château. Here, screened by the building, was a post of cavalry and infantry bivouacked in the gardens, by the basin and fountains. We entered the Château. The hall was untouched; pictures familiar to those who had seen St. Cloud in happier days were upon the walls, and the two great vases which formed so prominent an object on entering were still intact. A velocipede packed up in matting and a few chairs, as if the van had driven off without them, were at the foot of the stairs. It was scarcely possible to bring one all of a sudden to a full comprehension of what was around us. The Empress's room, the library, and the furniture, were just as though they had been left an hour ago. The officer in command came to say that it was quite impossible to permit us, notwithstanding Von Werneke's passes, to look out of the windows. All the blinds were down and the shutters closed, but still the French had been shelling the place a good deal, and as we stood we could hear the rifle balls tingling through the trees, from which fell horse-chestnuts and branches, cut off in their flight. But from the end of the avenue I could get a good glimpse of Paris. Bilancourt was near to us, and I could read the names upon the houses and the manufactures, and see the outworks, on which there were thousands of men busily en-

gaged. The Avenue de la Reine has all its trees prostrate. The Bois de Boulogne is much cleared, and all along the line of the *enceinte* are swarms of men working busily. But for the confounded rattle of rifles a more peaceful scene could not well be witnessed. The little garden of the Prince Imperial, with its miniature bridge and viaduct, its models and gymnasium, brought us up to a melancholy musing. At one place a sort of beaten promenade was pointed out as a favourite walk of the Emperor. Returned to Versailles in the evening. Crowds reading the notice on the walls, from the Commandant of the city—reading with sad, bitter jeering on their faces and lips. General Voïgts-Retz informs the citizens that communication between Versailles and the surrounding communes is quite free, Paris and its banlieu being severely closed; so General Voïgts-Retz invites the inhabitants of the communes to go about their affairs without the smallest fear, and to busy themselves particularly with the provisioning of Versailles, assuring those who bring in food that they, as well as their horses and carriages, shall receive every assurance and safety. The commentaries upon this were anything but agreeable. “Voleurs!” is the word most generally applied to General Voïgts-Retz’s assurances.

September 27 (continued).—“The better day the better deed.” Well, any way, this blessed Sunday was devoted in Versailles to the election of a *Maire*

and Conseil Municipal, and under the indignant and ignorant noses of the Prussians the Versaillesis elected the most advanced Republicans and Radicals—*les deux se disent*—who are to a man supporters of the Government of National Defence in Paris. Now, this is a strange thing in history. Here is a town in the hands of an enemy which is permitted to support, as far as it can, the Government with which the conquerors of the country *pro tanto* are at war. I consider this a remarkable instance of toleration. I had a long conversation with a French gentleman to-day, who told me that “the wrath to come,” when the Prussians are gone, had such terrors for the respectable classes, that they were actually afraid of the enemy going, because then the thing they most dreaded—the proclamation of a Red Republic by all the rogues, villains, and dreamers—the poets and the *polloi* of rascality—would be sure to take place in Paris. There is a *contre-coup* to the holding of the elections which shows the Prussians keep their eyes open. The *Union Libérale* of Versailles states that the Prussian authorities have ordered the local press (2) “de ne plus s’occuper de la politique,” and therefore appears with only half a sheet—a very small printed one—the rest blank.

September 28.—I was sitting at breakfast this morning when there came rushing into my room my landlord in a very excited state:—“Oh!” said he, “here is the Crown Prince coming to visit monsieur.

He is already at the door. Would monsieur have any objections to my standing on the stairs so as to have a good look at him?" Although I did not at all suppose the landlord was right, I hastened down, and on my way encountered Seckendorff, followed by a tall man whom I did not at first recognize, for he wore a uniform cap with a red band, exceedingly like that of the Prussians, a uniform coat, a badge and riband which, at first sight, resembled the order "*Pour le mérite*," on his breast. I was not long in doubt, however, as to the identity of the stalwart and friendly personage who had come to see me. It was Captain Cecil Johnson, Queen's Messenger. I can scarcely say in what quarter of the world I have not seen that martial countenance; and it was not at all surprising that the French landlord should have taken my friend for the Crown Prince, because, over and above the resemblance of his uniform to that of the Germans, he was accompanied by one of the aides-de-camp of His Royal Highness, and was driving two of the very handsomest horses that I had seen for many a long day. Black as jet, with flowing manes and tails, and arched crests, coats glistening like armour, and white foam from their nostrils delicately flecking it like ivory inlayings of Parma proof, they stood perfect pictures in the courtyard, harnessed delicately to a mail phaeton with armorial bearings well known in the best quarters of Paris and elsewhere. My brilliant friend had just

come out of Paris—that is, he left the British Embassy with despatches yesterday, and boldly hoisted a flag of truce, or a white signal, or whatever else you like to term it; but it did not produce peace. First of all there was the Paris mob, who did not understand the Foreign Office costume and badge and lordly bearing of him who wore it. Struck by his style, they denounced him as an “*aristo*,” and again and again he ran the gauntlet of the excited streets. At the outlet of Vanves the Colonel in command allowed him to pass, but his soldiers were not equally agreeable, and it was with difficulty he got out of their clutches towards neutral ground. A French naval officer accompanied him for a certain distance, and then left him to his devices, which were simply to drive boldly along with his white flag aloft. At last a Bavarian sentry halted him, and sent for his officer, and after some delay our friend was allowed to proceed in a sort of custody, in charge of a guard, to Chatillon, where he was left for the night. This morning he drove on to Versailles in a sort of friendly custody under charge of an officer, and was conducted to the Headquarters, where he saw General Blumenthal. And the General was stiff. He knew Captain Johnson but still it was impossible, he said, to allow Queen’s Messengers to pass in and out of Paris at such a time. Whatever consideration might be allowed to Captain Johnson, quite surely never should any of

his comrades be allowed in or out through Prussian lines again. Meantime he must remain till a despatch had been sent to the King's Military Cabinet at Ferrières, and His Majesty had decided whether he was to be allowed to go on or not. I rather think there was some anxiety about the identity of the gallant gentleman till he saw General Blumenthal. Seckendorff could not quite make out how the horses and carriage were so magnificent. To me is intrusted the custody of these splendid creatures, which were a present from one Emperor to another, and by the latter presented, I think, to a princely Ambassador now in refuge in Tours. The carriage, and, if I mistake not, the mane of one of the horses, had attached to it a large card with a royal crown, and the words "The property of the Queen of England," upon them, which by a fiction they were, for they had been intrusted to the charge of the British Embassy. Captain Johnson had come over with Count Seckendorff to my quarters, bringing a few newspapers for my private use. Many questions have been put to him about Paris, but he either baffled them or replied in such a way as befitted one who was in the service of a neutral sovereign. How eagerly I read these papers, which came like voices from the tomb, may well be fancied. I sat for a long time perusing them, and was struck by the evidence of something like sheer mental aberration on the part of the writers. Johnson let me under-

stand that all Paris was up in arms, that the people seemed to be confident of success ; although distracted amongst themselves and torn by factions, still they went on drilling, and drinking, and marching, and cheering, and in a certain sort of way preparing for a heroic defence.

September 29.—The small, thin priest who comes at 8 every morning to educate the youthful son of the house, as all the schools are shut, seems very brisk as he comes down the avenue, and exchanges smiles with the old men and women who are sunning themselves. He has brought news. It leaks out in the house. There is soon to be a sortie from Paris. Already the hateful Bavarians have had a very bad time of it near Bagneux. “Ah ! soon you shall see the képi again in the streets, and hear French in all our quarters.” Every morning there is a movement in our avenue—Infantry and Artillery march in or out for about an hour, some 5,000 or 6,000, or three or four batteries. They belong, of course, to a corps which is outside Versailles, and the French have got it into their heads that the Prussians are using the artifices of needy managers who send on their supers in stage processions in and out of the wings, and so give a false appearance of a great multitude. They laugh consumedly. “Bah ! how clever they are, these Prussians ! Don’t we see the same faces every day ? I’ve noted that lot twice this week already. That trick won’t serve them when the

Army of the Loire comes! We shall see." The French and their friends are quite sure that the Loire Army must raise the siege. I cannot see it. How are these raw levies to beat troops which have proved better than the best of the French Army? Because, reply the believers, the old Army was commanded by Imperialist officers, and the men were spoiled and disorderly. See what Republicans will do! In the evening Captain Johnson got permission to continue his journey as an exceptional measure, but only upon the condition that he should return through the Prussian occupied territory by Meaux, and so on to the Belgian frontier, as the authorities positively refused to allow him to carry or to send with him any flag of truce, on the ground that the use of it would recognize the Franc-tireurs as soldiers. We dined together, and I saw him off with some inward tribulation, for it so happens that the Foreign Office badge and cap resemble exceedingly a Prussian order and head-dress, and the Franc-tireurs could not resist a pot at him if they saw him.

September 30.—They really are determined to make a fight of it. It was almost cruel to have no horse this morning, when evidently there was a very brisk action going on not many miles from our gates. By 9 o'clock, however, the firing had ceased. I got out upon the road by the Porte de Buc, and there I learned that two sorties had been directed against Villecoubley with a certain success, for the Prussians

admit considerable loss, and have, I gather from unwilling admissions, retreated somewhat from one of their advanced positions. The Crown Prince went off early to Ferrières to spend the day with his father, and take part in the rejoicings on the occasion of the anniversary of Queen Augusta's birthday. The escort came under fire on the road to Villeneuve St. Georges, and were obliged to make a detour to cross the Seine. It was a very brisk sortie from Paris. Scarcely one of the Princes or Staff left Versailles or stirred out of their quarters to see what was taking place, although they had horses to any number. I was unable to borrow a quadruped of any kind. The great characters now at the Reservoirs—frequent visitors, at all events—are two Englishmen, one of them a Johanniter and journalist—the other, his companion, disdains the Red Cross, but not the pen. They ride very good horses, fare sumptuously, and are flowing fountains of information, to which all comers repair with the certainty of their thirst being slaked.

October 1.—I have seen an abstract of the force with which the Germans are investing Paris. It is less than 123,000 infantry and 20,000 horse. Popoi! They have to set to work entrenching with increased vigour, and have fortified every village, made use of enclosures, houses, demesne walls, and villages in a very skilful way, so as to make small sorties abortive, and large sorties lead to general engagements. But

this Army of the Loire! It is a reality! Versailles listens with all its ears for the first sound of the guns which are to force the Prussians to raise the siege. The Wurtemburghers, under Obernitz, are in the peninsula between the Marne and Seine on the left of the Crown Prince of Saxony's forces, and their left touches the right of the 6th corps of Von Tumpling, who completes the circuit by his junction with the Bavarians at Clamart, who join our 5th Corps outside Versailles. I managed to get out as far as St. Germain to-day; was stopped five times by posts on the road to examine papers. No damage has been done to the town, and there are many of the inhabitants left in the houses. The view from the Terrace is one of the finest in the world, and hundreds of Prussians were promenading upon it, looking down on the Seine, and over at Valerien, outside which the French are busy at new works. I could see people on the top of the Arch of Triumph through my glass very plainly. Went to the Pavilion de Henri Quatre, where M. Barbotte still finds many customers, though not quite of the sort he had before the siege. The bills of fare are the same, and *poulardes*, *goujons*, and *ecrevisses* still figure thereon at enormous prices. It is very curious to watch the French on the Terrace; they shun the Prussians, and keep in small groups, whispering to each other—very sad to see the old gentlemen—evidently men who have served, some decorated—creeping along under the shade of

the trees, and turning aside to make way for the conquerors, who stride along laughing and talking loudly in high spirits. There is a vulture in the garden at Barbotte's, which was left there, it is said, by Alexandre Dumas. The waiter assured me it detested the Prussians; but it seemed not at all ill-disposed to receive the bones they threw at it.

October 2.—I went off "to church" this morning. Divine service was performed in a clear open space in the grounds of the Château surrounded by noble trees. The Crown Prince and all his Staff, as well as a crowd of officers, attended, and groups of the French inhabitants formed outside the circle of soldiers, within which stood the officiating clergymen in black robes and white bands. The service was short; a long prayer; a psalm in which the congregation joined, and a brief sermon, in which the *Prediger* alluded to the manifest favour of Heaven to the German arms. As I was returning to my quarters I met a procession of ambulances and country carts laden with French and Prussian wounded in the affairs of September 30 and yesterday. The Staff officers tell me that the sortie against the Bavarians and the 6th Corps was very serious. Vinoy appears to have directed it, and Guilhem, who was killed, led his brigade right into Chevilly; whilst Blaise's brigade occupied Thiais. The superiority of the Prussian breech-loaders over the French muzzle-loaders is terribly manifest in every action. I am

not at all easy at hearing our authorities have adopted the French system, *mutato nomine*, and given up breech-loading. I have written strongly to the *Times* on the subject. Adye is a very able man, and I wish he had been out at Sedan, to have compared the two systems before he carried his point. The change is rather sudden. When I left England the Duke of Cambridge was strongly in favour of breech-loaders ; but it must be admitted that our guns are not of the best construction. Little I thought that I should ever be engaged in any fashion against Vinoy—the gallant ally who led his brigade to Colin Campbell's assistance during the snowstorm reconnaissance in the valley of Balaclava. Often and often Sir Colin spoke of him to me in India. It was the knowledge that Vinoy had been summoned to his aid without his knowledge by A—— S—— which led him to quarrel with the latter. He became aware of it by accident years after, when Vinoy and he were together at Vichy, and he grew white with rage when he alluded to the circumstance. The greatest treat we in Versailles can get now is a file of Paris papers. They come into Head-Quarters pretty regularly, being well paid for by the Prussians, who leave money in holes in the ground at night, and find the papers in the place in the morning. The ignorance of writers respecting the outer world is not very extraordinary. Paris is sealed up in a bottle. Balloons get out, but cannot get in, and the Prussians have fished up the river bed tele-

graph wires. The Press of Paris was not very well informed before the war, and the despatches published by the authorities are not trustworthy. I see that they describe the results of the sorties as satisfactory, although the French columns were finally repulsed with loss at the close of the day from every point.

October 3.—"Paris reduced to that! Oh, good God! have pity on us." It was a touching exclamation. It burst from the lips of a French lady who stood on the outskirts of a little crowd in the Avenue outside my quarters. They were gazing upwards at a huge balloon which was slowly sailing southwards from Paris over Versailles. The lady, who was in deep mourning, was sobbing as if her heart would break. Although the balloon was out of rifle-shot, the men in it could be seen through the glass, and the Prussians watched them eagerly till the aerial machine vanished behind the trees. I watched with much interest the progress of a General and two aides-de-camp up and down the Avenue de Paris this afternoon. The General was taking note of the names chalked on the doors. He was a new man, and I guessed he belonged to the Grosses-Haupt-Quartier, and that he was searching for quarters. Nor was I wrong. One of the aides halted at our door, and read with much gravity the words which announced that "Three English Editors—Head-Quarters, 3rd Army"—were quartered inside.

Up he walked and rang our bell ; and Stanislas, who is in chronic fear of arrest for desertion, ran away, and the door was opened by Harpes, to whom the officer said, " We want quarters ; I must see what you have got." " They belong to the Crown Prince's Head-Quarters." " I belong to the King's. The Crown Prince has to turn out, and so must these people (*leute*) if we want them." So up stairs he strode, but on seeing the rooms were occupied he became polite—though not ceasing to be resolute. He walked into the bedrooms and examined the premises carefully, paying every heed to the abuse lavished on the accommodation by the actual tenants, to which Harpes gave vigorous chorus. There was no carpet on the ante-chamber ; the kitchen was miserable, the bedrooms were dark and stuffy, &c., &c. But, alas ! he seemed to think they would do very well, and went away. I sent off at once a note to Seckendorff, and there came back from the Crown Prince's Head-Quarters a kindly certificate that I was " attached," and a request that I might not be disturbed. The terrible young inquisitor never returned, however, and I was left—but, alas ! not alone—in my glory.

Versailles.—The details of one's daily life at Versailles are so monotonous as to render the transcription of them from a diary day by day rather trying ; at all events, an ordinary reader would need more than an ordinary store of patience and of fond-

ness for trifles to go through the events of the thirty days in the month, "*qui se suivent et se ressemblent.*" To the soldier on picket or outpost there was plenty of excitement. Paris lay before him, and at any moment out might come the angry swarm from it and attack his post. Vigilance was needed night and day. Then there was incessant fortifying and trenching, hedging and ditching, and I could not but compare the extraordinary energy or gusto with which the German Line regiments worked with the lassitude and dislike for siege works exemplified by our soldiery in the Crimea, with some notable regimental exceptions. To the General in the camps around and in quarters in Versailles there was excitement to, and need of, constant watching, for he was well aware of the storm gathering on the Loire and in the North, of the stress which was daily becoming greater in the line of his communications, and he looked with feverish anxiety to Metz, longing inexpressibly for the surrender which was to liberate the army of Frederick Charles, and place the investing army of Paris in military safety. The Princes in the Hotel des Reservoirs, however, were becoming rather bored. They had not bargained for this resistance of the Capital of all the Pleasures, and a ride to St. Cloud one day, to Germain the other, or expeditions to Villacoublay (where the Siege Train is to be), or to the Camps, and to Satory; and the environs began to pall on men who had no act

duties to perform. The women alone seemed to be contented, for there was nursing of wounded and visiting of sick, and lint-scraping, and gossiping and good works mixed with a little flirtation. One morning, on entering the dining saloon of the Hotel for breakfast, I perceived a lady at one of the round tables in the ante-chamber, who was the centre of a small but attentive group of admirers or auditors, among whom were two Englishmen acting as correspondents for a London and an American journal. I heard my name called in a foreign accent, and, turning, saw a face still beautiful, if not possessed of the Devil's special loveliness—with well-cut Grecian features, eyes of the most brilliant jet sparkling and dancing in her head, a lovely mouth, and a smooth fine brow, around which clustered an infinity of dark disbevelled curls, Antinous-like, the owner of which had risen and was beckoning to me eagerly. The figure, lithe, supple, and graceful, was set off by a simple dark dress, fitting tightly, and fastened by a leathern girdle. "How long 'tis since I have seen you! Ho, I am so glad you to see again, my dear Mr. ———." I may have seen the lady before, but I am sure I never was presented to her, and as I bowed and said nothing, she exclaimed, "The last time we met was at S—— H——. Do you remember, you took me in to dinner? Garibaldi was there. Ho! such a nombre of people. And how is his Grace? You come and sit down here;" and before I knew where I was, I was

seated by gentle violence beside the fair lady, the Countess della ———, whose name I heard from my neighbour, and was at once involved in a number of mutual acquaintances and past scenes and adventures, of which I knew nothing, however. “Why, my dear R——,” she exclaimed laughingly, “how stoopide you are!—you are become quite an old man since last we met. Ho! dere is my dear old friend, de Duke! I must stop him.” And effectively the fair lady dashed at the Duke of Coburg—who was clanking in his jack-boots through the hall, after his mighty breakfast with his two sad and unamiable Aides in attendance—captured him, and before he knew where he was had him sitting down also, and becoming *particeps criminis*, so to say, in a number of adventures of a social character, in which Princes and Dukes, Regnant and Grand and Hereditary, figured plentifully. I was astonished as a sparrow on the house-tops when I felt myself dragged in as authority for several anecdotes, to me novel at all events; but the bright vivacious lady would not be denied, and in a wonderful diversity of languages kept all her circle, which gradually increased, in full play, till I found myself engaged in a solemn league and covenant to go out and breakfast at her little *maison de campagne* at Maisons Lafitte, beyond St. Germain. “And mind you bring S——, whom I have not seen for so many year—and *ce cher* Landells.” “Who is she?” “The Countess della ———.” “What is she, and

what is she doing here?" "Ah! who can tell? She says that she was cut off in her house at Maisons Lafitte as she was trying to escape, but that now she is trying to mediate between her old friend Bismarck and Jules Favre, who is her most intimate of all intimates." It was not to be supposed that such an agreeable diversion as a visit to the Countess promised to afford could be lost sight of, so the morning after we received it, Seckendorff, Landells, and myself were off in a hired coach, for the municipality of Versailles, on the "invitation" of the Prussian authorities, had restored the service of broughams and victorias, and there was a regular stand at the Hotel on our way to Maisons Lafitte. It was a long, hot, and dusty drive, and the horses were fitted better for the kennel than the road; but we "clombe" the hill of St. Germain at last, travelled past the Terrace with its usual promenaders, lost our correct way in the forest, got among broken viaducts and hostile cuttings, and *impedimenta* of trees and unfinished barricades. Had to get out and walk about in search of natives, for the driver did not know his way, or pretended not, and at last routed out a domestic in a deserted château, who put us in the right road; and so we emerged from the forest at last, descended so the road which winds by the Seine, passed through the villages abandoned by the inhabitants, but occupied by strong cavalry pickets and patrols, and came to

Maisons Lafitte, a sort of Parisian's Dulwich, with a sacked railway station and broken bridge—a nest of villas, surrounded by pretty gardens and lawns and small desmesnes. The gates of some enclosures were broken up, and the lodges were vacant, but finally we came to one with a garden attached, in which an old man was working, who told us that “Madame the Countess was at home,” and opened the gate. The road led through a pretty bosquet to a charming cottage *ornée*, surrounded with glass arcades, and built in the style so dear to cockneys of every city; with conservatories, high gables, narrow windows, and irregular frontages; a small piece of artificial water close at hand, with a miniature island, aviaries around it, and an outlying *dependance* in the shape of a Swiss *châlet*. The bell was answered by a maid, not pretty, neat, or young, who spoke queer French, and who turned out to be a Scotchwoman, the faithful follower of “Miladi,” and in a moment more, as we were admiring the cosy prettiness of her boudoir, the Countess came in with outstretched hands to welcome and give each a “leettle sholl-ding for bee zo late.” Whilst breakfast was being prepared the voluble little lady led us over her premises—even through her bedroom, the comforts of which she particularly explained, and conducted us to her “Pussery,” as I may term a room full of cats, all wonderfully affectionate and beloved—to her aviary of parrots, owls, pheasants, and to the *Châlet*—“*Mon*

ambulance”—which she had fitted up so nicely with beds for the wounded. There were twelve beds in the rooms, with snow-white sheets and all appointments complete. “Be sure you send any of your friends here who are even sick, and I and my maid, ah! Comme elle m’aime! Elle a une histoire, la pauvre! We shall nurse zem. You shall see.” Her maid’s history was that she had wedded a child of Israel, in whom there was much guile, for, tiring of her simple habits, in which we subsequently discovered was a passionate attachment to the liquid joys of the table, the wicked person declared his marriage was illegal, and left the sweet girl to her mistress’s care. We were astonished at it all. The lady was an Italian; that is, she was of English origin on one side, and was married to a noble of Milan of historic name; but whether he was dead or had merely followed the example of the Israelite we could not determine. But she had a daughter. “And you will be glat to hear, my dear R——, that when she is sixteen she is to be married to a great fortune. But it will break my heart. She is so lovely, so goot, so fond of me.” But she was then, thank God, away, and nothing would keep Madame from her but her desire to save Paris, and to oblige “*ce cher Bismarck*.” The house was full of books, but they were all locked in, and there were pictures of Lablache and Grisi among others on the wall. “They are friends of mine, and often come to my villa at Como.” Breakfast was

announced by a respectable-looking old butler, who was helped by the abandoned Scotchwoman. The cooking was capital, the wines excellent. Just as we were at dessert there was a clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and presently in strode two young Hussar officers—one very good looking—as if they were to the manner born, who had probably come to look after the Countess's visitors, as they belonged to the squadron quartered at Maisons Lafitte. They were old friends of the Countess, and were at once introduced to us. The handsome young fellow spoke English like a native of the Isle, and when the Countess turned her back for a moment and allowed us a little freedom of discussion about herself, he asked with an odd droll look on his face, "I hope she showed you her ambulance?" "Oh, yes." "Of course she did. And the pictures of her dear friends?" "Yes." "Oh, it's delicious!" he exclaimed, in an irreverent guffaw. "She is *impayable*, this woman. I come here every day, and it's some new story every time. Hush! here she is." We were burning with curiosity, and as we went out in the verandah to take coffee and cigars, Seckendorff took an opportunity to ask the young officer what he meant. "Mean!" he repeated, "why, that she is a jolly impostor. She no doubt is the Countess of —, but as for her owning this villa and all the rest of it——" And here he burst into a delicious laugh, and summoned the Countess, whose keen eye flashed all round as she inquired, "Why

laugh you zo, Fritz? You are always laughing when my back turns." We took our leave at last, the Hussars returning with us as far as St. Germain, and Seckendorff expressed an opinion as to the Countess which I certainly did not accept, for I could not understand how a lone woman could be in relation with the French, and play the *rôle* of a spy under the very eyes of the Prussian gendarmerie. No, whatever she might be, she could not be *that*, and there was quite enough of romance and hazard in her position to entitle her to sympathy and protection till she was proved to be unworthy of them. She had been, she said, Aide-de-Camp to Garibaldi, because she loved liberty and Italy, and she had done her best to prevent this wretched war, and now was bent on saving Paris. The French hated her because she was so hospitable to Prussian officers. The neighbours threw stones at night at her windows, and broke her fences; and she must have a detachment of horse quartered in her grounds, and an escort to and from Versailles, which she would ask the Crown Prince for. Altogether the visit was very interesting and the acquaintance most curious, and not the least of the interest was in the sort of power exercised by the fair or dark lady herself. Of other ladies who appeared or were in Versailles society I have to speak hereafter.

October 5.—This day arrived the King from Ferrières, and took up his quarters in the Prefecture.

To make way for him the Crown Prince had to strike his flag, and shift to Les Ombrages, the residence of Madame André, the widow of a wealthy banker, I believe. The house is almost outside the town, and is situated in a small "parc" on a narrow road off the Rue des Chantiers, as you pass under the railway arch. There is a "dependance" in the Swiss chalet style, in which Gottberg, Wegner, Seckendorff, young Blumenthal, &c., are installed; General Blumenthal, Count Eulenberg, &c., being provided with rooms in the main building. Over every door, not only of the house, but of the outhouses, are Scriptural texts emblazoned in large characters, some not very appropriate to the occasion of the occupancy. The King has an immense Staff, and with him come Count Bismarck and General Moltke.

CHAPTER XI.

General Burnside—Sortie from Metz—The King and Louis XIV. Chapel
—Count Bismarck's Telegram—An Afternoon Ride—The Interview
—The Telegram again—The Departure of the American Generals—
General Sheridan's Opinions—Head-Quarters at Les Ombrages—
Condition of Affairs inside Paris—Excitement in Versailles—
Threatened Outburst from Paris.

October 6.—Enterprising Britons are abounding around us now. Charity is their ostensible object. Love of excitement is, probably, the real lever which lifts them from their seats at home and pops them into Versailles. There are now several on the rampage here. To one, an intrepid and stalwart young underwriter from Lloyd's, who has careered around Paris on a most woe-begone Rosinante, I gave letters to deliver on his return to England under the Red Cross, and I saw him start for the nearest railway station some forty miles off or more on the triped, which did not seem as if it could crawl a mile. *Apropos* of the underwriter, Mr. A——, he and a friend found, after Sedan, an ambulance complete on the road abandoned by the Swiss officers sent out by a society under the Geneva flag; so they took charge of it, assumed direction of the drivers and

horses, and brought it into Versailles. Not being comfortable there, they went out on the road to St. Germain, and appropriated a château near Marly, where I visited them—the Château de Panelous, belonging to a M. Armand, a retired confectioner, of the Rue Vivienne. How he must have laid it on his sweets! Sir H. Havelock and Mr. Furley have left Versailles for England, and were good enough to take letters for me. The post is a sore point. On September 28 I received a letter posted in London on September 10. We have now got a gentleman stationed at Bouillon, but it takes four days to get a telegram from him! The Britons have rough times of it too. The excellent artist of the *Graphic*, Mr. H——, in his wanderings with the Army, missed his letters, and was left without money, and had only the clothes he stood in for many days! He and his good colleague, my friend L——, of the *Illustrated London News*, are indefatigable in their work. Imagine their not being allowed to sketch in the château because Dr. Wegner thought it would disturb the patients! The Doctor is a very good man, and looks after his wounded most assiduously, but surely the noise of pencils on pasteboard is not very great! Count Von Gorz has now an army of Red Cross Knights under him, with a fair sprinkling of Britons. There is one conspicuous in a uniform which causes great trouble to sentries and posts. A flat cap, looking like a Prussian's with band and badge—a green

frock with gold lace collar and sleeves, double-breasted, with a cross of St. John on the breast—a straight court-dress sword, pantaloons, and Hessian boots heavily spurred, so perplex their minds that when they see the wearer they present arms, his front being like that of a Wurtemberg General, but as he rides on, his back is revealed—a blank of green cloth, for the lace ends abruptly at the sides—the mistake is exposed, and down come the rifles with a bang, and malignant glances follow the portly Knight, who is of a jovial mien, yet warlike and full of fight as becomes one of his Order. I have forgotten to say that General Burnside went into Paris to-day by permission of Count Bismarck, who is very civil to Americans. He is an old acquaintance of mine at Washington, where, during the war, he came to urge Government to buy arms, for which he had a patent. I believe he was a West Pointer, but that he merged into a perfume manufactory, and only came from it to smell powder. Eventually he became Commander-in-Chief of the Federal Army, and made an attempt to fight his way into Virginia at Fredericksburg; but he got a tremendous mauling, lost heavily, was repulsed, and of course was superseded. Burnside came out of Paris on October 3. When he went in he was carried to Rothschild's villa for the night, and detained in the Bois, but General Trochu sent a carriage for him early in the morning. It is difficult to ascertain his real business, for he is very discreet.

I was regaled by him with a file of Paris newspapers.

October 7.—Seckendorff called, and we walked to the hotel, and had a long talk with General Burnside. He did not say much of what he saw in Paris, but expressed an opinion that they meant to fight to the last. He has evidently been on some secret mission. I rode out afterwards, and saw a little skirmish going on between outposts on the Seine between Bougival and Malmaison. On my return, heard that there had been a sortie from Metz to-day! The news was received at Head-Quarters soon after the repulse of the French. Moltke is reported to have said, "It is their last effort." The French are very busy near Valérien. I dined at the Reservoirs with the Prince of Tour and Taxis, a very agreeable, amiable, and well-informed man, and his chief, Count Goltz. The Princes at the centre table are quite overshadowed by the notabilities of the King's Staff. The Erb-Prince of — has got a new suit of uniform, and is much pleased with it and himself, but his tight-fitting hussar jacket makes that abundance which would not be large in a woman unduly prominent, and his little shapeless legs wobble in his Hessian boots as if they would break. He looked so angry because one of the aides whom he saluted did not notice it. As I returned home, heard a good deal of firing.

October 8.—Captain Von Dreshky, who is going to Berlin with letters for the Crown Prince, was good

enough to take a parcel of correspondence for me. Mr. Norcott, an Irish gentleman, is also about to start. if he succeeds in getting leave, and I went to the Cheval Blanc, a hostelry behind the Market Place, to look for him. It is a regular old-fashioned French house, and the inmates seemed to be living just as if there were no Prussians in Versailles. Mr. N. was not in then, so I went to the Reservoirs, and had a very interesting conversation with Burnside, who had been with Count Bismarck and Moltke in the morning. Alsace and Lorraine must go, and B. will tell them so in Paris. B. told me that the Germans would not allow any elections in Alsace or Lorraine to ascertain the wishes of the people as to annexation, so here is an end to the doctrine of consulting the inhabitants, and a declaration that right is might in 1870. I sat in his room, and wrote letters for him to take to Wodehouse at the Embassy. What a nice time *he* must have of it! I met Lord Adare, who has arrived here accompanied by Mr. Home, generally styled "the Spiritualist," who is correspondent for a San Francisco paper. There is now quite an American colony here. Generals Sheridan, Hasen, Forsyth, Burnside, and Mr. Forbes, and two families in the Hotel. Breakfasted along with the Prince of Tour and Taxis. Went out riding in the afternoon, and was driven back by tremendous rain after I had got as far as Ville d'Avray.

October 9.—The King at chapel in Louis XIV.'s

Chapel! It was a very stirring sight, and I fear many of the congregation thought more of the earthly pomp and circumstance of their King's appearance under such circumstances in the theatrical-looking edifice erected by his Most Catholic Majesty to the praise of the Most High than of the religious ceremony itself. The seats were filled with the officers of the Royal Staff and of the suites in attendance on the King and Crown Prince; and the galleries and the passages were crowded with German soldiery. The King, who looks every inch what he is, strode up the aisle and took his place on a seat placed in front of the altar, the Crown Prince being next, Bismarck, Moltke, Blumenthal, and other leaders of the hosts of Germany, seated in rows behind them. The service was short and not impressive, and the discourse of the preacher smacked somewhat of the camp, and had a good deal of the "Sword of the Lord and of Gideon" about it. On my return to quarters I was delighted by getting English papers from Mrs. Inglefield, and, after reading them with great pleasure, I took them to Mdme. de Broullée, an English lady, whose son, Aide-de-Camp to General Bertrand, is now prisoner of war in Mayence. I also called on Mr. Langdale, a banker in Paris, who is shut up here with his family. Colonel Lindsay, who has arrived with a large sum of money to distribute to the belligerents, is waiting to get into Paris. We dined together in the evening. He is

much impressed, soldier as he is, with the sufferings of the wounded, and most anxious to distribute his funds.

October 10.—Little did I think when I turned out this morning what a day there was before me. The air was bright and clear, the sun warm, the streets quite gay with many uniforms ; and I walked past the Reservoirs nodding to acquaintances here and there, exchanging salutations, bent only on making a round of visits and picking up the news previous to a ride I had planned to Sceaux. I walked upstairs to the apartment of Mr. Austin in the Hôtel des Reservoirs. He was in, writing his correspondence for the *Standard*, and in the course of conversation he said casually—"What are you going to do about Count Bismarck's telegram?" "What telegram?" asked I. "Is it possible," he inquired, "that you have not seen the communication made by Count Bismarck through Reuter's Telegraphs to all the papers?" He went to the table, and, taking up the latest copy of the *Standard*, pointed out to me a paragraph which fairly took away my breath. It had not appeared in the *Times*; but there it was, plain enough, under the head of "Latest News," with the name of Bismarck attached to it—a distinct, unmistakable affirmation that the account of the interview between the Emperor and the King after the battle of Sedan given in the *Times* by its correspondent was quite destitute of any foundation. I

saw at once the difficulty of the situation. The quarter from which I had received the statement which I had written down almost on the spot was of the very highest ; but it was perfectly obvious that I could not drag into controversy with Count Bismarck the name of the exalted person from whom I had derived my information. Equally plain was it that I could not for an instant permit such an imputation as was implied in the words used by the writer of the telegram to rest upon my name. I cut out the paragraph, and hastened off to Count Bismarck's quarters. I sent in my name by one of the Jägers in attendance, and was informed that Count Bismarck had gone out, and that the hour of his return was quite uncertain. Then I asked to see my good friend, Major von Keudall, but he was out also. So I returned to my room, and wrote a note, in which I solicited an interview with his Excellency on very important business to me, stating that I would call to receive an answer at 5 o'clock in the afternoon ; and having left it at the Count's *bureau*, I went off to Les Ombrages to consult with my friends there as to the course I ought to adopt. The telegram furnished to Mr. Reuter had all the air of an official communication, and through all the world at that time I had been branded as the concoctor of a statement which was perfectly illusory and untrue. The Crown Prince was at his early dinner or lunch, entertaining Col. Loyd Lindsay, and I waited till I could see an

officer of rank, in whose opinion I had every confidence, and on whose judgment I knew I might rely, having already experienced from him marks of confidence and consideration. I had a long talk concerning the text of the telegram. He at once expressed his opinion that Count Bismarck had never authorized such words to be used respecting me, but admitted that I was bound to seek explanation and obtain redress. And so, to pass the interval and calm my perturbed spirit, I got on horseback and went out for a ride in the Park, behind the Château of Versailles, in company with Mr. Skinner and Mr. Landells.

October 10 (continued).—It happened that the rides in the ground round the Château of Versailles were unusually empty. We cantered slowly along those lovely alleys round by the water and up the shady rides; I, quite preoccupied with the subject of the telegram, revolving in my own mind what was best to be done, but quite determined to have a clear understanding or to leave the Head-Quarters of the Army. In fact, my position would have been in my own eyes perfectly untenable. My companions, who probably did not feel, with all allowance for their sympathy, the situation so acutely, were agreed in my general way of thinking. Having completed our excursion round by the limits of the Park, we turned by the end of the piece of water in the direction of Satory, and proceeded towards the Château. There is a well-

known spot called the Tapis Vert close to the fountains below the great flight of steps leading from the level of the water to the esplanade or terrace on which the Château stands, and as we came up from under the shade of the trees, L——, my long-sighted artist friend, exclaimed—"There! I think that is the Count himself." In effect, two horsemen were riding in front some 400 or 500 yards in advance on the gravel walk by the lower fountain—one an officer, the other apparently an orderly—and a glance satisfied me, after a moment's close investigation, that it was Count Bismarck, the very man I wished to see, and to whose quarters I was then intending to ride; so I immediately quickened the pace of my horse and advanced towards him. I cannot say that he recognized me specially, or that he even saw that three civilians, followed by a groom, were riding at a quick pace after him; but certain it is that he gave the spur to his horse and rode swiftly up to the foot of the steps, dismounted, handed his rein to the orderly, and with great strides, taking two or three steps at a time, proceeded towards the Château. Had I ridden to the same point he would certainly have gained the door long before I—*modo bipedali statura*—could have reached him. But at each side of the great flight there is a slope of gravel leading up to a smaller flight of steps near the head of the Terrace, and, followed by my groom, I cantered up one of these as fast as I could go, jumped from my horse, ran up the steps, and

then saw the Count walking at a quick rate, or rather proceeding with the long stride peculiar to him, towards the sentries at the Château gate. It would have been most unseemly to run, and certainly I could not call out, and it appeared almost impossible to reach him in time, when suddenly round a corner appear General Hasen, accompanied by Mr. Home, the "Spiritualist," coming right down upon the Count. He was unable to evade them, especially as the General stood rather well in his capacity of an American officer with the great Chancellor; and a couple of precious minutes were gained while they were bowing and saluting, and exchanging compliments. When the Count, still in haste, moved off, and parted from his friends with a nod, I made the most of my time, and gaining his side, I said, "Count Bismarck, I desire very much to have a few moments' conversation with you." He seemed a little surprised at first. I had not seen him except once at the Hôtel des Réservoirs since our interview at Rheims, when he had been particularly gracious and friendly; but although he held out his hand, there was an evident reserve in his manner. "Certainly," he said, "what is it?" "I have to ask you about a telegram which I have just seen by accident, and to which your Excellency's name is appended, wherein it is stated that my account of the interview between the King and the Emperor of the French, after the battle of Sedan, has no foundation in truth." "I never put my name to a

telegram to a newspaper in my life." I said, "Here it is, Count," handing him at the same time the little piece cut out of the *Standard*. He looked at it attentively, and said, "I never authorised this message to be sent. I never should have dreamed of applying such terms to a statement you made, or certainly I should have let you know first. But, in fact, the use of my name to this statement is quite unauthorised. Leave me the paper; I will inquire into it." "Then," pursued I, "I have your Excellency's authority for stating that this telegram, which appears to have been furnished to Reuter's agency by some one, is quite without your sanction or knowledge?" The Count was walking all the time at a slackened pace, and we had gained the courtyard, where, as he said, he was proceeding when I overtook him, "to refresh his memory of the old days of Louis the Great," when he observed with some appearance of humour in his tone, "It is sometimes inconvenient that these statements should be made, and reserve is necessary." "But," retorted I, "this statement rested upon the very best foundation, and was made, as I understand, to rectify erroneous reports of the same matter which had previously appeared. My reputation is very dear to me; in fact it is of vital importance that this telegram should be contradicted, and I assume, from what you have said, that I can do so in your name, and upon your authority?" This the Count did not reply to, and I again renewed my demand. He was standing

by the statue of Condé at the time, and, as if to change the subject, exclaimed, "What a position that is! What an attitude! Does he not look like a pirate on the stage?" or words to that effect. But still I hammered away about my telegram, when, turning to me with some irritation, he said, "My attention was called to that report of yours, or rather to the translation of it in a German newspaper, by the King, who declared it to be untrue, and desired it to be set right, and I gave general instructions that a communication should be made, in which your name was not to be mentioned, and certainly not sanctioning the use of my name in any way to the effect that it was not authentic." Here I was placed in a difficult position, and I had no alternative but to say, "I received, as I have assured you, the whole of that information from the very best authority, short of that of the Emperor or the King. I was not present on the occasion, nor was your Excellency, but I heard from the lips of one to whom, as I understood, the whole of what passed had been repeated the instant the interview was over, every word of that which is set down. You know, sir, that I cannot call that exalted personage into the controversy, and that, after what you have mentioned to me, I am only anxious to be able to affirm that you gave no authority whatever for the special contradiction in such terms, applied to myself and my communication, as was attributed to you, or that any authority was given by you for your name to be put to it."

The Count said :—" I will make inquiry into all the circumstances." " But you have already told me that the telegram was sent without your authority, and I shall ask you to let me send, as it is of the utmost importance to contradict the statement immediately, a telegram to the *Times*, through the Foreign Office Bureau. The Count nodded, and said, " I am in a hurry now, but call upon me to-morrow at the Chancellerie. I will then know how this telegram came to be printed, and will see what is best to be done." And so, without offering his hand at first, until he saw that mine was stretched out as if in expectation of the honour, the great Chancellor turned and walked off towards the Prefecture, while I at once proceeded to my quarters and wrote and despatched a telegram to Reuter and to the *Times*, which, however, never appeared, and was never received.

October 11.—At 1 o'clock I went over to the Maison Jessé, and sent in my name. I was shown in to Major von Keüdall, and was talking with him on various matters, when the door opened, and Count Bismarck put in his head, but, seeing a stranger in civil dress, drew back and held the door ajar for a moment. I had brought a letter addressed to my care to his Excellency from some one in London with a very fine name, who requested me to hand the Count his proposals for a treaty of peace, and as I was directed to call, I took the letter with me. This was lying on the table. Again the Count appeared.

and came to the table, which was covered with papers, but his eye alighted on the name on the letter at once. I told him how it came there, and he opened it and threw it down in an instant. "I do not know who sent it, sir." "Nor do I." After a pause I renewed the conversation of yesterday. I forgot to say that Count Bismarck, before leaving and telling me to call on his Majesty, said he would speak to the King that evening, as he was dining at the Prefecture, and would ascertain what parts of the reported conversation between the Emperor and himself at the Château Bellevue were inaccurate, in order that I might, if necessary, correct them. Count Bismarck now said that he had had no opportunity of asking the King any question in reference to the subject; and when I alluded to the despatch of a telegram to the papers to state that the contradiction attributed to Count Bismarck was not authorised by him, he seemed to think there had been quite enough said on the subject, and began to speak in general terms of the necessity of discretion on the part of those who were placed near the persons of the great in courts and camps, reminding me that he had procured leave for me to join the Army, as my reputation, as he was good enough to say, was so high that I might be trusted not to divulge military or political secrets, but that I had not taken due heed of what I had written. I remarked that the matters to which he seemed to refer were well known—that reports of the interview

had appeared in other papers coming from the same sources, and that what I wrote had been repeated before others, mentioning one name in particular. At that name the Count appeared to be *en tout humeur*. He struck the table with his hand, and exclaimed, "I will have such an *auditorium*——removed!" I reminded him that on the several occasions on which he had spoken to me of the very highest topics, and with the utmost apparent freedom, I had not made capital by reporting what he had said, or tried to interview him, at which he became almost "angry," and remarked, "I know when I am speaking to you that it is your business to communicate to the world what I say, and I act accordingly. I do not care if you published every word I said to you. But when such ——s as So-and-so and So-and-so speak to you"——(here he mentioned names with much emphasis)——"you should know better." "And what would you think of me, Count, if I were to publish what you said just now?" This remark or question was not fortunate; but I confess it was rather hard to be told that a most offensive *communiqué* was unauthorised, and yet to be unable to get a line of official contradiction from him who was alone able to give it. I have said enough of our interview. It was closed by Count Bismarck exclaiming, "My minutes are precious! I have given you more time than I give to Ministers or even to crowned heads themselves." "I came to your Excellency, by your directions, here to-day, and I have

not sought to detain you a moment more than you were good enough to speak to me." And so I made my bow and retired, leaving Von Keüdall, who stood bolt upright all the time, to conduct business with his great master. After the interview was over I went to the Reservoirs, where I had arranged to be at a certain time to buy a horse from General Forsyth, U.S.A., who is leaving with his Chief, General Sheridan. But I was not smart enough. A young naval officer, who is acting as correspondent of several newspapers under the protection of the Geneva Badge, had been in before me, and as I was not back to the minute named, his money was accepted, and the horse was lost. I had a very pleasant talk with General Sheridan; but I confess it did not give me a high idea of his judgment in military matters. His notions on the use of artillery and on its poor effect in war surprised me; but, of course, I was not so much astonished at his theories concerning mounted infantry. Either the Americans or all military nations are wrong as to the proper uses of cavalry. I must say I never saw in the States any cavalry, properly so-called, at all. The Prefect of the Seine-et-Oise, M. de Brauchitsch, has issued a notice that he will receive the public every day from 9 till midday, and that safe conducts will be issued at the Prefecture. On expressing my desire to-day to join some of the corps which were engaged in operations south of Versailles, I was given to understand that it would not be right to leave

the Head-Quarters of the Crown Prince ; so here, apparently, I must remain until some change takes place. The German *Moniteur Officiel* is to be taken, whether they will or not, by all the Maires of the cantons of the Department of the Seine-et-Oise. This journal seems to give great offence to the French, who do not believe a word of it ; and yet it really is, in all its hardness and precision of detail, perhaps the only entirely truthful publication that they have seen for months past. It is generally supposed by ignorant people that in the time of war the inhabitants of an occupied district are exempted from the taxation imposed by the proper authorities of the country. The Germans, however, have resolved that the collection of taxes, whether in arrear or accruing, as due to the French Government, shall be duly made. M. Carton, in great distress, tells me that he has scarcely the means of procuring food for himself and family, much less can he contribute money for the maintenance of the Prussian troops, as he considers it. Dined at Vatel's with Mr. Innes, Inspector-General, and Staff-Surgeon Fitzgerald, M. de Havilland, Red Cross, Mr. Skinner, &c., and wished the cook had followed the example of the great chief from whom the Restaurant derives its name. The military medical officers have been sent over here by the Government to make reports, examine system, &c. They will examine, and will write reports, no doubt, *et apres?* Well ! The same as before. Colonel Lindsay was received

to dinner at the Prefecture, and obtained permission to enter Paris.

October 12.—I went over to Les Ombrages this morning, and found the officers in attendance round the Adjutant-General of the Crown Prince on the lawn. There is a *levée* of the military Staff held every morning at eleven, when all information concerning the operations of the armies in the field is given by the Chief of the Staff to the officers; despatches are read, and the instructions for the day duly delivered to each. Here repair not only the officers of the Prince's Staff, but the Wurtembergers and Bavarians attached to the Head-Quarters, and Colonel Walker, representing Her Majesty as Military Attaché to the Embassy at Berlin. Gambetta has issued a fiery proclamation from Tours. Steps are to be taken immediately to break up the bands which are being formed upon the Loire. The news from Von der Tann shows that considerable masses of men—that is all that can be said of them—have been collected. The English red-cross gentlemen, who are passing backwards and forwards, tell us that there is immense energy displayed in organising bands of Franc-tireurs. I saw General Von Blumenthal, and told him about my interviews. He said Colonel Lindsay had entered Paris. There was a good deal of firing all round, and the French were concentrating at various points; but the Prussians are now much stronger, and every day will make them safer. I breakfasted with General Burnside and

Mr. Forbes, U.S.A., at the Reservoirs, and a Spaniard named, I think, Alameda, who had managed to leave Paris. This is an evil time all over France nearly for the poor Maires. M. Rameau, the Maire of Versailles, a strong Republican, has had what they call "a very rough time of it" in his interview with the great Count in his quarters, No. 11, Rue de Provence. The Maison Jessé, which he occupies, has something of the air of a country house, and seems tolerably comfortable. It is guarded by sentries, and a *corps de garde* is established in the house nearly opposite. The Chancellor's standard hangs over the *porte cochère*, and the poor Maire, like any Frenchman who enters these gates, is subject to rigid surveillance. The Maire was desirous that the elections should be held on the 16th of October in the Department of the Seine-et-Oise. A most curious situation, because the French authorities, who exist wholly by the grace of the enemy, are obliged to ask these latter for facility to elect members to the National Assembly, which may decide upon carrying on war to the knife. The delegates of the Government sitting at Tours had ordered these elections for the 16th. The other day, however, Count Bismarck showed M. Rameau a decree of the Government of National Defence in Paris of the 1st October, suspending all elections. The Maire admits, I hear, the extraordinary force of Count Bismarck's conversation and his arguments, and he has told all his friends that the statement in the Paris

papers, that Count Bismarck had asked M. Favre for the surrender of Mont Valérien, is untrue. He told the Maire "*La France réunira des hommes mais pas une armée.*" When he was leaving, the Maire did not take the Count's outstretched hand, upon which the latter said, "But, personally, M. Maire?" M. Rameau replied, "Count, you have received me too courteously to permit me to refuse my hand personally, but I would not have thought I could have given it to an enemy of my country." No doubt the Count smiled as the Maire left the room.

October 13.—The pleasure of "reading the papers" in Versailles is surely mingled with feelings of compassion when they are from Paris. If we are to judge of what is not known to us by the remarks of the writers on what we know something about, the condition of this fierce, volatile, stern, and frivolous population is sad indeed. There is a General Schmidt in charge of the works, whose reports to Trochu would lead his readers to suppose the garrison and Army of Paris were besieging or attacking the Prussians. Indeed, the *Gaulois* speaks of the Germans being engaged in "*travaux de défense.*" The *Liberté* advocates the bombardment of Prussian Head-Quarters in Versailles, only ten kils., or six miles, away! The day before yesterday there was a reconnaissance made by Colonel Reille towards Neuilly and Avron, on the east of Paris, whilst Ducrot, with a larger force, felt his way towards Malmaison, and these are represented in to-

day's papers, which have by some hocus-pocus arrived here, as successful encounters. The *Gaulois* further requests King William "to retire at once, if he does not wish to see his Army perish under the walls of Paris." After breakfast news, came to the Reservoirs that there was an engagement going on near Sceaux, and I managed to get a canter out of my horse, and, in company with Mr. Landells, to reach the cross roads at Bicêtre, only to find out that there was no truth in the story. *Apropos* of horses, I have had at last an open breach with W——. I never could quite overlook his utter want of friendly feeling when I arrived at Soultz les Forêts the morning of the Battle of Wörth, and was left by him without "a mount," though he had spare chargers in his stable doing nothing. Had he been a stranger he might have helped a countryman coming to Head-Quarters on such an errand as mine, but I had, in fact, known him since the Crimean War, and had always been on good terms with him, and W—— was one of those men whose "frank" manners and rather boisterous displays of *camaraderie* would lead even an acquaintance to suppose he might rely on him in time of need for any ordinary service. Well, the other morning, when the news came that there was an action near Clamart, I was expressing my regret at my inactivity, owing to the want of a horse, before the company at our breakfast in the Reservoirs, in the hope that some friendly Prussian would volunteer "a mount," when,

to my great surprise and pleasure, W—— said he would let me have one of his. However, he soon repented apparently, made excuses about saddlery, &c., and at last I told him that I did not believe he ever intended to lend me a horse at all, knowing the position I was in, and begged then and there to decline his acquaintance.

October 14.—I started at 9 o'clock this morning in an open carriage to meet Colonel Lindsay at Sèvres on his return from Paris, accompanied by Mr. Furley and Mr. Landells. It was an exceedingly interesting little expedition, the particulars of which are communicated in a letter to the *Times*. As we were returning we had a small illustration of the heat of the Teutonic temper, and of the unpleasantness of being exposed to it. Colonel Lindsay had, it appeared, committed some indiscretion in coming from Sèvres before his arrival had been formally notified to Head-Quarters at Versailles, and permission granted for him to continue his journey. We passed through *postes*, and the villages which are almost occupied as barracks on the road, without let or hindrance, till within a short distance of Versailles, when the Colonel commanding made minute inquiries into passes, &c., but let us go on. In a short time after a furious young officer came thundering along with drawn sword, shouting to us to halt. He was as angry as man could well be, and ordered Colonel Lindsay to return immediately to

the *poste* we had left, from which the Colonel, also in a condition of wrath, was coming to meet us. As our passes were right, we three continued our journey to Versailles. An hour later or so, Lindsay, released from durance, passed our quarters. I must not forget that while we were speaking together in English, and I was saying I would go to Headquarters and communicate the arrest, the young hussar, in a most imperative tone, ordered us to stop speaking in that language, and to speak in French, a command which, judging from his own accent, he would have found some difficulty in obeying. As I was passing down the Avenue de Paris the Crown Prince and General Blumenthal passed in an open carriage and pulled up. I told the Crown Prince of Colonel Lindsay's detention, and General Blumenthal remarked that they were obliged to take great precautions, and that in fact it would be necessary to stop persons leaving Paris, or passing through the German lines altogether—so many spies were about. "What do you think?" he said, "They have found out that the troops occupying the outposts in that direction are Poles, and therefore Catholics, who don't like to fire on priests, so the rascals were in the habit of dressing up their spies as priests, but I gave orders that the outposts and sentries were to fire upon all men dressed as priests, and the result is that they have shot a good many of them." Perhaps," said I, "there may have been some real priests among them!" "It is not

unlikely," replied the General; "they are the worst of our enemies." And, in fact, measures of severity have been adopted by the authorities against many of the clergy in the parishes around Versailles, who are supposed to communicate by signals from the steeples of their churches, &c., with the enemy. To my great pleasure another Englishman was added to our little society in Versailles. Captain Keith Frazer, an old friend, made his appearance under the banner of the Geneva Conference. He is not content with the opportunities afforded him by marching from London to Windsor, and by field-days at Hounslow and the Scrubs, but visits combatant armies whenever he can, and thus has seen a great deal of what is called service. On entering the Reservoirs to-day, the Countess de la T—, who has lately been visiting Versailles very frequently, started up, joyfully exclaiming—"There is dear K——! I am so glad to see you!" He had been at Garibaldi's Headquarters before Gaeta, where the Countess was serving as *aide-de-camp* to the General, but the Italian Chieftain was not, perhaps, aware of the circumstance that she claimed rank as Colonel in his army. Dr. Innes, accompanied by Mr. Skinner, started for Orleans to-day, where the Germans, or rather Bavarians, are in possession under Von der Tann. From Lindsay we learn many interesting particulars concerning the condition of things inside Paris, and through all needful reserves I think he entertains the

idea that, somehow or other, they may fight through it till help comes from the outer world of France.

October 16.—An event to which the Germans attach great importance occurred to-day. Sensible of their extreme weakness around Paris, the anxiety with which they have been watching for help has been necessarily great, although, one must admit, not demonstrative; and so it was that when the Landwehr of the Guard, long expected, made their appearance up the Grand Avenue this morning, immense satisfaction was felt. The King came out of the Prefecture and stood as the hardy sections marched splendidly past him; and as each company came up officers and men gave one short cheer, "Long live the King!" It was, indeed, something like a reserve to look at; not gnarled, broken down, elderly men, saturated with drink, or crippled with rheumatism, fever, or the result of exposure to foreign climates in past times, but vigorous men in the prime of life, from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, and solid-looking, robust and powerful, marching as if they had never done anything else; such were the men of the Guard who came into Versailles to-day. Their arrival is all the more welcome because there is no doubt of the concentration of considerable masses of French in front of General Werder and of Von der Tann. The King was very nearly exposed to a serious accident. The Royal grooms were passing with led horses in rear of His Majesty and the Staff, when

the fluttering of a flag or the roll of a drum startled one of the chargers, which backed violently and lashed out so that its heels came within a foot of the King ; and I am bound to say His Majesty never stirred. He is certainly made of very hard metal. In the evening hired a rattletrap of a chaise and drove out to St. Germain, where Keith Frazer and I halted for the night in the pavilion of Henri Quatre.

October 17.—There lives in a charming house just outside the Avenue of the Boulaigrin, at St. Germain, an English lady, Miss T——, whose position is somewhat discomfiting and anxious. She has her servants around her ; then again outside them are the Prussians ; and opposite towers Valérien—a long way off certainly, but still capable, if evil-minded, of damaging the property. Her friends and neighbours have all fled, but Miss T—— has obtained a certain sort of protection from the senior officer at St. Germain, and the British flag (which, I am sorry to say, is not as valuable as the smallest piece of paper inscribed with German hieroglyphics “by superior order”) hangs over the doorway. I paid a visit to-day, and was most courteously received. The visit of her nephew on such a mission is certainly a startling incident in the life of the lady, who has for years made a kind of English home for herself amidst a circle of French friends. In the place where the Stuarts once held their Court there are other English residents at St. Germain—Colonel H——, an officer retired from

our service, well known on the Indian Staff when Lord Fitz-Clarence was at Bombay, and others. But the French residents, except the mere *bourgeoisie* and the old and feeble, have fled before the enemy. M. Barbot, my host of the pavilion of Henry the Fourth, is not happily placed. Between the fire of shells from Paris and his Prussian customers he sighs for the good days, not old, when train after train deposited their passengers to climb up the ascent to his pleasant restaurant, and when the *canotie* of the Seine with their companions sought his pleasant little dinner-room, and paid his unpleasant little bills. Marie, the Swiss maid, and Pierre, her active little husband, did not know what to make of it at all, for there are sentries up and down before the doors, and strange guests coming to and fro; and then, instead of customers from Paris, they are expecting in dread the day when Valérien shall begin to shell them out. The French are certainly making serious preparations over the way. I watched them for an hour swarming inside the long line of earthworks situated on the slope of the hill below Valérien, which will soon be armed and broken into batteries. From the Terrace both French and Prussians watched them too with very different feelings; but field guns cannot disturb their labours. In the plain, by the bank of the Seine, you can see Prussian horse, infantry, and guns, manœuvring, and wheeling and drilling as if they were at profound peace. In the afternoon strong columns could be

observed marching along the road of the Courbevois to Valérien, and a train of ammunition or provisions. We could make out people on the top of the Arc de Triomphe quite distinctly.

October 18.—I sent off letters this morning to London by Mr. Fitzgerald, Staff-Surgeon, who, having briefly inspected the French medical transport, is returning to England, to make his report to the authorities at Whitehall. Franc-tireurs haunt his path ; and we were rather amused at the get-up of our gallant countryman, who hoped, by wearing a kepi, and shaving so as to give himself a *barbe d'Afrique* and imperial, to gain the friendly sympathies of the guerilla bands whom he expected to encounter.* We saw him off on the road to Vernon, the Germans in the court-yard evidently not relishing his departure with a French servant towards the lines of the enemy. The Countess de la T—— made her appearance, and plodded about in the most pleasant way, chatting with everybody, and making a thousand little preparations for the sick and wounded. In the afternoon heavy firing in the direction of Chatillon, Bourg la Reine. The Prussians below very uneasy and on the alert.

October 19.—I was reminded by a German acquaintance this morning at breakfast that this is

* There were some reasons for his apprehensions. He was stopped upon the road, and, in order to prevent annoyance, got rid of my correspondence.

the anniversary of the Battle of Leipsic. "What trouble," said he, in a melancholy way, "these French have always been to all the world." Perhaps a Pole or a Silesian might not have thought that the Brandenburgers have always been a source of peace and quietness either. I had to leave K—— F—— in bed in charge of Marie and her husband. Started early, and arrived at Versailles soon after 9. The streets of Versailles very lively; great reinforcements evidently; every place swarming with soldiers. Soon after my arrival Captain Hozier, to my surprise and pleasure, came in. It was pleasant to see an old friend and the old uniform again. He is sent out in rather a difficult position. Colonel Walker is, of course, his senior in rank, but at the same time Captain Hozier can scarcely be considered his subordinate, because Colonel Walker makes his reports to the Foreign Office, while Captain Hozier reports to the Under-Secretary for War. We breakfasted together in my quarters, and had a long talk of old times. Spies seem to abound. Numbers were brought in to-day—one a priest, led by a Prussian detachment, who drove away the crowd rather roughly, appeared to excite much commiseration among the people. In the afternoon Mr. Innes and Staff-Surgeon Becker paid me a visit, having just arrived from Orleans, accompanied by Mr. Skinner. The Crown Prince gave a dinner at Les Ombrages, to which Mr. Innes, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Landells, and

myself were invited. His Royal Highness appeared in unusually good spirits, and after dinner spoke for some time of England and English matters. He said that they had information which led them to believe there would be a determined outburst from Paris at any moment. Received a telegram through the German authorities from Bethel that the horse was doing better, but still was unable to bear the saddle.

October 20.—Drove out to St. Germain at 8.30. Found K—— F—— still in bed. The carriage that Captain Johnson left proves a very great acquisition; without it I do not know how I should get about. The posts along the road are exceedingly strict. My pass was examined with the utmost scrutiny, and at one place the officer seemed disinclined to admit its authority at all. An immense mass of people came out of Paris in the afternoon, as if the authorities had given them leave to forage about the houses and fields, and we could see them collecting vegetables and digging up roots—men, women, and children—all along from the Courbevois to Valérien. Captain Hozier, Mr. Innes, and Mr. Barton Smith also came out. Hozier and I watched the French working from the windows of the hotel. There were several thousand men busy in the batteries I have already spoken of on Valérien, which now commenced shelling the Prussian posts towards St. Cloud.

CHAPTER XII.

Warlike Symptoms—Ducrot's Sortie—View of the Attack—Excitement in Versailles—Is Paris to be Bombarded—Divided Opinions—Reminiscences of Balaklava—Count Moltke's Birthday—Capitulation of Metz—French Preparations for a Siege—Muzzle-loaders and Breech-loaders—M. Thiers' Mission—His Interview with Count Bismarck—Probability of an Armistice—The Affair at Le Bourget—Count Bismarck's Difficulty.

October 21.—Yesterday the orders of the Prefect of the Seine-et-Oise respecting the victualling of Versailles were posted all over the town. At the same time orders were issued for the opening of the schools and institutions for education throughout the department. These seem to give the greatest offence to the French; it indicated such a complete possession of the department by the German authorities. "Their insolence is maddening," exclaimed one old gentleman to another, as with flashing eyes he read the benevolent admonitions of M. de Branchitsch; "but the hour of vengeance is near at hand, and long threatening comes at last." Without the least idea that anything unusual was likely to take place, I started for St. Germain this morning, leaving everything in Versailles tranquil to all outward

appearance. The old town, in whose château an English King and his Court had long been harboured, and where the sun of the Stuarts may be said to have sunk for ever, possessed singular attractions for me. I could watch the French at work in the trenches ; I could see Paris at my ease, and enjoy one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world—if enjoy is a fit term to apply to the contemplation of so much beauty harassed and tortured by the works of war. Above all, I could get away from the bores, escape the tumult of the Reservoirs and its noisy monotony, and, be it said without offence, vary the entertainment afforded by constant communication with the same set of friends. And so, although there was much formality to be gone through always, so that I never could come near a post without a sort of perturbation as to passes, I was always glad when I found myself on the road from Versailles to St. Germain. At Chenes, indeed, the men of the 37th were all turned out in the streets, and at Roquencourt drums were beating, and the soldiery were tumbling out of the houses towards the stands of arms ; and through the rumbling of the carriage-wheels came sounds, which by degrees resolved themselves into the distinct reports of field-guns, dulled by the woods which lay between the road and the valley of the Seine. These sounds became louder as we went on, and so much were the sentries and posts along the road aroused by them, that they

scarcely looked at our passes at the very time they were most liable to suspicion. There could not be a doubt about it now. Here we are close to the Aqueduct of Marles. There, opposite, rises the bulk of Valérien, wreaths of smoke, and on the fields which slope down towards Malmaison and over towards St. Cloud are masses of French infantry, or rather long trailing columns, advancing, under cover of a double line of artillery posted on the rising slopes in their rear, towards the woods where the Prussians were grimly awaiting them. It was admirable to watch the calmness with which the Prussians were taking up their positions. Close to us a regiment of dragoons were standing by their horses, covering the road, and quite well concealed from view of those down below by a thick belt of trees and hedges. In a field by them were halted two batteries of artillery ready to move wherever they were required. The excitement of our coachman—a great big lumbering Versaillaise—was a sight to see. His eyes flashed; he ground his teeth, and cursed, and cracked his whip, and abused his horses, and uttered innumerable exclamations—half delight, half fear. “Ah!” he says, “these *gredins*, these *coquins*, they are getting it at last.” Mr. W—— and Lieutenant A—— are pounding along the road, riding towards St. Germain. “The French are coming on,” cried one to me; “do not attempt to go near Bougeval; it is being shelled furiously.” The rolling of musketry, the growling

of the mitrailleuse, the thuds of the artillery on the French side, as well as the number of men who appeared upon the slopes, gave promise of a considerable sortie, supposing always that there were troops in reserve to those whom we saw actually upon the slopes; but, taking them altogether, I could not make out in view much more than 12,000 French on the open, if so many. It was evident, in such a wooded country, that the only place where a pedestrian could get a view from was the heights of St. Germain. The coachman unwillingly drove on, and, as we turned in towards Marles, there came in great streams men, women, and children, along the road, why or wherefore I could not make out. They seemed in a state of joyous flight. Women, to be sure, crying and wringing their hands, but the men exulting, and snapping their fingers, and laughing, till they came to the place where the Prussians were drawn up, rigid as iron, along the road. I heard afterwards that these French people had been driven by the soldiery from the Terrace at St. Germain and the slopes of the hill, where they were supposed to be encouraging their countrymen, and they were seeking other points of observation for, as they hoped, a French victory. St. Germain at last. The Hotel du Pavilion de Henri Quatre was crowded with Prussians. Everybody in immense excitement. Marie wringing her hands and crying bitterly—"The wretches killing each other like that! it is

enough to make one doubt there is a God in Heaven." Yet how odd it was, M. Barbot's waiters were serving people in the gilded saloon, and groups of officers at their breakfast discussing what they saw through their field-glasses as they ate their meals. The French population were swarming in the few places where they were allowed to congregate, whence they could get a glimpse of the battle. I could not but think how disheartening it must have been for the troops who were advancing from under the cover of Valérien to see before them nothing but a great belt of woods, fenced in with walls, from which came a spitting fire of musketry and the rush of those terrible Prussian shells, not a soul almost being visible, except when now and then a sunbeam lighted up the spike of a helmet or flashed off a bayonet. I established myself in an upper window with K—— F——, and, with maps spread out upon the table, we were enabled to mark pretty well the positions of the combatants; and I made my notes, and indeed wrote from time to time in cold-blooded comfort, seeing much better than if I were nearer, or on any one point that could be found on the field, except, perhaps, the top of the aqueduct at Marles, which was occupied by the King and his Staff. The action, if it can be called so, lasted four and a half hours. As a serious attempt it could not be regarded as of importance, for the 5th Corps was able to check the advance with one division, not to speak of the

Landwehr of the Guard, who were also engaged, and behaved magnificently. The cries of the people, their exclamations of joy, in which sometimes English words were heard from alien sympathisers, as the action seemed to go in favour of the French, and their low murmurs of grave disappointment as the onward progress of their friends was stayed, and at last a retrograde movement was commenced, were something quite new to me, for never before had I seen a multitude of civilians present as spectators of an actual combat. Now that all is over, it is quite probable that had Ducrot made an attack with 50,000 men instead of 10,000, and had he dashed out boldly without any warning of guns from Valérien or gunboats on the Seine, he might have absolutely driven the Prussians out of Versailles, and cut the line of investment. Up to this moment I have never been able to make out whether a most gallant officer, conspicuous on a white horse in the midst of the very heaviest fire, and at the head of the most advanced of the line of skirmishers, was or was not General Ducrot, but from what I have heard I have reason to think it was, and certainly his gallantry excited the admiration at least of those who witnessed it from the hotel windows at St. Germain, if that is any consolation to him for defeat. How he escaped I cannot imagine. As the columns commenced to return towards Valérien, the French crowds melted slowly, and sadly, and silently away, and the Prussians

became more animated and talkative, and orders resounded in the dining-hall, and M. Barbot and his waiters were sent skimming to and fro with dishes and bottles; but there was no hip-hip-hooraying or singing of choruses, or what may be called indecent exultation. Up to half-past 6, or fully an hour after the troops had retreated, the guns of Valérien still maintained the fire, which had carried so much destruction to the villages within range, that Bougeval, Rueil, Chaton, and Montesson had all their share of incendiary fires. After dinner I wrote till I could keep my eyes open no longer, and then I went to my room, and was lying in bed reading a letter, when a knock came to the door outside, where I had heard the clanking of sabres and the tramping of boots. It seemed to me as if an effort were going to be made to disturb my rest and to deprive me of my bed; and as it was probable that wounded might be coming in, I was prepared in that case for surrender, and said—"Come in." The door opened. In came Marie with a candle, followed by an officer of the Landwehr Guard, who at once, addressing me in French, said—"Put out your lights." I said, "I am an Englishman." "I have learned that," he said. "I have therefore come to warn you that you must not exhibit lights in your windows, and that if you come near the window with a light the sentries have orders to shoot you instantly." "You see," remarked I, "that I am in bed." "Yes; but you might get up, and a

you are an Englishman, I thought it as well to tell you that you will certainly be shot if you are seen at the window with a light. The French make signals to Valérien." "May I not read a little?" "Oh, certainly, as long as your window is darkened. Good night, sir. Remember, there are two sentries down below whose orders are most strict." I could not help thinking, as I turned round in my bed, how very pleasant it was for the good people across the Channel that they can go to their windows with lights in their hands without fear of being shot. Well is it for those who have only to read the accounts of war.

October 22.—I was up early this morning, and on my way back to Versailles. Even M. Barbot's vulture looked out of spirits and miserable. Marie had not slept all night, she said, because the wounded were being carried through the streets; and Pierre attempted to make out that he had been equally wakeful. Toiling up the hill of St. Germain came, indeed, ambulance carts, mostly laden with French who had been picked up in front of the Prussian lines after the retreat. At Versailles there was much animation; the streets were filled with carts conveying ammunition and provisions, and of course there was an accession of the hospital ambulances. It appears that the people behaved very indiscreetly, unless they were quite sure of victory, when the Prussians were leaving yesterday. They jeered at the officers, and put out their tongues and laughed at the Staff as they were

riding out towards the scene of action. When I got to my quarters I found Harpes very much on the alert indeed. All my things, it appeared, had been packed up on the waggon and ready to send away with the baggage of the Head-Quarters of the 3rd Army. The King's fourgons and the Crown Prince's waggons were all ready for a start, and the evacuation of Versailles appears to have been seriously contemplated. When the French heard the firing and saw the shells bursting over the woods towards St. Cloud they fancied the supreme effort was being made, and also, why I know not, that it must be successful, and ordered themselves accordingly. And now there stand the cannon on the Place d'Armes pointed down all the avenues, and there are orders posted on the walls warning the inhabitants that if they come out into the streets when the Prussian drums beat the alert, or appear at the windows, or light their candles at night in case of alarm, the German troops have orders to use musket, sabre, gun, and cannon against them. The Prussian officers carry into action a small knapsack or kit, containing a few necessary articles, and when the Crown Prince's Staff were seen riding out in a hurry with these on their backs yesterday, the people of Versailles were quite certain that they had packed up all the gold and valuables they could lay their hands on, and were cutting out of the country as fast as they could.

October 23.—It is exceedingly tantalising to be so near England, and yet be so long in getting a mes-

sage sent there. The Feldpost creeps through France along its guarded lines to Germany, and carries our letters at regulation pace. The Franc-tireurs have become so troublesome that it halts at night, so that there are now four or five days to the frontier, and then two or three to Ostend. So this blessed Sunday I was obliged to write, after taking a look at the King at Divine service in the chapel of Louis the Great—no doubt exceedingly grateful for the repulse of the sortie, which has added, however, to the number of wounded which filled the adjoining corridors and picture galleries—for there is a courier going to England, travelling right through the Prussian outposts and the French volunteers. He is the courier or agent of Mr. Furley and of the International, a German, or anglicised German, named Kleinmann, an intelligent, active man, and he intends going by way of Nantes, Vernon, and Calais, carrying, I hope safely, my letters and despatches. Query, is this a violation of the badge of Geneva? I think not; because his letters are neutral, and, indeed, if of service to anybody in the way of information to an enemy, must be of more value to the French, who are outside, than to the Prussians, who know a great deal more news than I can communicate concerning their own position. It is horrible to think that Paris is to be subjected to a bombardment. There can be no doubt about it, for the siege park is already in course of formation. I believe there are great doubts in the

highest quarters as to the propriety of this step in a military and moral sense, and for my own part I would rather not assist at it. The Crown Prince is understood to entertain strong objections, principally based on the inutility of such a measure, considering the distance of the batteries to be determined by the lie of the ground, as well as the effect it will produce outside. The military authorities are also, it is said, divided in opinion. But the Army—the troops! Well, I should think that—pelted as they have been ever since they arrived in front of Paris by all the guns of the forts—with one accord they are anxious for a reply, and it would be, perhaps, impolitic to trifle with the feeling universally expressed, or at least felt, by officers and men. To-day is the anniversary of the evacuation of Moscow by Napoleon. It is raw and cold. The wind is carrying the leaves in showers half down the Avenue de Paris; the thermometer fallen to 48 deg.; officers are hurrying to and fro in their greatcoats. From a little bird which has been flitting about, Herr Abeken, I hear that it is probable that a great gathering of German potentates is likely to assemble in Versailles. A grand epoch in history will be dated hence. Meantime, how the poor inhabitants suffer! Those who have known better days, as it is called, have indeed pitiable ones now. Old officers in retreat, and pensioners of the Kingdom and Empire, who were living comfortably

here, left penniless. I watch in the little shops day after day articles of jewellery, watches, and old plate, exposed for sale, which tell their sad story. As pawnbroking is carried on only under the protection of the State, all the *Monts de Piété* are shut. In the evening comes news of a fresh success. Von Werder has defeated the French, under Cambriels, at Oignon.

October 24.—At last the prayers of the Parisians are heard, but whether they may not themselves regret that the gods have listened to them has yet to be seen. The weather is decidedly changed. Among the many hallucinations of the people there would seem to be the remarkable one that cold, wet, foggy weather is reserved for the English. To-day is simply abominable. I intended driving out to St. Germain to see what the French were doing at Valérien, but it came on to blow and to rain in torrents, the bitter blast driving clouds of fog before it, rendering the landscape invisible a hundred yards in front of one. So I contented myself with foraging about Versailles, visiting the Château, calling on a few friends, learning the news. In the evening H—— and I dined at the Reservoirs, which was unusually thronged with officers. Some Paris papers have arrived, which were read with great interest. One contained a poem—“*Asses d’azur.*” The writer, perhaps, recollected the effect of the Russian winter upon the hosts of the Great Emperor. He implores God, cold and snow, to

blast the hordes of King William. "Enough of blue," he says, "enough of blue; let the sky grow black as night, let the earth be covered with a fleecy shroud." Going home to a not over warm chamber I almost fancied that the poet had undue influence.

October 25.—On this day, 1854, I was aroused from my blanket by the first gun which opened the Battle of Balaclava. How well I remember that crisp, bright morning! I went to my window and looked out upon the avenue. The wind was howling through the trees, tearing the leaves off in showers, and the rain battered against the panes as though it would break them in. So I invested myself in long boots and waterproofs, and sallied forth after breakfast. Visited Mr. Furley, whom I found ensconced amidst stores of good things, which were rapidly diminishing, however, under a flood of requisitions. There are curious points in the operations of the International to be considered. I do not think any help can be given to a belligerent which does not in some degree tend to the prolongation of war. Mr. Furley, for instance, has been asked by Prussian officers for greatcoats for their men, flannel jackets, and the like, to enable them to withstand what has now become the severe duty of outposts. In so far they are fortified against an enemy on which the French might perhaps rely. From Mr. Furley's I went to the Château, to the Dutch Ambulances under the care of Mr. Van der Velde, and found everything—beds,

medical stores, attendance—all that might be expected from Dutch management in the hands of such an excellent and accomplished superintendent. But he has thorns in the flesh; bickerings with Prussian officers in charge of the hospital; and much contention. I went round the wounded from end to end. The services of the Sisters of Charity and hospital nurses are admirably organised. It strikes me that some of the German surgeons are a little rough, not to put too fine a point upon it. For instance, a wounded man, propped up in bed to have his thigh probed, uttered a scream so piercing that the Sister of Charity who was standing by, let fall the bottle she had in her hand, clapped her hands to her ears, and rushed out of the room, and my friend and myself nearly followed her example; but the surgeon withdrawing the probe a little, raised his hand and gave the man a box on the side of the head, saying, "Silence! you pig-dog!" As he was a Jew, he might have been merely taking a little revenge on the Polish Christian. Jews are admitted into the Prussian medical service, but cannot rise beyond a certain rank. At two o'clock I went to Les Ombrages, as Seckendorff was good enough to give me a mount—what would I not give for a horse of my own!—and rode off to the Bellagerongs park or siege train which is at Villacoublay, about four miles outside Versailles, or, perhaps, not quite so far. The road put me in mind of that from the heights to Balaclava in its early stages. The park was a sea of

mud. I had to write a very circumspect account of my visit to the *Times*, for fear of giving too much information, although probably the French know all about the position and number of the guns. Hozier came with us, and the Prussian Artillery officers gave every information as to range, &c. It was curious to walk between the lines of these iron pieces with their noses cocked up in the air, at an angle of 45 deg., like so many gigantic telescopes pointed to the stars, and to think that in a few weeks the vast city which lay a few miles beyond would be cowering under the hail of projectiles and incendiary shells, directed on quarters swarming with human beings. On my return to Versailles I was delighted to find that Captain Robins, Queen's Messenger, accompanied by my colleague, Mr. Kelly, had arrived from Sedan ; the former having come from London with despatches from Lord Granville for Count Bismarck, after the holding of a Cabinet Council. He left on Thursday, and has thus been five days reaching Versailles, having adventures, some by no means agreeable, on the way with Franc-tireurs and Prussians, both coming into Versailles under the fire of the forts. It is generally believed that the English Government is making strong representations to Count Bismarck, and the German princes and officers are a good deal exercised upon the point, as I heard at the Reservoirs this evening. After dinner went to the casino or club, where the members of the Second Staff generally are courteously received

by the Duke of Coburg in his rooms. Conversation, cigars, newspapers, refreshments, and an early retreat.

October 26.—To-day another downfall. Winter seems to have come before its time; rain almost tropical. It is Count Moltke's birthday, and there was a gay scene at the Reservoirs, for the Crown Prince and his Staff came to dine with the veteran strategist, and the tables were crammed, all the great officers who could attend being present. The great strategist seemed to have more wrinkles than ever on his imperturbable face; but he was not so silent in seven languages as he usually is, and was visibly touched when the Crown Prince drank his health. It was this day sixty-four years ago that Napoleon halted outside Berlin preparatory to his triumphal entry next day; and as we are sitting at dinner there comes intelligence that the days of Metz are nearly numbered. I sent off by Mr. Thomas, of the International, another packet of letters for England. Whether it is the weather or not, or the prospect of the bombardment—which, certainly, if it be general I shall not, in the French sense of the word, assist at—or the lengthened residence in this dull town, great as are the events which occur around it, I know not; but certainly my spirits are becoming dull to a degree, and I cannot rouse myself. Others are affected as well as myself. Even the sick and wounded seem inclined to give up the struggle, and, judging from the increasing number of funerals, they

often do so altogether. Ever since the Prussians entered Versailles almost, there have been funerals from the Château to the Cemetery ; but latterly the number has been increasing, and now every day there is a procession about three o'clock. You see the little escorts of troops forming up in the Cour Royale, at the entrance of the Cour de Marbre ; the band, a body of officers, the chaplains, an escort of cavalry, and the firing party ; and outside a little crowd, generally of women and children. Everything is conducted with great propriety and decency. The officers' coffins are covered with black velvet palls and crosses edged with white, and decorated with wreaths and chaplets ; the men's are draped in white simply. As the procession passes along from the Place d'Armes, by the Place Hoche, to the Church of Notre Dame, the sound of the rolling drums and the strains of the band attract the people from their houses, and you see Frenchwomen crossing themselves and men uncovering their heads as the coffins pass. Catholic and Protestant are buried together in the same ground, but each has got its own band and distinct company of mourners and escort—only the Lutherans seem to have precedence in their service. The French seem to take the greatest interest in these funerals. I followed a group the other day, and as the firing-party raised their rifles, and the smoke curled over the deep pit in which ten Germans had been laid, a young fellow growled, " Ah ! they will never enter Paris at all

events !” “*Mon ami !*” said an old gentleman, putting his hand upon his shoulder, “let us hope they will enter a better place, where we shall meet them too !” The German requisitions are gradually working upon the people to such an extent that they scarcely consider those who use them human beings. Bad enough are requisitions ; but when written in that terrible character with which the Germans afflict the reading world they are too much for human patience. I was told, as a joke, of a Frenchman bringing in a requisition for two dozen of champagne to the Mayor, which he had received from a young officer. It proved to be signed by “Réquierier, Major of the Self-Help Association.”

October 27.—I hired a carriage to drive out to St. Germain’s to-day. From the Terrace I had a sight of what seemed to be a warm engagement in the nature of a sortie towards St. Denis. In fact it was an attack upon Bourget by General Bellemarre, who occupied the village ; but the day was hazy, and one could not make out much more than the puffs of smoke and the occasional flash of a heavy gun from the forts around St. Denis. I returned in the evening to Versailles, and heard that the affair was of some importance, and that the French are not to be allowed to hold Le Bourget. At 9 o’clock at night there came to me a French sympathiser—that is, an Englishman—who feels for the misfortunes of France as if they were not deserved, or at least

self-invoked. "Is it true," was all he could ask; "has Metz surrendered?" "Certainly," I replied. Without another word he turned and left the room.

October 28.—Yesterday there arrived, after many what the French call *peripéties*, Mr. S. E——, a colleague of mine. I was exceedingly anxious to show that a judicious use of the Geneva Cross and Badge might work wonders in the transmission of correspondence, and as there was a packet of letters ready, I urged him to try his fortune with the Franc-tireurs; and being the happy owner of those passports he started for London, where he arrived safely *viâ* Havre. Captain Robins, Queen's Messenger, also went off early in the morning, but the Prussian authorities would not permit him to pass out to the French, and he had perforce to go back all the way through the German lines of communication by Sedan and Bouillon, and so home through Belgium. It was so cold this morning that I had to light my fire on getting up. I went over to Les Ombrages, and learned that the capitulation of Metz was signed at Frascati yesterday, and that the town would be occupied to-day. Such a tremendous catastrophe! A crushing blow for France—a crowning glory for Germany! The continuation of the contest now seems hopeless, for Prince Frederick Charles will be free to march with three-fourths of his Army to break up the bands gathering behind the Loire, and to strengthen the investing force round Paris. The *Nouvelleste*, of Versailles,

has now become the *Moniteur Officiel du Departement de Seine et Oise*. Yesterday the copies posted on the walls were surrounded by crowds, who jeered and mocked the statement that Metz was about to surrender. "What! the Imperial Guard, with Canrobert and Bazaine, and all the others? Do they think we are fools, these Prussians? Bah!" It was proposed that my colleague, K——, should go round to the north side of Paris and establish himself with the Head-Quarters of the Crown Prince of Saxony; and I procured from General Von Podbielski a pass for that purpose. In some instances difficulties have arisen on the part of the ignorant officers and soldiers—for such they are—as to the passes signed by General Blumenthal being valid for the Second Army.

October 29.—The very remarkable expedition with which the *Times* of the 24th has been forwarded, induced me to intrust a despatch to the Feldpost which leaves Head-Quarters to-day. I had certainly but few facts to communicate, and as I do not care to extend my speculations beyond the field in which I move, I could not give much information. The wonderful manner in which the London papers become informed of the doings of the various corps of the German Armies altogether discourages the habit of speculating and prophesying overmuch. The best-informed people here fail altogether in their knowledge of events as compared with that possessed

by the London journals. The fall of Strasbourg and the cession of Metz with its 173,000 defenders are matters wholly beyond the credence of Frenchmen, who actually regard with pity the imprudent Prussians, who do not number over 2,000, and who will so shortly be driven from the country. We hear wonderful accounts from the Americans who have recently left Paris as to the attitude of its people, and the determination with which they will withstand the bombardment of the city. The means for carrying into effect that terrible measure are quietly but surely accumulating. In the meantime the French are not idle. The old works are being strengthened, while new ones are almost daily constructed—the most important of the latter being a battery that is erected on the western slope of Mont Valérien, for the purpose, possibly, of enfilading the Prussian batteries about St. Cloud,—and yet, even now rumours are rife that the wishes of the peacemakers will be consummated. But it is to be feared that those who lend ready credence to such reports are wholly ignorant of the feelings and tempers of the Germans, and of the firm determination with which they will insist upon Alsace and Lorraine. I have just heard from Baron Senden, one of his Majesty's Chamberlains, that the French have taken Bourget, but that it was not much valued by the Prussians, and was only partially defended. The rain is pouring down with steady persistence, which threatens destruction to the watch-fires

that are struggling for existence on the plains, while the fan-shaped blades of light from Valérien illumine the fields and forests towards Malmaison and St. Cloud.

October 31.—The enormous exertions that are hourly made to complete the works near Valérien, lead to the belief that the French are preparing to withstand a regular siege. Men may be seen working day and night preparing the foundations of the redoubts, while the anxiety of the besieged is evinced by the constant use of electric lights. In the meantime the Prussians, aided to a certain extent by the storms and heavy rains which prevail, work on steadily, determined to make good their footing in some one of the detached forts. When this is accomplished the real horrors of the siege will commence, and the courage of the defenders be tested by the terrors of a bombardment. It may be supposed by some that the delay in making the attack is connected with peace negotiations, whereas it is simply caused by the necessity of employing all available means for bringing up supplies—a necessity even more imperative than that of arming the batteries. All the horses and carts are required for the former purpose, and it is only during the intervals that the transport of guns and ammunition can be effected. The difficulties may be appreciated when it is known that transport is needed for the supply of 500 rounds of 200lb. shell for the large mortars, guns, and howitzers. The French have

hitherto been free—perhaps too free—with their ammunition. Their shells, too, are very bad; many monsters lying in St. Cloud, three feet long, with Woolwich studs in them unexploded. The duel between the muzzle-loaders and breech-loaders is about to take place, and, as a matter of course, if the former are beaten, the partizans of the system in England will appeal to the notorious fact that the French guns are the worst muzzle-loaders in the world; whereas if they make a good fight of it, the fact will be hailed as a proof of the excellence of the system. It is said that the military authorities in Paris are endeavouring to get some batteries of breech-loaders in order to enable them to meet the Prussian guns on better terms. I do not wish to offer an individual opinion on this or any other gunnery question. I have no opinion to be made or unmade, no theory to serve, nor interest to advance. I do not even claim any scientific knowledge or professional education on the subject; but inasmuch as I have seen a great deal of the practice of guns in the field, and have witnessed the most startling and complete changes of opinion among technical men, and the for-ever-experimenting artillerist at home, I may say that I am not quite so sure they are infallible. Speculation is rife as to the particulars of the interview between M. Thiers and Count Bismarck. It lasted but a few moments, but the result is said to have visibly affected the former. His mission is believed to be one of peace, the strongest

argument for which lies in the hopelessness of resistance. But is this an argument that may with safety be used by any form of Government, that may be constituted? At 5 o'clock M. Thiers returned, and at nine Valérien opened a tremendous fire, as if to give warning that they intended to fight it out in Paris. The windows rattle loudly, while groups of people stand at the corners of the streets listening to the noise made by the heavy guns and bursting shells. Some think it is a sortie, but no sound of musketry can be heard. A French friend of M. Thiers tells me that he seems more cheerful—at least, that he considers the hope of peace not quite desperate. Notwithstanding his anxiety and fatigue, he could not escape the “interviewers.” A few were sufficiently audacious to intrude upon him, solely on the plea that they were newspaper correspondents, while one, the representative of an American journal, more persistent than his *confrères*, only yielded to the pathetic appeal, “*Pour l’amour de Dieu, Monsieur, laissez-moi tranquille.*”

November 1.—In every corner of Versailles discussion is rife as to the reception of M. Thiers in Paris, and the most wonderful *canards* are on the wing, many of which will, no doubt, find their way across the Channel to England. Among others, you will hear—how the French Statesman was received with chilling coldness, would scarcely be listened to, and in fact was speedily *renvoyé*. The facts, as I

have already stated, are simply these: M. Thiers' original intention when making application for liberty to enter Paris was not to visit the Head-Quarters at Versailles, but he was invited to do so. When it appeared that he had no power to act on behalf of the Paris Government he entered Paris. He was admirably received. He came to tell the full truth regarding Metz. Although great agitation existed the discussion of affairs was carried on calmly and with moderation. The council prolonged its sitting far into the morning, and after a few hours' repose M. Thiers was, on his return, armed with the consent of the Government to treat for an armistice on the grounds which Lord Granville had embodied in his despatch. On his arrival in Versailles the result was communicated to Count Bismarck, at an interview with which M. Thiers expressed himself to me as "*très content*." The important point lies in this fact, as no doubt a step in advance has been made towards procuring an armistice. Some of the Versailles theorists won't believe it. Did they not hear the thunders of Valérien that opened last night?—and was that not proof-positive that M. Thiers had been ill-received in Paris? The real cause of the firing which gave rise to so much speculation and deep gratulation, was an effort made to prevent the Germans from making a certain bridge. It is not anticipated by the German Princes that any cessation of war will take place, and the period of sixty-five

days is that which has been allotted to Paris to hold out against starvation. The armistice will, however, have its own value ; it will give time and opportunity to the French to understand their position and the true course of events, while it will also enable the martial ardour of the Germans to become less formidable. Although scarcely three years had elapsed since I had last seen M. Thiers, he had grown very much older in appearance, and spoke with a certain amount of languor and fatigue. This was, however, but momentary ; for when he warmed with his subject all traces of being wearied vanished, and he became as animated as ever. He entertained some hope that the armistice would be carried, although he saw the great difficulties that were to be encountered. To meet these, he would remain in Versailles, and, if failure were the result, he would return to his family and await the event. M. Thiers dined at the "Reservoirs," and, by a strange coincidence, he at one time stood for some moments side by side with Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. A most unfortunate occurrence has taken place, which demands inquiry from the French Government. What is reported may be false, or be greatly exaggerated ; but there can be no doubt that it is believed by the Germans firmly, and consequently may lead to most deplorable consequences. In the unfortunate affair at Le Bourget on October 30, a French regiment was observed waving white handkerchiefs and raising the

butts of their muskets in the air. Count Waldersee, the Colonel of the Queen Augusta Regiment, immediately rode towards the French, who suddenly fired on him. He fell dead from his horse. His Adjutant rode to his assistance, and was brought down badly wounded, as also was another officer behind him. The greatest indignation prevails in the Crown Prince's Head-Quarters at this dastardly conduct. Le Bourget has earned for itself unenviable notoriety. The position is really one of little importance ; but on October 29 two battalions of the French dislodged a Prussian post of one company from the village which they had occupied. The Crown Prince of Saxony, a most gallant and resolute soldier, considered it a point of honour to retake the position, and gave orders accordingly. The General in command of the Guard represented how the place had been barricaded and fortified, and how the cost of taking it must be considerable. The reply was that such considerations should not be allowed to deter the Prussian Guard. On the next day the 2nd Division was sent to storm the place. The cannonade to which it had been previously subjected, had but little effect. The stormers were received by a most terrible fire from houses, walls, and barricades ; but on they pressed, most gallantly carrying house after house, till they cleared the town, and took as prisoners thirty officers and 1,100 men. To retake this unimportant position was considered to be a point of honour, and it was accomplished, but the loss was

terrible, and the sorrow over the affair was great indeed.

November 3.—It is difficult to speculate as to the course that events will take—whether the term fixed upon to elapse before the fall of Paris has been correctly calculated, and whether Prussia intends to carry on the war. As to the former, it is true that Paris has not yet been taken, but it is no less true that the siege has not been commenced, that no hostile shot has been fired into the city, but that yet the people are downcast and miserable: as to the latter, what reasons exist why the German Chancellor should not prosecute the war? As far as France is concerned he has nothing to fear from adopting such a course; as regards other countries merely papers and writings. His real difficulty lies with his own countrymen, who may demand more than he can offer as the price of their losses and their exile. They may make it a point of honour to enter Paris, as fixedly as France may strain every nerve and make every sacrifice to save the capital from the tread of the invader. Again, each of the German Princes here is mindful of his individuality, while Wurtemberg, backed by other States, demands more than she is likely to get; and Bavaria, with all her sufferings, waits her turn to ask for her reward, or to claim her rights. M. Thiers had another interview to-day with the Chancellor, and a lengthened one—how different in manner and in *physique* are these two great diplomatists, who thus

meet to discuss affairs of such momentous importance—the one small in stature, with a low voice, softly modulated accent, and a gentle manner; the other huge in bulk, pronounced in speech, winning in manner when it pleases him, though quick in anger if provoked, a soldier as well as a statesman. Both are hard workers: one may rise at four; the other will sit till long after midnight. M. Thiers has read deeply of France; but it would be difficult to say what there is worth the knowledge that Count Bismarck does not know of every country in the world. The interview was a long one, but what passed I cannot tell; suffice it to say that M. Thiers “does not despair.” If he succeeds, the credit will belong to Lord Granville and England, of taking a step which leads towards peace. The interview will be renewed to-day, and it may be assumed that M. Thiers sees that for the moment the only hope for France lies in a Republican form of government. Every one is alive to the difficulties. Some representative government must be formed in order to justify a Ministry in signing a “dismembering” Treaty, and it will not prove a light task to formulate the conditions under which such a Constituent Assembly can be elected. In the meantime rumour says that the Paris garrison will try to strengthen M. Thiers’ negotiations by a heavy sortie. I consequently went over to St. Germain to take an observation, but only saw men heavily at work below Valérien, and some cattle inside the *enceinte* near the Bois de

Boulogne—certain evidence that beef still remains as well as mutton. At two o'clock there was a slight alarm. The enemy were said to be coming out, but they did not—still every one was prepared, everything ready ; nothing more creditably so than the “ Ambulance Anglaise.”

CHAPTER XIII.

Rumoured Insurrection in Paris—Inkerman Day—M. Thiers' Conference with Jules Favre—Capitulation of Verdun—Occupation of Troyes—Capture of a French Balloon—The English Exodus—News from Paris—The gathering Storm—Defeat of Von der Tann—The *Figaro*—Inside Paris—The Difficulties of a Sortie—A change in the Situation.

November 2.—Can there well be a more painful position for a Frenchman, loving France, and, above all things French, admiring and adoring her warlike capacity and military successes as M. Thiers does, than to be here, in the city of Versailles, almost under the shadow of the temple erected by Louis the Great to “all the glories of France,” in a hotel which is like a Prussian barrack, trying to obtain terms of peace, or even an armistice from a triumphant invader? He has a large sitting-room, the tables in which are covered with papers and calculations as to provisioning Paris; and there he repairs as soon as it is daylight—this aged, infirm, and toil-worn old man, filled with cares and terrible anxieties—and writes for hours, assisted by his faithful secretary, M. Remusat the younger, preparing for his interview with the German Chancellor. Upstairs and down—in rooms and passages and corridors—clank the

sabres and spurs of Princes and Dukes, Generals and officers of victorious Germany; and the air is laden with their light-hearted speech, and the noise of their revels and joyous meals rises up to his window. If he looks out, he sees pickel-haube and foreign soldiery around; and his meditations must now and then be broken by the roar of the guns and the rattle of the musketry around beleaguered Paris. He has few visitors, and I hear their movements are carefully noted by the police agents. The Mayor calls on him, and M. De la Roche, on whose face and frame I can observe almost each day the wasting effects of hope deferred and deep-seated grief; for he is convinced that help is coming somehow, and yet his information day after day turns out to be ill-founded. About noon M. Thiers goes down stairs and slides into a little cabinet off the entrance to the large dining-room in the Reservoirs, where he breakfasts with three or four friends, but he cannot pass in or out without rubbing up against German officers. He selects the most secluded streets for his daily walks, and I have seen him turn aside to the shelter of a tree in these broad avenues to escape the notice of some group of officers; and once he had to stand aside behind an elm in the Boulevard de la Reine to avoid the King, who drove by with his escort in an open carriage. He suffers from severe palpitations of the heart, aggravated by his recent travel, and speaks as if he thought his

time was near at hand. "If I fail now, I shall retire to my family and await the end, which cannot be far distant." Before dinner he sinks into his chair, or lies down and sleeps for an hour or two. How marvellously he wields the only tongue he knows! every sentence polished like some elaborated gem of oratory! The Germans scarcely notice him; and the little man, in his plain black clothes, chimney-pot hat, gold spectacles, passing through the groups of great uniformed Teutons, is a curious representation of that warlike race whose military passion he has done so much to excite and glorify! M. Thiers has now been here since October 30, and his work makes no progress. This morning early I had a visit from Herr Schneider, Reader to the King, a very agreeable, lively old gentleman, and as Prussian as M. Thiers is French. He was formerly on the stage—where he achieved a considerable success, and was a great favourite. It is his present business to wait on the King, and read aloud to him passages from the public journals or books likely to interest or amuse His Majesty. Of the King he speaks in terms bordering on the idolatrous—everything of, about, and in him is great and good. Herr Schneider was *redacteur* of the *Staats Anzeiger* when the Army set out, but one of his early letters brought him into collision with no less a person than Count Bismarck. It was the case of the earthen vessel and the brass pot. The unlucky correspondent in his account of

Gravelotte remarked that it was very strange the Imperial Guard were not engaged, or something of the sort. The paper arrived, the paragraph was read, and the great Chancellor dropped upon the correspondent with vigour. "What did he mean by it? The Guards had been engaged; if he had only gone on the field he would have seen it covered with their bearskins, and their bodies too! In future he would not let a single line of Herr Schneider's go to the paper until it had been sent to, and approved by Major Von Verdy." This was very hard upon poor Mr. Schneider, who had absolutely instructed the gallant Major in the arts of composition and polite letter-writing. So he either threw up his commission as special correspondent, or was dismissed, for he would not consent to submit his letters to revision. The hardest part of it is that the statement which drew upon him the mighty Chancellor's ire was founded upon the remarks of the King himself to Herr Schneider. It will be seen from this that even in the purely military system of the Prussian Court when in the field, there is a possibility of a newspaper correspondent holding an employment which brings him almost within the secret cabinet of the King himself. I found Herr Schneider exceedingly lively and interesting, full of anecdote, and animated by the *furia Tedescha* against the French. After him came Mr. O'Sullivan, lately, if not now, United States' Minister to Portugal, whom I had known formerly in

America. As far as I can guess, he comes impressed with the belief that he can manage a treaty of peace on his own hook, and he has got an elaborate document, setting forth what is to be done in Alsace and Lorraine, defining the frontiers, and regulating the occupation of fortresses, all cut and dry—as though he had an Army of 500,000 men at his back. Breakfasted at the Zweiter Staffel table with Herr Samwer, who strikes me as being an exceedingly clear-headed, able man; but I am told he is not in great esteem with the Chancellor. The Duke of Coburg came in with news that there was an insurrection in Paris. Monsieur Thiers hurried across the end of the room into his little cabinet, casting a quick glance at the long table where there was a great consumption of viands, drinks, and tobacco going on by many bearded warriors. Returning to my quarters, saw a crowd in the street with faces upturned in one direction; they were looking at two balloons which were floating over Paris in a southerly direction. I arranged with M. ——— to send a letter to London by a Frenchwoman, who had received permission from the Prussian Head-Quarters to pass through the lines and get to Havre, when she was to start for London to look after her interest in some dressmaking business. So I had to write nearly all day.

November 5—(Inkerman Day).—I could not help feeling a little twinge this morning when I heard them all abusing the French very roundly at the

Staff table, for it would be hard for one who, like me, remembered the advance of the French Infantry to our assistance in the crisis of that terrible struggle, sixteen years ago, not to feel we owed the country some little goodwill and recognition of service rendered. The little French lady, Mdlle. Penay, who was to have taken my letter at 9 o'clock this morning, actually started at 7; but I had it all ready for her, and I gave her an order to receive 200f. in case she delivered it without delay in Printing House-square.* Met a French friend in the street much excited. "We are," he said, "about to strike a grand blow; Bourbaki, the bravest of our generals and the most daring, with a splendid and numerous army, is to leave Lille to-day, to march straight for the Rhine, destroying Von Werder and the German communications, relieving Belfort, and then carrying the war into the enemy's country." I remarked that it was a very bold enterprise, and that if boldness was not successful in affairs such as these, it was ruinous, and would certainly be characterised

* As it turned out, it was an unhappy commission for the poor little woman. The spy madness still raged in France. She passed through the Prussian lines without difficulty, but on reaching a French post the Franc-tireurs set upon her, searched her, and dragged her off to prison on the ground that she was carrying secret intelligence. The stupidity of this is almost incredible, for if the intelligence in my letter could have been of use to either belligerent, it must certainly have been to the French and not to the Prussians, as the *Times* would come back to them all over France, with the exception of the parts occupied by the Germans, long before it would reach Versailles.

as unjustifiable temerity. To-day Monsieur Thiers went down to Sèvres under a flag of truce, and M. Jules Favre came out of Paris to meet him. They had a conference under rather unpleasant conditions, for the Commandant at Valérien not being advised of the meeting, shelled the poor diplomatists severely, and M. Thiers had an unpleasant experience of the fire he has written so much about, of French artillery. Judging from the aspect of M. Thiers on his return, the interview could not have been very encouraging. I saw him lost in thought, seated in the same attitude for nearly half an hour; but his friends say that his position here will soon be strengthened by important news from other parts of France.

November 6.—I called in the afternoon at Count Bismarck's, in the Rue de Provence; but just as I arrived, M. Thiers drove up in a one-horse brougham, and was at once admitted to audience, so I went away, and returning in half an hour, found he was still engaged with the Chancellor. They tell me that the Government at Tours has issued orders mobilising all Frenchmen from twenty to forty years of age, and declaring the children of those who fall in arms shall be adopted by the State; but with winter before them—Prince Frederick Charles free to go where he pleases—and fresh levies pouring in from Germany, it seems that all such measures must be too late.

November 7.—I resolved to send off my courier

with despatches to-day. He has a passport, and permission to pass through the lines, but it is hazardous enough, and at all events it deprives me of his services at a time when the gravest events may happen at an instant's notice, placing me in dire difficulties. The reports from all sides indicate great activity on the part of the French. The 9th Brigade has had an encounter with the Mobiles, between Boulogne and Chaumont, and Franc-tireurs are very busy along the roads.

November 8.—Verdun has capitulated. Troyes is occupied by the Germans, who have installed the Prefect of Aube in the town. I was somewhat astonished to hear that Mr. Wodehouse, with a large following of distressed British subjects, was leaving Paris, removing the last trace of the British Embassy. It is not at all astonishing, however, that he should be glad to receive the orders of his Government to take such a step; and, doubtless, Lord Granville has good reasons for ordering the Secretary of Embassy to abandon the post which he has occupied with such ability, and to the no small comfort of the many British subjects shut up in the capital. A balloon has been captured by the Prussians, in which a Mr. Worth, of the great millinery house in the Rue de la Paix, was a passenger, with a French officer or two. They have been cast into prison, to be tried by court-martial, and there is every probability of their being shot. Some time ago I received directions

from Sir Henry Havelock to get a horse which he had left in Rethel, in charge of a banker, and to sell him for what I could, or use him as I pleased. I sent for the horse accordingly, but to-day came a reply to the effect that the horse had been "requisitioned" by a Prussian officer, who took it almost by force out of the stable, without paying the least regard to the opposition of the banker's wife, or to the representation that it was the property of a British officer. Simultaneously I received a note from Rethel, to say that the horse left by L. G. had been only saved from a similar fate by its poor condition, but that I could have it, as it was as well as it could ever be expected to be, if I had an order for its despatch by the German Militar Zug. Wodehouse could only get as far as Brie-Comte Robert last night, and was much impeded by Franc-tireurs in leaving Paris.

November 9. — To-day several unmistakable Englishmen, whose civilian dress alone made them conspicuous among the uniforms, appeared at breakfast at the Hotel des Reservoirs. They were the advanced guard of the English exodus. By the Prussians they were regarded, as I thought, somewhat disdainfully, but they certainly took the greatest interest in the Prussians. They were plain average English people, driven out of their residences, and they watched Von Moltke, Von Roon, and the other strategists and masters of war whose skill has cost

them so dearly, very much as a man would look at a giant who had kicked down the house he was building. "And is that really the man who drove us out of Paris?" asked one of them, as a thin, wrinkled, round-shouldered old man, with hairless face, passed by puffing his cigar through the files of Dukes and Princes who rose and saluted him. It was Moltke, of course. One point interests the out-comers much—Is there to be a bombardment? The English tell us sad stories of the state of things in Paris. But still bread is abundant; salt butter can be had for 16 francs a pound, ass flesh is dearer than beef; a turkey is yet to be had for £1 16s. But all the people are upon rations of two ounces of meat per day. And whilst we hear these stories waiters are running to and fro with all the delicacies of the season, and the popping of champagne and the drawing of corks contend with the clink of glasses and the noise of the loud German speech. Already the Germans are discounting the glory of captured Paris. The Painter Werner has arrived to do a picture of Von Roon for the town of Kehl, where he was born, and the War Minister is represented directing the investment of Paris from a high ground overlooking the march of the German Armies. To-day I got a very curious letter from Count Bismarck's office, which a soldier delivered at my quarters with an order for its receipt. It had come through the Prussian Embassy from London. The envelope

contained an "address to the Parisians," written in an exalted style, but full of a certain touching enthusiasm. It recorded a vision into which the writer fell while on a visit to Paris during the time of the Great Exhibition, in which she saw the streets running with blood and illuminated by burning houses and palaces, which men in strange uniforms were busily engaged in destroying. This, she was assured, would be the fate of Paris at the hand of the Prussians, and she entreated the Parisians to make peace ere it is too late, and not to listen to adventurers of foreign extraction—Italians, like Gambetta—and others who were bringing about such a frightful catastrophe. This appeal was accompanied by a letter addressed to myself and signed "Alethea," in which I was requested (as if it was the easiest thing in the world) to send the document to Paris, and to have it printed and extensively circulated throughout the city. I sat down and wrote a letter to the Chancellor inclosing the document, and stating how it had come into my possession. Subsequently I received a letter from Herr Abeken, in which he said that the Chancellor had read the very touching appeal, but could not undertake to send it into Paris, where, indeed, he did not believe it would meet with very marked attention. Late at night I received through the Foreign Office a telegram from Mr. Martin Smith, the banker, begging of me as a friend to intercede for a respectable English client, who had been

arrested by the Prussians, and was in prison, he feared under sentence of death. I went at once to Les Ombrages, and was received by Colonel Von Gottberg with that suave kindness which never deserts him ; but he knew nothing at all of the arrest, and could only promise that he would make inquiries. I have been exceedingly fortunate in getting a horse from an American exile, Mr. Corbin, who has left Paris and gone to England ; and I also succeeded in getting a brougham and pair from a thoroughly Parisianised German banker, naturalised as an American subject, who came out with the last batch of fugitives. Accustomed only to the excitement of the Bourse at the very worst, a *gandin* of the first water of the *petit banquier* tribe, he was so horrified and unnerved at the sights he encountered between Paris and Versailles, the roughness of the soldiers, and the prospect of meeting *Franco-tireurs*, that he scarcely knew what he was doing ; and it was only by the excellent management of my colleague K—— that I succeeded in holding him to his bargain, for he would if he could have returned to his much-beloved Paris again. The *Moniteur Officiel* of last night contains an account of M. Thiers' negotiations. It is to the effect that all along M. Thiers had been offered an armistice for twenty-eight days for the elections to a Constituent Assembly, which were also proposed to be made without any armistice at all, no obstacle being offered to the

proceedings by the German troops; but that M. Thiers was not authorized to accept either, his first indispensable condition and *sine qua non* being that the armistice was to be based on the revictualling of Paris. From conversations I had with M. Thiers, I knew quite well he was persuaded of the propriety of such a proposal, but no German statesman or diplomatist certainly would ever have entertained it for an instant, and I doubt how any one could have ever suggested it as a simple matter of right during an armistice, without the concession of some military advantage to the Germans, to compensate for so great a gain as the supplying of Paris with bread and meat to continue to fight upon.

November 10.—Another foretaste of the winter. Thermometer just down to freezing, cold to a degree by virtue of a bitter wind laden with sleety fog; also by the want of fuel. For all that I can get to burn, although I pay enormously, is green wood. Received letters from England, one from an anonymous gentleman, offering me a horse if I can get it out. *Hélas!* a white elephant would be nothing to that! Although M. Thiers has gone, my French friends in Versailles appear in very good spirits; “they don’t want peace at the price of dishonour.” There are 40,000 French at Chateaudun. I heard so much, in fact, that putting two and two together, I wrote on this day to the *Times* a letter, in which there is the following passage:—“All this work means only one thing—an

effort to separate the right of the Crown Prince, resting on the left bank of the Seine, from the extreme left of the Würtemburgers, between the Seine and Marne—to get hold, in fact, of the left bank of the Seine and of the valley of the river, so as to give a hand to the Army of succour, if it comes at all, and to fight in a convoy of provisions, perhaps, during the heat and rage of the early bombardment.”* As I was going to dine at the Coing d’Or I saw two French gentlemen with whom I was acquainted pass by the Reservoirs. There was no mistaking the expression of their faces; it was joy ineffable. Soon I heard all about it. The Prussians had at last been beaten. There could be no doubt of it. Von der Tann had been driven out of Orleans with enormous loss, and was in full retreat on the Army of Versailles. Now, somehow or the other, I fancied my Head-Quarter friends whom I had met to-day, had not been quite as cheerful as usual. I knew there had been uneasiness about Von der Tann, and that the 17th and 22nd Divisions, with two cavalry divisions, were to

* This forecast was realised on November 30, just “too late.” The great sortie on that day could scarcely have led to any result to affect the issue of the war. Twenty days sooner it might have destroyed all the combinations of Von Moltke, liberated Paris, and led to the most unexpected and tremendous issues. The Duke of Mecklenburg could not have been sent to Von der Tann’s aid. The Army of the Loire would have advanced full of confidence. Prince Frederick Charles was not within reach, and could not have helped the investing Army. The weather was fine; and all the probabilities are that the siege must have been raised.

reinforce him under the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who would then take the chief command. Just in the nick of time Oliphant has arrived here, and he will start for Etampes to-morrow morning. Wodehouse thinks that the Parisians will hold out for a long time. To-day I realised the horrible fact that I was going to be for some time in Versailles, for here I must remain with the Crown Prince's Head-Quarters till the end, and I am very well satisfied that if the Crown Prince waits here till Paris surrenders or is taken, we shall have the pleasure of spending Christmas Day in Versailles. Captain Hozier has been to see the two British subjects who are in prison. They will be sent for trial to Germany. It snowed at nightfall.

November 11.—Last night arrived Wodehouse, after three days' journey from Paris, bringing with him about 120 British subjects. Colonel Claremont and Captain Hore came part of the way, I believe, but returned. I cannot say that the appearance of my countrymen was very prepossessing. There was, of course, a proportion of respectable-looking people and some ladies and gentlemen amongst them ; but there was also a contingent that would scarcely have met Sir John Falstaff's views for a march through Coventry. With Mr. Wodehouse came Tanfield, Lord Lyons' major-domo, in charge of the horses and vehicles of the Embassy. There was some difficulty in quartering the emigrants and certainly Mr. Wodehouse had an

arduous task, left almost without instructions during a most difficult and trying period, with a mass of discontented countrymen and women thrown upon his hands, obliged to act on his own responsibility in incurring heavy expenses. Mr. Washburne, the United States' Minister, appears to have acted with kindness and energy, and to have assisted us in every way. It really seems as if the news of Von der Tann's defeat was quite true. It is admitted that there was a check, but then it is said that the Bavarian General had been ordered to retire and effect a junction with the Grand Duke several days before the date of the action. I dined at the Crown Prince's at Les Ombrages to-night, and just as dinner was over one of His Royal Highness's Adjutants arrived with the despatches from Von der Tann himself. The Crown Prince stood with his arms folded, listening attentively as General Blumenthal read the account of the affair, to which the guests standing around paid marked attention, but, somehow or other, it did not appear to me that they felt the blow very severely. "Forty-six officers," exclaimed the Crown Prince. "Oh ! that is very severe ! And seven hundred men !" He shook his head slowly, and then said, "Ah ! well, gentlemen, it is but a slight reverse, which we will soon turn the other way." One grim Prussian, rubbing his hands with a pleased expression, said, *sotto voce*, to his neighbour, "I am glad of this ! it will show these Bavarians that they cannot do without us—a very

useful lesson." For my own part, I could not but regret that Von der Tann was the officer on whom the blow had fallen, as I had a very high opinion of his soldierly qualities. The Staff made very light of the whole affair, though they admitted there had been a considerable loss of *matériel*. The guns which were taken had been abandoned, and were not in action when the French came upon them. All this is very fine, but I calculate on the news producing an enormous impression throughout France. Here they merely say that "Von der Tann was too slow."

November 12.—For a long time I have been desirous of moving from my quarters, No. 29, Avenue de Paris. My friend M—— has been on the lookout for me, and to-day I moved into my new abode, No. 6, Place Hoche, in the same house in which he and his amiable family have apartments. Here I was in state; a saloon well furnished, with an uncomfortable profusion of windows, cabinets, and uneasy chairs, an oak-panelled dining-room, five bedrooms, kitchen, servants' rooms, all on one floor; stabling for six horses below, plate, linen, lamps, &c., for four hundred francs a month. A maid-of-all-work, who also acted as cook, was procured from a convent, a red-cheeked, demure, cheerful, and economical little body, who undertook housekeeping, marketing, cooking, and cleaning for about half the wages which would be demanded by an English servant for doing one-quarter of the work. Gertrude

was the most respectful, obliging person possible, and exceedingly cheerful, unless when she was oppressed by difficulties connected with marketing, or by the misfortunes of "La Patrie." There is always a thorn in the flesh, a skeleton in the cupboard; mine followed me here in the shape of the English coachman of the German-American banker, whose brougham and horses I had bought *en bloc*. When the Americans were leaving Paris, the gentleman in question merely told his coachman to come round with the brougham and pair, and then ordered him to drive out with the rest of the vehicles. It was cold and wet, and miserable weather when they left; the halts on the road were frequent, delays numerous, and when coachman and horses arrived in Versailles, after two days' journey, they were no doubt wretched enough; indeed a more woe-begone, peevish, ill-conditioned creature than the coachman to look at I have seldom seen—there was discontent in every wrinkle of his face, and in his thin, compressed, and down-drawn lips; but I was assured by the banker that he was a pearl of a coachman beyond all price, and in an evil moment I consented to take him off the banker's hands, for it was a serious question with him what to do with the coachman once he had got him out of Paris. I gave him the wages he asked, but he sighed after his haunts in Paris, where his fleshpots, though they were only filled with horse meat, cats, and other small deer, were more attractive

than our stalled oxen at Versailles, where he was surrounded by German soldiers. Very soon his discontent assumed a most offensive form—silent insolence. He never knew anything, any place, anybody; and if he was told to do anything, he then broke silence only to ask, "How can I do it?" I dined with His Royal Highness the Crown Prince at Les Ombrages to-night, and the fellow turning in at the gateway very nearly overthrew a sentry and drove right at a patrol marching down the avenue. It is not pleasant to be greeted with "sacraments" and oaths for the fault of one's coachman. The Crown Prince informed me that Von der Tann had arrived unmolested at Toury, where the 22nd Infantry and 4th Cavalry Divisions had joined him; but he seemed to regret the abandonment of the sick and wounded, more than a thousand of whom were left in the hospitals of Orleans. It would seem, somehow, as if the reinforcements for Von der Tann had not been ordered up quite soon enough. The French have, however, lost a chance; the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg has now got Von der Tann's Corps, the 17th and 22nd Infantry Divisions, and three Cavalry Divisions covering the Crown Prince's Army. I sat next a very agreeable and well-informed General of Artillery at dinner. He, in common with many others to whom I have spoken, seems irritated at the tone of the English Press respecting the reported annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. The Germans regard themselves as

the inheritors of the Empire, not merely of the later days, but of Charlemagne, and consider that Alsace and Lorraine belong to them of right. The Staff at Les Ombrages are very busy, for the Crown Prince retains the direction of the Grand Duke's Army, and telegraphic despatches were continually coming and going; and if one could see as much in the twinkle of General Blumenthal's eye as in the shake of Burleigh's head, he might feel confident that affairs were going much better than they had been. Indeed, there can be no doubt that, whatever efforts the French may make, their chances will be very small in a few days—or, indeed, hours; for Prince Frederick Charles is hurrying up with the 3rd, 9th, and 10th Corps, and his cavalry may be expected at Fontainebleau in two days more.

November 13.—Looked out this morning early on Place Hoche with great satisfaction at my change of domicile. The old guardian of the Place, who sits in a little sentry box by the gateway, seems very much puzzled to know what to do with the Prussian soldiers, who troop through the little garden round the statue of the pacificator of La Vendée. There is, as usual, a code of rules to be observed, but the Germans don't mind it, and the guardian sits looking at them in his box with an expression on his face expressive of indignant but powerless anger. Seckendorff paid me a visit. Thionville is bombarded, and Dôle is occupied. When I was at Les Ombrages

last night, the news came in that a balloon had been taken, with three large sacks of mails, and some of the letters were brought in. To-day came a number of the newspapers. I have seen the *Figaro* of the 11th of November. It is so hopeless that the *Moniteur* republishes an article, "Are we Lost?" It calls upon the Government to state how long the provisions will last; whether a relieving Army is to be expected; and, if so, when? If the answers are not satisfactory, "why," asks *Figaro*, "should Paris sacrifice itself for the rest of France, which looks on its dying agonies with folded arms?" Now, here is a curious phase of mind. The writer would seem to think that Paris and France were different countries—that Paris, for instance, could make terms for itself, and that France could enter into negotiations in which the capital would not be included. This newspaper came into possession of the Germans in a curious way. The Crown Prince told me that a few nights ago Lieutenant Hoffmann, of the Royal Grenadier Regiment, when dining at Les Ombrages, happened to speak of the matters he observed in front of his outposts, near St. Cloud, where there are houses between the French lines and those of the Germans which are still occupied by the inhabitants, who seemed to go in and out of Paris. The Crown Prince said, laughingly, "I wish you could get us a late Paris newspaper out of one of them." Hoffmann said nothing, but next evening, being on duty,

he crept through the sentries and went up to a house in which he observed lights, within a few hundred yards of Fort Valérien. He had two men with him, whom he posted outside. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a maid, and at once walked into the parlour, where he found an Englishman, the owner of the place, at his dinner. The sight of the Prussian, revolver in hand, must have been rather startling, but Hoffmann said, "I only want the last Paris newspapers; let me have them at once, and make no noise at your peril." The papers were actually in the room, and Hoffmann quietly annexed them, but as he was leaving, his unwilling host entreated him to carry off some wine and to break some bottles, so that when the French patrol came round it might be shown that the Prussians had entered by force and committed violence. I gave a small dinner to celebrate my entry into my new quarters. Gertrude prepared a potage, in which bread and onions played an important part, the beef of which it was made, a dish of eels, and an attenuated turkey, with a cauliflower *au gratin*, furnishing a satisfactory meal. I have had often occasion to observe in my different quarters in France what a wonderful quantity of argenterie and linen there is in houses of a moderate type, which, if in England, would furnish only Brummagem ware. The silver in my present quarters is very good. There are a number of Prussian soldiers quartered in the rooms

upstairs. I cannot help thinking it would be hazardous to have so much plate in a house occupied by French or Russian troops—nay, even by our own—under similar circumstances. Notwithstanding the exactions and requisitions of the Germans, their individual honesty must be admitted, and is sometimes, even by the French. The *Moniteur* publishes a list of articles found by soldiers in deserted houses, or in the roads and fields—purses, watches, and the like; but I am obliged to hear that some of those attached to the Army, not Germans, have conveyed articles which they discovered in houses appropriated by them as quarters in the environs of Paris. A French lady said to-day that, much as she detested the Prussians, she must admit that a woman could walk with greater immunity from affront along the Boulevards after dark than she could have done when the French troops were in garrison. The King went out to St. Germain, after church, in an open barouche drawn by four horses. He was followed by the Crown Prince in another, accompanied in two carriages by the Staff. A detachment of Cuirassiers preceded and followed the little *cortège*. It was quite dark when the King passed my quarters at Place Hoche, and Gertrude, who had a lamp in her hand, as she heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs, ran to the window, and uttered something which did not seem to be a benediction.

November 14.—The condition of the German

Army outside Paris necessitates the utmost precaution. At all hazards they must prevent information passing between Paris and the rest of France, and until Prince Frederick Charles is within striking distance and in junction with the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, the position of the Crown Prince's Army outside Paris is sufficient to excite very grave apprehensions. A French friend was very indignant yesterday because M. de Harel and M. Reynal de Fontenelle had been arrested in Versailles, and the sous-prefet of Rambouillet at that place ; but the fact was that a man was caught in the act of trying to bring in a letter from Paris for M. Harel. The Prussians seized his papers, and found a diary in which the names of M. Reynal and others were entered as agents in correspondence with the French. The sous-prefet was arrested because he was trying to escape from Rambouillet after it had been occupied by the Prussians. His account is—that the Prussians asked for an immense quantity of things which could not be furnished by the town, and that he demanded leave to go into the neighbouring villages to collect them, which was refused. Fearful of the consequences of his inability to meet the requisitions, he was, he admits, preparing to fly when he was taken off to prison. I sent Harpes at 8 o'clock this morning to St. Germain, to arrange for the departure of the English for Havre on their way home. He was furnished with money by Mr. Wode-

house, who received it from the Foreign Office through Colonel Walker, to pay the expenses of those too poor to do so themselves. Mr. Wodehouse and Captain Hozier started the emigrants off at half-past 10 in omnibuses from Versailles; and I went to St. Germain later in the day in company with them. Before settling down at the Pavillon de Henri IV. at St. Germain, I took a turn through the English Ambulance at the park. The medical officers attached to it are exceedingly discontented, and I cannot but think that, with the best intentions, the waste, if not the abuse, of money in fitting out this enormously expensive development of English philanthropy has been out of all proportion to the good it has done. The faults committed at the outset, indeed, were simply astounding. Did the managers understand that the French and Prussians were at war? When the carriages arrived at Havre those in charge began their mission by fraternizing with the French, as if they wanted to excite the animosity of the Prussians, within whose lines they were coming. Then they set to work and hired French drivers for the horses and waggons, so that the Prussians were obliged to admit in the very centre of their operations men who might be, for all they knew, French officers in disguise, acting as spies, and who were likely at all events to give every aid and information to their own country-people. The drivers were disobedient, idle, troublesome, drunken—so said their officers; but

some of the latter could not speak French, and it would be hard to expect Frenchmen of that stamp to obey orders given in English. One driver was an exception to the lot—an Englishman, named Nunn, an original, adventurous sort of fellow, who had been driver of a London 'bus, but had wandered over a good part of the world, and added French and German to his native tongue. For some time the Ambulance had only one patient, a beater, shot in the finger by a sporting English correspondent. Then the Prussians wanted to send them to Luneville, where there were no wounded. Then they were asked to go to Corbeil, to which they objected. To give them something to do, fever patients from the Landwehr were handed over to them at St. Germain. The Prussian doctors objected to the treatment. The English doctors fired up. The surgeon-in-chief packed up his traps, and was going to resign, when the Crown Prince, with his usual kindness, interfered to make peace; and finally a detachment of the Ambulance was sent off to the wounded of Von der Tann. Wodehouse, Hozier, and I made a long examination of the ground visible from St. Germain afterwards; and to Wodehouse, who had been so lately inside Paris, it must have been very interesting to watch the aspect of affairs outside, which, however, was somewhat too familiar to me. From St. Denis to St. Cloud all is desolation—a few officers visiting outposts, men and women dotted over the fields

digging up roots, or whatever has been left in the much-vexed ground, and carts and horses toiling along the *chaussée* from Valérien to the city. M. Barbot, our landlord, is in mortal fear of a certain big gun which has been cocked up in slings inside Valérien. If it would only kill Prussians, perhaps he could bear the calamity; but the idea of a great shell coming bursting in through his roof, and smashing up all the crockery, and the waiters and the mirrors and the medallions inscribed "*Ici naquit Henri Quatre*," Dumas's vulture, the bearded lady at the bar, and M. Barbot himself, is something too horrible to think of! St. Germain is becoming rather a favourite place of resort with German officers of large purses. We found the *Salon* full of long gentlemen with fair hair, many with spectacles, all with swords; and there was a very considerable fire of champagne corks—a contrast to the scene outside, where starving wretches were grubbing in the earth for food. At night there came on a frightful storm: it reminded me of the great tempest in the Crimea on the very same day sixteen years ago. The wind howled and strove against us as though it would sweep down all the houses on the ridge of St. Germain; but through the black night we could see the flashes of the guns from Valérien, although the reports were drowned in the gale; and the bright electric light from the Arc de Triomphe and Issy showed that the Parisians were on the alert

against a night attack under cover of the storm. Mr. Wodehouse seems to have got an idea that there is a good deal of food in Paris yet ; according to him there is not much difference for the rich now—in their mode of life in clubs and restaurants—from what it was. Prices are higher ; but it signifies little to a man accustomed to pay for a *poularde*, if he has four or five francs more to spend on that luxury than he did formerly.

November 15.—I went out early on the Terrace and saw a tall old gentleman in a long frock-coat closely buttoned, a flat cap with a peak, and tightly strapped trousers, who was walking briskly up and down with a cane under his arm, till he saw me, when he drew up in one of the recesses as if to let me pass. He looked an old soldier all over, and I could have made sure he had seen service without a glance at the “Legion” in his button-hole. As I took a long look at Valérien, and swept the horizon with my glass, the old gentleman, who had been eyeing me askance, after a pause saluted me with a “*Bonjour, Monsieur. Il fait assez frais ce matin.*” Then we had a little talk about the weather, but after a time he became more friendly, or “leastways” communicative. “It seems to me but yesterday,” quoth he, “that I saw your Cavalry picketed down below there in Suresnes and at Courbevoie, that you can just see the position of beyond Valérien ! I had seen them often enough before, *ces bons galliards*. I was of Pajol’s horse, and had many a bout with them, and it gave me pleasure in that sad

year of 1815 to look at my old enemies. I used to walk down to the Bois de Boulogne, where they were quartered afterwards, and I think it was well they were not left in Paris. Fine men! But such fellows to drink! I have seen a dozen drunk together by the cabarets. Still, my God! what a difference between them as enemies and these Prussians! Sorry am I to have lived to see this day, though I am not a Frenchman born; I am a Pole (adding his name, Colonel ——). It is these fortifications which have led to these cowardly rascals shutting themselves up when they ought to come out and die. They will all be starved like rats in a hole. I'll tell you what they have in Paris. I know it. They have got 55,000 troops of the Line; they have 105,000 Mobiles—some of the finest troops possible; they have 300,000 armed National Guards—they don't count for much, but you could pick 100,000 good men out of them; and finally they have—this good Trochu, with Ducrot and Vinoy behind him—25,000 Marines, Douaniers, Forestiers, Gardes-Champêtres — splendid material most of them. *Voilà!* there is a force of 485,000 men. Frenchmen! Brave men;—quite willing to fight and die, if needs be! And, good God! they are kept in Paris by, I believe, some 180,000 men, spread round the wide sweep of the city, with their lines twice pierced by rivers. It's incredible. History won't believe it. Their want of cavalry is serious. But every day they will have less. Look

at the situation now, and tell me why they should not make a resolute and solid attack on the investing force in the north. St. Denis is a salient in the line. They should come out there with 100,000 men, and break through at once. They could drive the Prussians out of Orgemont Epinay, and cut the line of investment up to Pontoise, so as to throw open Paris to convoys of provisions ; and in order to drive them out of the strong positions occupied by these 100,000, reinforced at once by 50,000 of the best troops—half the Line and half the steadiest Nationals—the Prince Fritz must move at least 50,000 of his troops round from the south side ; and the moment he has weakened his line, then out we come from Villejuif and Charenton, clear the road south, cut the Prussians in two, give a hand to the Army of the Loire, and France is saved !” The old man’s eyes flashed, his form dilated, and, as he drew his diagrams in the gravel with his stick, he pressed it so hard that the slender cane snapped. “It is a bad augury,” he said, with a sad smile, as I picked up the pieces and handed them to him—“I beg your pardon for detaining you with my fancies. *C’est un rêve.*” Just at that moment the pleasant General who commands the Landwehr of the Guard at St. Germain came out for his morning stroll, attended by his two aides, and at the sight of the uniforms the old man’s brow lowered and his face darkened. “It is time for me to go,” he said ; “I have the honour to salute you,

sir," and, raising his cap, the veteran strode quickly across the road, crossed under the trees, and walked off towards the town. A fiery old soldier—I could fancy him leading his Lancers through the cornfields of La Haye Sainte half a century ago, a *beau sabreur* of twenty-five. The Prussian General, Baron Von Lowe, little knew what a strategist the thin old man who crossed the road to avoid him was. He is an exceedingly polished, well-bred, good-looking gentleman, putting me somewhat in mind of Sir George Brown, but to a neutral his defect seems to be a complete inability to understand that there can be anything good about anything French. He is very much displeased about the English ambulance and the French drivers. "Why is it called 'Ambulance Anglaise' when it is an English ambulance? It is not for the French. And how am I to know that every one of these Frenchmen are not spies, and in full correspondence with the French in the town, who, of course, communicate with Paris, for that cannot be helped, do what we will?" Impetuous *vieux sabreur*! Could you have but known how much that polished, rosy-chinned, clean shaven, middle-aged gentleman, with his trim grey moustache and his regulation whiskers knew of what was going on in, or what would have to be done by, Paris in case of a sortie, you would not perhaps be quite so sure of the results of your strategy. There is
between Valérien and Cour

notes it. There is not a squad of men can move outside the long line of the *enceinte* from the road to Les Haras by Rueil, and so to outlets from Courbevoie, that he does not count. What he cannot see from his post is seen by others elsewhere. From St. Cloud the Prussians look down on Paris west and south, and note all that passes from Issy to Valérien. From Meudon they note every movement south of the Seine, and from Clamart they dominate the ground to Charenton; and so complete is their network of telegraphs all round, that not a fly can buzz against the wires without putting every pickle-haubed spider on the alert. The very gates or outlets of the fortifications are so many obstacles to a grand sortie. Before the torrent floods the plains, it must pass the millers' sluices. And then the very villages he spoke of. They are all fortified posts. It is one of the peculiarities of these pleasant suburbs that the detached *maisons de campagne*, and the gardens around them, are surrounded by high walls of masonry. The Prussians have made the most of them, and thrown up beams inside for their men, and pierced them with loopholes, strengthening the line with stockades and wooden block-houses. Thus every village around Paris is a little fortress. Each is connected with the other by trenches, and the approaches are covered with *abattis*, with *emplacements* for field-guns. It is a very hard nut to crack for teeth that must be used for the inside of the kernel.

I went back and found Wodehouse getting up and preparing for his start, with Tanfield superintending packing and travelling carriages in the court below. I could not help thinking as I walked back how much changed the relations of England were since the time when the Duke of Wellington encamped his cavalry in the Bois de Boulogne. Then we looked on France as our "natural enemy;" we were the leaders in the great military coalition which broke down the power of her Cæsar; and our persistence and might were recognised by the concession to an English General of the chief command of the Allied forces. Wellington was greater in his pride of place in Paris than Marlborough had ever been; and when Marlborough and Eugène were leading their trained bands all over Europe, of what little account was the Electorate which had now been developed into the greatest monarchy in Europe, and which had with its iron arm welded the metal of so many German races into one mighty sword!

CHAPTER XIV.

The Documents of the Tuileries—Mr. Richard Wallace's Charitable Efforts—Return to Versailles—A False Alarm—Errors of the French Generals outside Paris—Prospects of a Bombardment—Count Bismarck's Views—Its probable Results—Arrival of Mr. Odo Russell—The News of the Day—Apprehensions of British Interference—The King's Dinner—A Retrospect—Count Bismarck's Idea of the Russian Difficulty—The Mysterious Messenger.

November 15.—It was really what the French call "*navrant*" to look out on Paris from the terrace of St. Germain, and to think of her low estate—so low, that even the lowest were glad to shake the dust off their feet as they left her portals. And yet they tell me the streets are full of men in uniform, who swagger much and drink more, and that there are revellers in the dreary thoroughfares, who make more noise and affect more merriment than was permitted in the days of *Sergen-de-ville-dom*. Wodehouse is full of sympathy for the sufferings of the people, but some who have come out only see the dark side, and are disgusted with the arrogance of the Press, the vanity, and even boastfulness of the populace, and the recklessness and ingratitude of the people who shouted out "*à Berlin*," and now cover with abuse

and insult those who were weak enough to listen to them. I have been reading some *fascicules* of the documents published by the Provisional Government with loathing. It is a delicious literature—such pictures of the French, drawn by themselves, as Gavarni never dreamt of! These papers, found in the cabinets of the Tuileries, are given to the day by the men who surely would be very sorry to allow their enemies to ransack their desks and print whatever they could find to affect their honour, fame, future, and antecedents! I saw off my English friends with something like regret—not for them, but for myself. They have left behind a very excellent almoner in Mr. Richard Wallace, heir to the Marquis of Hertford, who spends large sums of money in relieving the wants of his poor fellow-country people, and is the very soul of the charitable associations so sorely needed in the city. I rode back to Versailles with Capt. Hozier. The Prussians are certainly moving a considerable number of troops in the direction of Sèvres, Ville d'Avray, St. Cloud, Bougeval, &c., and strengthening their positions by Marly and Le Pecq, below St. Germain. When I got back to my quarters at Place Hoche, I was astonished by Harpes telling me that a gendarme had come round at 8 A.M. to say that I was to leave Versailles by a special train, which was to start at 3 P.M., with the Crown Prince and his Staff. He had packed up my baggage, loaded my van, and was

quite ready to start, but did not like to do so without me! The order, he said, was peremptory. I at once started off to Les Ombrages to find out what it all meant. There was Major Von Winterfeldt, the Commandant of the Crown Prince's Head-Quarters, puffing his cigar on the lawn in front of the door. He was the man to know all about it. But no! He had never sent such an order, had never heard of it, and certainly the Crown Prince and his Staff had not started, nor were they going to do so. He advised me to see Count Eulenberg, and to him I repaired, and, finding him in his chamber, learned that the Crown Prince had gone out to ride at 2.30, and was coming back to dinner, and had never sent me such a message, nor thought of leaving Versailles. And so I went back to my quarters, and there was Harpes all ready to start, and adhering to his text with tenacity. He knew the gendarme, he said. It was one of the King's own Gendarmerie. A sudden thought flashed upon me. I had been visited by Mr. Scott Russell a day or two before in reference to his desire to get into Paris and bring out the family of his friend, M. Puy de Lôme, the great naval architect. I doubted if he would be let go in, but he was confident of success. "He was known to the King, on very good terms with the Admiral Prince Adalbert, had executed great works for the Government, and, above all, was in esteem with Count Bismarck." Well, I went off to the Grand et Petit Vatel, where

my namesake was staying, and ascertained that the order had been intended for him, and that at 3 o'clock, sure enough, "he had been whisked off, bag and baggage, under the eyes of the inexorable gendarme, with directions not to come to Versailles again," so said the landlady of the hostelry. Nevertheless, it is quite true that the King and the Crown Prince are ready to leave Versailles, as a great battle may be fought at a moment's notice, for the French have vanished from before the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and Von der Tann, and are moving somewhere near us, and the Crown Prince may have to take the field at any time. The outposts report great activity in Paris, and it is known that standards or eagles were distributed to each of the one hundred newly-formed *regiments de marche* to-day or yesterday, as a preliminary, it is supposed, to some great "outfall." I returned and dined in my own quarters, and in the evening several Prussian officers came in, and they all seemed satisfied we must have a serious affair in a few days, as the deserters who came in—and they are few—were unanimous in declaring that Trochu must attempt something or give up his command. The *bourgeoisie* are more afraid of the Nationals of the Red quarters than they are of the Prussians, and that appears to be saying a good deal.

November 16.—I wrote to-day to the paper to urge the propriety of sending out some diplomatic personage—the necessity rather—to Versailles, which is

really one of the most important political centres in the world just at present. Berlin is just now a very second-rate place. Although the Crown Prince has great personal goodwill for Colonel Walker, the Chancellor is not friendly towards our Military Attaché, who has no diplomatic position or influence, and is regarded as a purely military personage. The affair of the English ambulance to which I already referred could have been arranged at once had the chief been induced to present himself to the Crown Prince—so at least I have the best authority for saying. It is not yet adjusted as I had hoped, and Dr. Guy is about to go home. I had a very positive assurance from the highest quarter but one that the idea which is entertained in England, that the German Press is under direct official inspiration in its expressions on foreign policy, is unfounded; but it was intimated that the efforts of the neutral Powers, which were directed to save France from the penalty of unsuccessful war-making, and not to persuade France to accept the *status quo* as a positive unalterable position, and to make peace thereupon, were regarded as unfriendly. Another personage, less exalted, but very influential, exclaimed, "Why does not England declare that if France persists in a hopeless struggle, which keeps Europe in agonies of suspense, she will, after a certain time, blockade her ports and force her to accept our just conditions?" Here are all the representatives of the Southern States buzzing in and out of the Reser-

voirs and the Bund Kanzlei, where they have to deal with the Count, and Herren Bucher and Abeken, and perhaps Keüdall, about the terms in which their States are to enter the Bund. Baden and Hesse have signed their Treaties. But Wurtemberg and Bavaria still hold out, and a great fight is being made by a clever friend of mine to keep the former kingdom, he says, "in a condition of autonomic positiveness." Lord deliver us from such a condition! When I went into the Reservoirs to-day to see one of my acquaintances who had some news about Bavaria being something or other equally mysterious to me, I met His Highness the Duke of Coburg, who called me to one side and announced that positive information had been received at the Prefecture, the King's Head-Quarters, that Prince Gortschakoff had sent a circular to the Courts of Europe to declare that Russia would no longer be bound by the treaty of 1856! This intelligence was not quite new to me. I had heard a rumour to the effect the night before at the Casino, and it was even added that Mr. Odo Russell was coming out to Versailles. "And what will England do?" I was asked, and as I had no reply ready, it was given by others,—“Why, what *can* she do? Nothing!” To one who had in his own way taken a share in the war of 1854-55-56, and spent nearly two years of his life on the plateau in front of Sebastopol, the news was exceedingly painful. Either we were right or we were wrong in 1854—or right and wrong change as

the times do—and now our old alliances are gone, and our new alliances are valueless, and all we have left to make us remember the Crimean War is the income-tax.

November 17.—The appearance of the *Moniteur* last night with an allusion to Von der Tann's defeat has caused bitter merriment and much sneering. Five days too late, say the French. It would have been just as well to have told the whole truth. "To-day," say my little birds, "there is an army at Dreux, marching straight for Versailles." "And at the Prefecture and Les Ombrages all is ready for flight. Shall we not have a jolly *chasse aux Prussiens* to the frontier—to the Rhine—to Berlin! God be praised." Nor was I, thinking of the pleasures of a retreat through the Vosges, much easier in my mind when a certain Count Colonel C—— Von W——, whom I had known during the civil war in America, came to call on me with a face as long as his arm, and declared he would not attempt to fly, but would hide himself, and come out when the French came in—either that or he would go off at once. But that they were coming was quite certain. And after him a gloomy Bavarian. When he went off, in much trepidation and uncertain of his future, there came in a Gallo-maniac, mad with joy. The French were swarming. They were at Dreux, at Chartres, at Vernion, at Coulommiers. It was bad weather. "That," he said, "is just the thing for us—splendid for a sortie." "But

you said the same yesterday, when it was fine.” “Yes, certainly I did,” exclaimed the undaunted Briton, “that was good too!” But I had just been reading a file of the Paris papers, and, though I could not tell him so, I knew there was no hope of an immediate sortie, and that they were waiting for the guns from outside to be heard. I wrote to-day, however, as follows:—“Unless the Press is guided by common consent—fancy such a thing in the Paris Press!—and wishes to deceive the enemy, knowing that papers fall into the hands of the Prussians every day, the peace party gains ground, and despair is taking the place of defiant confidence. The only hope for Paris is from outside. Are they really going to fight famine and the Germans too? The *Figaro* of the day before was read in the Prussian Headquarters yesterday. Other papers have taken the same course, and attack the Government, it is said, for neglecting the armistice. In other words, Paris despairs of being able to raise the siege, and if no succour comes must yield to hunger. And in reference to that potent enemy, let us remark that but for the fortifications of Paris the ravages in the ranks of the war partly caused by want of food would have been much more considerable. Their fire sweeps over an immense extent of farm ground and market gardens, orchards, and cultivated fields, whence the inhabitants have drawn and draw great quantities of vegetable food, fodder, forage, poultry, corn, and the like. It is now

very patent that the designers of the forts committed enormous blunders. They put the forts, with the exception of Valérien and the Double Couronne, too near the city, and placed them on the inner line of heights, instead of occupying the outer ridges. Had the heights over St. Cloud or Montretout, Meudon, and Clamart been covered with works like Valérien, the difficulties of a besieging army would have been prodigious, and Paris within its double *enceinte* would have had a long life of it. The same remarks apply to the north-west and north of Paris, where there are points over Argenteuil and at Orgemont, Villetaneuse, &c., which might have been profitably occupied, for there are men enough in Paris to hold even larger lines, and the space inside would have afforded a vast supply of food. If a thing is to be done at all it were well to do it thoroughly. Large as is the circle enclosed by the forts, it is scarcely possible to concentrate 10,000 men even in any place within the lines without the knowledge of an enemy, unless at night. The ground is so exposed that no considerable sortie can occur before the outlying Army has been put in position to meet it, and the debouching columns are in all cases exposed to fire from higher ground. I speak of the north-west, west, and south of the city. No greater mistake could have been made than that the Generals who were charged with the defence of Paris committed when they left the numerous suburban villages and towns even, as harbours, barracks, and

quarters for the enemy. If they were resolute in war to the knife, no regard for private property, or any property, no considerations for the ruin and distress, and even execration they would cause, ought to have influenced them in sparing one of these pleasant places ; the Russians would have burned every house. The Parisians only cut down trees and cut up roads, and blew up bridges, or, at most, turned the inhabitants out of some of the suburbs." Colonel Valentine Baker and Mr. Smith-Dorrien, 10th Hussars, arrived in Versailles to-day, having made their way through the Prussian lines very successfully, with nothing more potent than a few lines from the excellent Military Attaché of the Prussian Embassy. They are anxious to be allowed to see the operations, but I can give them very faint hopes of success. Still, they are full of that sort of confidence which is founded on a strong desire to be able to do a thing ; and if they do not command success, they will deserve it. I think of the deportation of Mr. O'Sullivan and Mr. Scott Russell, and am dubious.

November 18.—The prospect of witnessing a bombardment of Paris was so horrifying to me, that I refused to face it. In common with others, whom I cannot name here, I regarded it as a most frightful expedient. The Russians had held us up to execration for firing at Odessa, which was only exposed at the seaside, and was an open town, because a few shot and shell flew beyond the forts at which they were

aimed, and struck the houses. I remember Lord Clyde being much displeased because some native shopkeepers were cut down in trying to escape with the garrison from a rebel fortified village in Oudh. But here was a city with more than a million and a quarter of people, men, women, and children—foreigners of all nations—many of our fellow-countrymen among them—penned in by fortresses and walls—the centre of elegance and refinement, about to be subjected to a hail of incendiary shells from north and south and east and west; not for the reduction of the military defences, but to produce by the exercise of sheer terror a pressure on the chiefs of the Government and garrison, which would force them to come to terms to spare the unarmed multitude. I knew that in the highest places the utmost repugnance was entertained to the idea of such a measure. But the German people, if not the Army, were becoming uneasy and angry at the unexpected prolongation of the war. The Press demanded the bombardment. They inveighed against the military chiefs, who were supposed to delay that measure from humanitarian motives. It was stated that Count Bismarck was among those who were opposed to opening fire, and some bad language was applied to him in consequence. Of course, the Chancellor could not give a direct denial. But one of his subordinates called on me, and said he had authority to say that Count Bismarck did not oppose the bombardment of

Paris, and had not done so; on the contrary, he much approved of it; but he had no control over the military men, and was not consulted by them. If this statement appeared in the *Times*, it would be seen in Germany, and do much good. By inquiring into the subject I found that the reason why the bombardment had been delayed was the want of adequate *matériel*, but that it would begin as soon as they had guns enough to produce a result, though some of the Generals considered that the measure was hazardous, as an ineffective bombardment would encourage and exasperate the enemy. At first, when the Germans were forming a "Belagerungs" park, and spoke seriously of opening fire on the city, I resolved not to stay, and wrote home to that effect; and I was glad to hear that eminent personages in England had addressed letters of the most urgent entreaty against the step to the highest quarters. But on examining the conditions very closely I began to perceive immense difficulties in the way of any bombardment of the inhabited quarters at all, such as I had before my mind, when my impressions of disgust and horror were excited by anticipation of the effects of a rain of fire on the populous streets. I found out the extreme range of the Prussian ordnance, and the sites of the batteries, and then measuring off the distances on the map, I satisfied myself that the public buildings north of the Invalides, and the greatest part of the thickly-inhabited districts, were

beyond the reach of shells. It was obvious that the inhabitants of the exposed regions could be received into the parts which were out of fire. Still, it was miserable to think of such an act as a bombardment of such a city; and, however great the moral effect on the defence, it seemed of questionable value as a military proceeding; whilst, if it were attended with conflagration and slaughter, it would reflect deeply on the humanity of the German people. The problem was not one of a simple character—it was mixed—and considerations metaphysical, moral, military, and political, were all mingled up in it. From what I was told to-day it is evident the bombarders are to have it their own way, as soon as they can get their guns mounted. That will be some time yet. When we opened fire on Sebastopol, on 17th October, 1854, I stood beside an officer, now high in the service, who said, as we saw the stones flying and the roofs crashing, "Thank God! all the people have left." To-day, when I was speaking of the helpless multitudes shut up within the *enceinte* to a German enthusiast, he exclaimed, "That is all the better! I wish there were more, for then they could all the sooner surrender!" But he was one of those who are quite deprived of sense or human feeling when they speak of France and Frenchmen, and, above all, of Paris; and I am bound to say that the numbers of the newspapers which find their way to us from the capital almost justify the infliction of the most un-

mistakable chastisement on the people who are so blinded by vanity and duped by the most stupid and ridiculous lies. I had to-day the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a very agreeable gentleman, M. Von Witzleben, who came to inquire after a brother correspondent who had travelled with him in charge of guns on their way to Paris. He looked very little like a diplomatist, according to Mr. Rylands' notion, for he was in tunic, helmet, sword, and spurs, and towered a giant in his long boots, a great Captain of Cavalry Landwehr. He spoke English as well as most other languages, I think, and was a fine type of a Prussian proper. Two other visitors after he left. Two nuns with a sad story. The wretchedness of the children in their schools is great, and that of their parents greater. Their eyes filled with tears as they related these things, and they thanked me for a small sum as if I had loaded them with wealth. Incidentally the glimpse I had of domestic life in Versailles was very painful indeed. Alas! I know too well what there is not far from me. Baker and Dorrien also came. They are in throes of anxiety, as their application for passes and permission to stay has met with no response, nor is it likely, when it comes, to be favourable. I called on M. Scherer, a French gentleman well known as an eminent critic and writer, and could not but feel deep sympathy for the great suffering he is in on account of his country. The Germans at the Reservoirs' grand table in good

spirits, as Wurtemberg signs the treaty and enters the Bund.

November 19.—When Harpes came into my room this morning he looked so dismal that I asked him, in some alarm, what was the matter, and was glad to hear it was only the rain and rheumatics; but he is certainly depressed by his long residence in Versailles; and so am I. Every morning he had to start off with the coachman to the huge Commissariat and forage stores at the end of the Rue de Chevalier to draw my rations and forage; but lately he has got rid of a good deal of that troublesome work. The servants of the Staff have to repair there every morning as soon as it is daylight, and wait their turn for lumps of beef, trusses of hay, bags of corn, little papers of coffee, sugar, and now and then a handful of cigars, five per man, which will be always associated with the name of German in the minds of Frenchmen for many years to come. But lately Harpes effected a *grand coup*. After the battle of Wörth Messrs. Skinner and Landells gave a seat on the box of their carriage to a wounded Polish soldier of the 58th Regiment. Good living and nothing to do agreed with Stanislas, and he rapidly improved as he journeyed through France, and made himself very useful to his masters. He cleaned boots and clothes, groomed horses, drove and rode, and went messages; pigged at times in the most uncomfortable holes, and had always a smile on

his broad, honest-looking face. His uniform and his needle-gun on the box of the carriage were a tower of strength to the Engländer. But there was a great terror on his mind. At any time his captain or some cruel military gendarme might pounce upon and carry him off to duty, and he would have to stand in muddy trenches, and be popped at by lurking Frenchmen, instead of sitting by a snug fire teaching Marie Polish in return for lessons in French. Skinner and Landells, in fact, became rather afraid of keeping him, though Captain Von Werneke had given them leave to employ him till he was well. I had won Stanislas' heart by presenting him with a needle-gun and bayonet, which I had found on the battle-field, in lieu of his own, left behind, in the hurry of an early start one morning. *Sans mot dire*, I discovered Stanislas quietly transferred to my service one day, his *pickelhaube* hung up on a hook—his greatcoat beside it, and his rifle and traps laid out in a neat spare room, and from that time forth he was Harpes' bondman. After breakfast Colonel Baker and Dorrien came in, expectant and disconsolate. The Germans have certainly no reason to apprehend any inconvenience from the presence of two English officers, who merely desire to see some of the actual work of war; but it is not the *mode* now, and a very smart Russian who came to Head-Quarters was only allowed to air his uniform for one day.

Sunday, November 20.—Went to the Chapel Royal

in the Château. The King, Crown Prince, and all the Princes and Generals, except the Catholics, were present. Count Bismarck not able to attend. He is suffering very much at times. It was a very fine day, and most excellent was the discourse in its relation to the weather. The preacher said a good deal of "the sword of the Lord and Gideon,"—a stout Protestant sermon. The regiment on duty, however, was from Popish Prussia, and I met the fair Catholic—certainly not *teterrimus*—Prince Leopold, who is the *causa belli*—on my way to the Palace, not at all going to church. I learned that there was a good deal to be thankful for. Werder was at Dijon; Wittich, with the 22nd Division, a famous fighting set, was at Châteauneuf, N.W. of Orleans; Troskow, with the 17th Division, was at Dreux; Fransecky, with the 2nd, was guarding our rear at Palaiseau; the Red Prince was marching on from Nemours towards Orleans. Prince Albrecht's horse covered Châteauneuf, Rhein-baben's Cavalry was pushing in from his left, and Manteuffel, who is regarded as an excellent officer, was at Laon. As I was sitting in my room, after church, one of the King's orderlies came round, with an order which I did not quite understand. I was bidden to dine at the Royal table at five o'clock tomorrow, in a black coat and white cravat, as I gathered. But what the *jäger* said was, "in uniform, or in black coat and white tie." I was a "small spair." Black coat and white tie—done, not o-

I know any one who had. Hozier came in, and we held a council of war. In the Passage St. Pierre lived an intrepid tailor, one M. Haincourt, who evidently believed in a speedy return of the *beau monde* to Versailles, for he kept his shop open with an array of confectioned habiliments, and did not display the Prussian caps and tunics in which many of his degenerate brethren rejoiced. We went off there together, and M. Haincourt, casting at me a masterly eye when my wants were made known to him, said, "*J'ai votre affaire,*" and from the depths of his inwar drawers a black dress-coat came forth, intended, he said, for a General of distinction, who must have had very short arms and a very broad back. That could be all arranged—that and a pair of pantaloons, and a black vest, by four to-morrow. But not for a German. He did not think he could get any one to work for these "*Messieurs là!*" When I explained my nationality, M. Haincourt became very wrathful. He was a great politician. "England," he said, "was saved by France in the Crimea. She should have stood by France, if she was generous, in her hour of distress. *Nous prendrons une revanche éclatante—sur les deux. Voyons! Je le jure!*" But the clothes were to be ready, and I was not afraid he would line them with Nessus material. I returned just in time to give Mr. Odo Russell, an old acquaintance, a letter which he was writing in the school of divinity now long past.

It was in 1854 I first knew him, and since that time I had never seen him. But he was little changed. There was still the same winning manner—the soft voice and pleasant wit—the quickness and the subtle “*bonhomie*”—the indescribable charm of manner, the cordiality which covers a hundred diplomatic wiles, and the kindly *finesse* which finds a way to the innermost secrets—if you have any—and invites to harmless confidences. He has not been yet received by Count Bismarck, and, I think, is just a little anxious respecting the manner of his first reception. There is great soreness about the importation of arms, and I confess, with every respect for free trade, I cannot see why any neutral State should furnish to either belligerent the means of carrying on hostilities for profit to itself. Of course, if the Germans could command the ocean, they would be only too glad to import arms and keep them from the French. Mr. Odo Russell's arrival has produced a very considerable sensation. As I was walking along the street from the Place Hoche to the Hotel des Reservoirs, I met a soldier diplomatist who has been distinguished by his care of himself in camp and quarters. He was excited and haughty. “What does England mean by sending an Envoy here to our Court? Does she wish to interfere? Does she think we shall attend to any maudlin cries she may utter in behalf of these French, whom she is, no doubt, very glad to encourage by secret agencies, and by sending her arms and ammunition to a good market?” I

could only say that no doubt Count Bismarck would estimate more accurately than His Highness the object of the mission, and that if England interfered it would be with a power and effect which could not be mistaken. The Germans, in times gone by, had not been at all indifferent to either her money or her arms. Well! the interview was brief, and was not pleasant. There is a conviction that we are jealous of the great successes of Prussia, and do not want a United Germany; but the Crown Prince, and those whose opinion and goodwill are worth having, regard the question from another point of view, and are only anxious that the utmost good feeling should prevail between the two countries. *Au fond*, there is a sort of patronising sentiment in Junkerdom towards England. She is considered as a kind of offshoot of the Germanic race, who have also, through her, founded the American colonies.

November 21.—The guns pretty active last night, and again this morning. Grey and drizzling cold. The Prussians in the square with their greatcoats on, and the collars up about their ears. I went out before breakfast, and took a turn to the market-place, which is as busy as if there was a fair; the vegetable and fruit women, in clean white caps and trim blue bodices and petticoats, looking very cosy and comfortable behind immense piles of cabbages, potatoes, turnips, celery, pears, apples, &c. Gertrude not strictly correct when she reports, "*Les Prussiens ont*

mange tout." The poultry hanging up would give the notion that fowls generally were suffering from the invasion; so would the meat infer that bees and sheep do not thrive in the land; but there is still a fair show. Man is such an animal that his wants compel him to master all his moral revulsions, and veteran officers *en retraite* with their housekeepers, and reduced old ladies, who shudder at the very look of a German soldier, are fain to rub elbows against them at market, where they swarm, not so much to buy as to look at what there is to be bought. It is an animated scene. The efforts of the Franc-tireurs have not impeded our supplies, and not a day passes that herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are not driven past my quarters by Prussian or Bavarian soldiers, who seem to be born drovers. Strolling back, I passed the Reservoirs, where there is now a regular "stand" for hackney coaches, and saw two of my friends going off for a drive to Sèvres. They said they were going to see what the row was about, as it was reported that some gunboats near Billancourt had shelled out a post or two of the Prussians, and then they would come back to breakfast! This is a very curious sort of war-making. They would return to a handsome *salon*, to a meal of many courses, and sit in luxury and at their ease, and Paris was starving, and their own comrades in dark holes and corners crouching like wild beasts, and guarding the lines of breastwork and trench with incessant fire a

few miles off. There is a girl of some twelve years old, with a yellow face and keen black eyes, who haunts the door of the hotel, whining for charity, and has generally a brother or two to keep her company. At first she spoke only French, but lately she has been developing her faculty of acquiring languages, and indulges in "*Bitte! Bitte! ein sou für brod!*" or some such gibberish. Although *sergent de ville* and policemen of the country are known no more, the tradition haunts her young mind, and a sudden ejaculation of "Here come the police," makes her start and prepare to fly, but when she has satisfied herself that it is a false alarm, her importunities are renewed with double vigour. The German officers are good-natured, and keep the young mendicants in good trim. They are especially watchful for the kind old Bavarian General Baumbach, and prey on him without mercy. The Reservoirs have a great attraction for me, in common with most of the frequenters who know them, in the persons of two small American families—very small indeed—one consisting of a young married couple only, the other of a young married couple with one dear little girl. They were "headed" in their attempt to get out of Paris, and could neither pass through nor return, and are waiting "till Paris surrenders and we can get our clothes." The *Times* which came to hand to-day contains a letter recommending the despatch of some diplomatist to Versailles, so if not *propter*,

certainly Mr. Odo Russell's arrival is *post hoc*. He was at the Crown Prince's last night, where the King dined, and it is said that His Majesty was very friendly, as far as great kings can be so with Envoys. To-day he went to the Chancellor, Rue de Provence, and from 1 o'clock till 4 o'clock was engaged in close conversation—not all about the Russian note. At 4.30 I was in mortal perturbation, for my clothes had not arrived, and swift-footed messengers were in constant requisition to stir up the patriot tailor, who might, I feared, be meditating the *éclatante revanche* he had promised on a son of perfidious Albion by depriving him of his coat and breeches as a preliminary measure; but at last they came, brought by the son of the house, and were pronounced to be perfect—perhaps they were—except there were no button holes in the coat, and the pantaloons were of exceeding tightness, and required much coaxing before they could be induced to receive my legs. At 5 o'clock I was at the Prefecture, the court of which was filled with carriages, requisitioned or hired, and was duly shown up the staircase and received by Count Pückler. The fine rooms were crowded with the Princes, Dukes, and Generals in full uniform, and, as the clock ceased to strike, the King came in with his aides and state officers and went round the large *salon* receiving the salutations of his guests, and stopping to say a few words to each. The Crown Prince and his military household

were present, of course. It strikes me that there is some slight want of *camaradière* between the two Staffs, not because one is the King's and the other the Crown Prince's, but in virtue of the law which produces an estrangement betwixt two Staffs always, although the members individually would change one to the other with the utmost readiness. Count Bismarck was there in his uniform as Major of the Duke of Coburg's Cuirassier Regiment ; and the King and he had an interchange of sentences which made both smile ; apparently the pleasantness, or whatever it was, came from the lips of the Count. It is said that no man is hero to his valet ; but the King inspires those close to his person with great respect and regard. Herr Schneider, his Reader, who is with him constantly, thinks there never was so good and kind a man, and extols him for every virtue. He goes into his room early in the morning, and finds him fresh and cheerful after a night of pain, anxious only about his Army. But then he can be angry. He was, for instance, exceedingly irritated when he heard Garibaldi had proclaimed war against him in the name of the Republic, and he is very wroth with any officer who is remiss in his duty—almost implacable if it leads to mischief. As soon as he rises—and it is in the dark these winter months—he proceeds to dress himself as he appears for the day, in Wellington boots, strapped regimental overalls, double-breasted uniform frock, buttoned up to the throat.

He scorns slippers, dressing-gowns, and morning coats, or loose garments of any sort, and has no great opinion of those who use them. I am not sure that my black coat, the only one in the room, attracted His Majesty's eye favourably, but I was not prepared to present myself in the splendours of the only uniform I could wear, and there was at all events no help for the misconstruction of the messenger's words. The dinner was served in the large room, or Banquet Hall, of the Prefecture, on the drawing-room floor. The tables were finely decorated with plate and flowers, and masterpieces of sugar-bakery, representing cannon trophies of captured French eagles, tricolor flags, and the like; and the dishes and wines were excellent. My neighbour told me that the plate at table was the same as was used by Frederick II. in his campaigns. The dinner did not last very long, and at its close the King rose and drank to the health of the Crown Princess, and all the company stood up and paid the toast all due honour. It is the anniversary of her birthday. How little the gracious lady thought she would be toasted in Versailles that day at Potsdam, when she was filled with grief at the prospect of the sufferings of the poor people of the Palatinate, who would once more, she thought, be subjected to all the horrors of French invasion! Not four months ago! And now the King of Prussia stands up in a palace at Versailles, and in the midst of his victorious Generals,

with his son and her husband at his side, drinks her health. As the company rises there comes from outside the boom of a cannon from beleaguered Paris. "I never," said one of my neighbours, "look at Moltke's face without thinking it must be like your Babbage's calculating machine of which I have read! I have never seen it. I think Moltke's head and face must be like it." He was unusually lively to-night. Perhaps because he wanted a cigar. But none were allowed, and I knew how deeply many around me were suffering. The company had coffee and tea brought round in the saloons, and the King came round again and talked now with one and then with another. Of course no one sat. It is a fatal gift of some Royalties, even in the feeblest health, to be able, no matter how fatigued and worn they may be, to stand for hour after hour; and the Prussian Royal Family, being exceedingly strong and robust, are capable of feats in that way beyond credence. But the torture only lasted an hour, for the King works in his Cabinet after dinner. It was a horrible night, cold and wet, and as I was going down the staircase I saw the guests cloaking themselves in the hall. Count Bismarck was just in front of me, and as he lighted his cigar, whilst waiting for his cloak, he began to talk to me about the Gortschakoff circular and Mr. Odo Russell. "He is very agreeable; I never made his acquaintance till to-day, though, of course, I have often heard of him." After a few

more words, he said, "This whole question is to be settled by half-a-dozen sensible men, sitting round a table and talking it over quietly. I intend to propose a Conference. A Conference is the solution, and it must end well. I don't care where it sits. You can't have it in Paris. But London, St. Petersburg, or even Constantinople itself—I don't object—will do." At that moment his cloak, which was lined with Russian sable, was brought, and as he put it on he said, with a grim smile: "It is not a matter for ill blood, or for war, or angry language. We must arrange it calmly. It is quite certain that I have no desire to see Europe enveloped as I am. And he drew up the collar of his fur coat about his ears, bade me good night, got into his carriage, and drove off to the Chancellery. I went to the Grand Vatel, where Mr. Odo Russell, Mr. Austin, &c., were dining; and we sat in the little inner room talking for some time. The diplomatist was unable to appear at the King's table to-night. I am not sure he would have been much at his ease there—diplomatically, of course, I mean—for matters are in a very unsatisfactory state. The anger in England is extreme, and we poor English out here only hope that our Government will take a courageous course, and demand an unequivocal reply to the question, whether Prussia is "solidaire with Russia," or has any secret understanding with her in respect to the renunciation of the Treaty of 1856? It must be remembered that Prussia had no

sympathy with us in the war of 1854—that we kept the King of Prussia out in the cold, and would not let him in to the Congress (*vide Punch*) ; and it may be a little comfort to those who remember that to see an English Envoy in the Prussian Head-Quarters at Versailles in reference to the violent and insolent rupture of the Treaty, at a time when France is down in the dust and bleeding at every pore. From what Count Bismarck said to me I inferred that he thought the time had come when the restrictions imposed by the Treaty on Russia ought to be removed. As we were talking, a card was brought in and handed to me, and I saw the name of Major Keüdall, the Chancellor's Secretary, thereupon ; but something else led me to see it was meant for my namesake. The bearer would not come in, the *garçon* said. "He stood muffled in his cloak in the dark outside." The diplomatist went out. There was a little whispering. My namesake went upstairs—came down in great-coat and hat—went out to the mysterious stranger. Presently there was the noise of a carriage driving away through the silent street. It was 9 o'clock. It was 1 o'clock in the morning before Mr. O. Russell appeared at the door of the Grand Vatel, and woke up the echoes of the Rue des Reservoirs by his efforts to rouse up the drowsy and tired servitors. Did he carry with him peace or war? Who can tell? He sent off telegrams in cipher to Lord Granville through the military telegraph before dinner, and no doubt he

will have plenty to telegraph now. It is the manner of the Great Chancellor *ridendo dicere—fumando*, too—the very largest and strongest cigars, and to sit up till and after all hours. So that average diplomatists with weak constitutions have little chance with him in protracted negotiations.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Odo Russell's Message—Irritation against Great Britain—Importation of Arms to France—Mr. Odo Russell's Visit to Count Bismarck—Rumours of a Grand Sortie—Anticipations—Misery in Versailles—Count Bismarck's Position—Paris Awakening—Versailles Asleep—My Expedition after Truth—The Road to Clamart—My Return—Versailles at Night—Defeat of Garibaldi—The 5th Jägers.

November 22.—There was not an English man or woman in Versailles this day who did not feel a thrill of pride—what foreigners would call “insular arrogance”—when the purport of Mr. Odo Russell's mission leaked out. Perhaps no one knew exactly what it was. But at the King's quarters and at the Crown Prince's—at the Reservoirs, the Casino of the Second Staff—and in all the resorts of Princes and diplomatists, it went abroad that the British Lion was *debout*, in great anger, and very full of fight; indeed, so much so, that he was “going to war, with or without allies, if Russia persisted in breaking the Treaty of 1856.” No one reflected, perhaps, on the exact mode in which the threat would be executed, or the means by which we were, in the middle of winter, to bring Prince Gortschakoff to account; but it was a

fine thing to be a Briton for a few hours to-day, and to stalk about very much more considered for the time, because we belonged to a fighting people who would not permit liberties to be taken with us by any Power on earth. There were not many of us—Colonel Walker, Captain Hozier, a few adventurous officers under the Red Cross, some seven or eight regular and irregular, special and general, correspondents of newspapers, M. ——— and his little family above stairs, a few ladies resident in the town—but certainly we imagined we were, or actually were, greater people by far than we had been yesterday. The Germans seemed to be more courteous and friendly. There are some who are always so, but there is a good deal of Junkerdom about, and that is not, as a general rule, well-disposed to England. It would be, of course, very inopportune for us to go to war with Russia at this moment. If there is any pact between Prussia and Russia, by which the former is bound to aid the latter in event of war, it would scarcely be possible to maintain her hold on France, which would be galvanized by the intelligence that England and her old foe were *aux prises* once more. No one can foresee the results, to be sure; but one pretty evident immediate consequence of a war between England and Russia would be the loss of much of the advantage reaped by Germany so far from her wonderful successes in this contest. Every Prussian and every German feels this, and therefore the menace that we are

ready strikes them a severe blow, and fills them with apprehension. The irritation of which I have spoken —on the subject of the importance of arms to France —is, or was, so great, that it was not prudent to speak of it, and certainly not at all comfortable to have to defend it. It becomes the Government of England very seriously to consider whether it can be "worth while" to provoke the animosity and anger of any nation engaged in hostilities by furnishing its enemy with materials to carry it on for the gain of traders in arms and munitions of war. No logic can ever render the traffic palatable or defensible to the sufferer. But for the moment the alarm at the prospect of a greater evil puts the consideration of this wrong at one side, and instead of being a nation of sordid traders engaged in prolonging war and all its horrors for our own profit, we have suddenly become a chivalrous people, prepared to enter upon an immense struggle solely to vindicate our honour and maintain an idea. It was long past midnight when Mr. Odo Russell reached his hotel after his interview, in the Rue de Provence, with the Chancellor. At night the streets are deserted. There are lights in the windows of a few hotels and houses where the German officers are quartered, and the clank of sabres and spurs jingling along the pavement is heard for an hour or two after dark, but generally at 9 o'clock, when the gates are closed, there is silence, only broken by the boom of the guns and the rattle

of musketry when the wind blows fair for it in Versailles ; and so when our Envoy, after a solitary walk to the Grand Vatel from the Rue de Provence, began to knock and ring, the equanimity of "the post" at the corner of the street was much disturbed. The post consists of a French *sergent-de-ville* (without arms) and a Prussian gendarme, shut up in a box like one of the kiosks in the Boulevards, where they are a terror to evil-doers—the *sergent* to the French, the German to the soldiery.

November 23.—After breakfast this morning I received a visit from Colonel Von Guern—or Quern—of the Russian Army, who is here as an *adjoint* to General Koutonsoff. He seemed to be anxious to know what was the real object of Mr. Odo Russell's mission, and, above all, to prove that Prince Gortschakoff had the most friendly feelings towards England, and had no intention of irritating in his famous Circular. Colonel Guern professed the very kindest sentiments towards England, and was astonished at the sensation which the denunciation of the Treaty had caused in London. Of the French he spoke in terms of profound pity. "They are a poor, foolish, stupid people, sir!" And he gave reasons for his contempt ; nor am I sure that he admires all he sees about the Prussians. We talked of Sebastopol, and of the changes which have taken place in ordnance, and I learned from his remarks that he was certain the Germans would bombard

and reduce Paris. After he left, I went over to the Vatel and found my "illustrious namesake" in a small, dark, ill-ventilated, badly-furnished room, suffering from a severe cold—not diplomatic—aggravated no doubt by his encounter with the great Chancellor, who likes late sittings at times, and pays small heed to the flight of time. As there was a very excellent floor vacant in No. 6, Place Hoche, just over my head, I suggested that a change of quarters would be advisable, and Mr. Russell, who, when he came, appeared to look on his return as certain in a day or two, is now obviously prepared for a longer stay in Versailles, and if he can get a cook he will very probably migrate and set up house for himself. On leaving I went over to the Reservoirs to learn the news, and found the Staff in the full enjoyment of their *Mittagsessen*. This is a feature of the war which is almost provoking. We are in Versailles, outside a city teeming with soldiers, and outside us again are great Armies gathering to force our lines and join hands with the enemy we are besieging—in other words, preparing to annihilate us; and they all agree to treat the enemy, in Guern's words, "as a poor, stupid, foolish people." When Louis XIV. went in great state to sit down before a place, he had, no doubt, a fine *cortége*, a grand court, a good cook, and sumptuous *tables de camp*. But I doubt if ever he was so much at his ease as the smallest of our German Princes is at the Reservoirs. I am quite

certain he never could have been as well lodged and entertained as is the King William the Conqueror at the Prefecture of Versailles. Long ranges give great comfort to the leaders of hosts. Xerxes, to be sure, sat on a mountain to see his armies and fleets defile, and we scarcely know where Alexander was in the *acharnement* of his battles, though we have some knowledge of Cæsar's whereabouts occasionally. "Napoleon crossing the Alps" is familiar, and so is Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi, or Arcoli—when he was an *αναξ ανδρων*; but no one can venture on the hypothesis of the great King William as a leader of charging squadrons or Marshal of columns of battle. He was a brave young officer. He is a heroic old man—a Prussian Cromwell—a Puritan Junker—restrained by the surroundings of his great Staff from any personal initiative or active leadership of the troops he has formed for their work. I was told by H—— that on the day of Königgratz, when Manstein's Division, the last of all that could be spared or used, was barely holding its own in the wood of Sadowa, Count Bismarck, all armed as a Major of Cuirassiers, had made up his mind to go in and die in the heat of the fight, which seemed to be fatal to his hopes, just as the welcome sound of the Crown Prince's guns restored him to hope. I saw the grand old King over the knoll of Sedan, surveying the eddies of that surging flood of battle, and could not imagine a position of more perfect

security for any one engaged in such a work as his. But now, as then, it was, and is always on the turn of the die, that he might be a fugitive hurrying to regain the shelter of German fortresses, or hemmed in amid a mass of devoted soldiery in some mountain pass, where history a thousand years hence would record that a King of Prussia died in the foremost ranks, or was carried a prisoner to Paris. The *peripéties* of war was carried beyond all calculation. Let this sortie, of which all deserters speak, succeed, and all the trials, and labours, and victories of the great Armies King William has led will be as a broken spider's web. It is astonishing what faith the French have in the success of this supreme effort. Quite astonishing to one who sees how abortive and weak all their efforts are, and have been, since the great struggles of which they may be proud—Wörth and Gravelotte. One French battalion at the ridge of St. Cloud, or one minute's occupation of the heights of Clamart, might change it all. But surely it is not to be regarded as an utterly impossible event that a sortie, well led, of one hundred thousand men, should burst through the belt, strong as it is, which has been weaved, amid walls and woods, from suburb to suburb, across ravines, and over hills, and all along plateaux—abattis, wire fences, *trous de loup*—all worked together with consummate skill, but not irrefragable if men are reckless of life, and bent to do or die. The reward is beyond all estimation—the gain

beyond all computation. But the Germans, though not at all indifferent to the coming sortie, regard the result as certain. I had a conversation with the Duke of Coburg, who shows the liveliest interest in any question which touches England, without ceasing to be a German Prince. Recently several stand of arms have been taken from the French which have had the "Tower mark" upon them, and the Germans regard this as proof positive that the English Government has been sending rifles to the French. I explained that the mark was a mere brand to show the barrel had passed the Tower proof, and was no more evidence that our Government had furnished them than would be the discovery of some English sovereigns on a dead Frenchman that he had been paid by the Queen to fight against the Prussians.

November 23.—When I was "down South," in 1861, I was horrified and disgusted by the exclamation of delight which burst from a pair of the prettiest lips in the world at the news that "small-pox and yellow fever had broken out in the Yankee garrison at ——." But I was not a proper judge—no neutral ought ever to be in the camp of a belligerent, if he desire to be friends with them to the utmost, and believe them right in all respects. The hatred of the enemy, which it is so laudable to entertain, becomes very distressing in its expression to a calm-minded, unimpassioned person. The animosity of the ordinary Germans towards the French increases daily, and as

for the feelings of the upper classes of the French towards the conquering invaders—well, they must be very acceptable in Gehenna. There is a whole family I wot of brought up religiously to curse the race. I have written already of some effects on character produced by this war—on individual as well as national character. What think you of a Prince—a Christian gentleman—the administrator of a great charity—an officer of State—who, being asked as to the means of communicating with the wounded officers of the enemy's Army who might be in his hospitals, said—"I know nothing about them; they give us quite trouble enough as it is; I wish they were all dead!" Well! There is a British officer who has stated he heard this Christian Prince use these words, and it was a British officer who repeated them to me. And a German gentleman, speaking of some things he had witnessed, declared he could not have believed, had he not seen with his own eyes, that Germans could be so violent, so unscrupulous, and so dishonest. He spoke but of common soldiers, of acts of plunder and wrong on their part; it would be monstrously unjust to fix the stigma to a large part of the Army. But in the politics of the conquering race the taint will be apt to spread. Germans, for instance, see nothing but what is natural and right in the annexation of Luxemburg; and in a short time they may conceive it is of the very highest equity and morality to seize on Holland.

For the thought is ventilated, and the words are on men's lips ; and who are we, that have Gibraltar and Malta as the isles of the sea, they will ask, that we pretend to see in such a natural and wholesome addition of sea-coast any wrong-doing? If the Dutch do not like it, so much the worse for them. Seckendorff appeared very grave ; he is usually cheerful, though always sedate. When I saw him this morning, he says the deserters announce a sortie on a grand scale as imminent, and there are chinks in the armour of the investing force. I went over to the "Ombrages" just as the levee of the Staff on the lawn was going on. There was General Blumenthal, with his arms folded, listening to Colonel Gottberg, who was reading aloud despatches, and it was very easy to see they were not agreeable. The only indications I have from the outside armies point to a great deal of manœuvring. The great battle is not only deferred, but is apparently to be fought not far from Orleans, for the corps of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg is pushing fast for Le Mans, in order to effect a junction with that of Prince Frederick Charles. It is expected that His Highness will be able to effect the movement, and make His communications secure the day after to-morrow. But surely the French must be confident indeed if they await, or have awaited, at Orleans the attack of the united forces of the Field Marshal and the Grand Duke, and the Bavarians of Von der Tann incorporated with the troops of the latter.

The march of the Prince's columns has been somewhat delayed, and it would seem as if the French were making a judicious use of their irregulars in distracting their enemy, and trying to deceive him. There are small fights, of which we here get no details, and the German cavalry, which formerly wandered over the country at will, are obliged to act with circumspection, and are fired on unexpectedly from woods and villages. There are classes upon whom this war has fallen like a wild beast. Versailles is full of the occupants of what were once the beautiful and pleasant environs of Paris, cleared out of house and home by the cruel necessities of war. They are all subsisting on charity, the charity of those who are suffering almost starvation. But, miserable as they are, their lot is enviable compared with that of those who have never known want; who were accustomed to ease, if not luxury; and who are now literally in want of food—famishing of cold and hunger—having sold plate, furniture, and clothes. There are old officers who lived on their half-pay; *employés en retraite*, whose modest pensions gratified every need; aged ladies; teachers; governesses. The stories I have heard lacerate one's heart. The religious houses are crammed with refugees. Funds are wanting; and to these helpless and unoffending people will come a fate worse than death by fire and sword, if help is not forthcoming. I have received a statement, susceptible of the fullest verification, which

is appalling. The town has been subjected to heavy requisitions, amounting in value to many thousands of pounds, just at the period that its usual revenues were destroyed. War manages to multiply its means of mischief most curiously, and, wickedly ingenious, attacks the conquered by a thousand stratagems and devices. The wealthy inhabitants, of whom there were not many, have fled; the local government is upset; the *Caisse* is gone. For two months the town, its suburbs, and the adjacent country, have been unwillingly entertaining an armed host. Place all these considerations after a bad season and short harvests. The state of things is becoming serious. The *Moniteur* of last night directs attention to it in an article which I think is a masterpiece in its way. It begins by saying that the want of provisions has for some time occupied the attention of competent authorities, in the evident want of individual initiative on the part of the Versailles traders, and on the part of the Municipality itself. The price of certain commodities goes on increasing as the stock diminishes. The Prefect, therefore, has been himself obliged to address a regular requisition to the Mayor, ordering him to form great magazines between this date and December 5, filled with merchandise, colonial produce, &c., in sufficient quantity to ensure the provisioning of Versailles for at least four weeks. The Municipality itself, in drawing up a list of the articles which are wanting, or scarce, had furnished the base for this

order, which is intended to preserve the city from the disastrous results of an exorbitant dearness. It does not appear, says the *Moniteur*, as if the city authorities quite understood the wholesome nature of this order of Herr Von Brauchitsch; but, in order to quicken their apprehension, the Prefect has informed them that, in case of passive resistance or disobedience, he will inflict a considerable fine on the commune. If that does not stimulate quickness of wit and of trade, what will? And so it seems the order is working, and these cross mercantile Bæotians are beginning to see that it will be profitable for the city, "especially in the case of the approaching capitulation of Paris," to lay up stores which they can sell to the "*commerce affamé de la capitale*." There is a directness, and there is a simplicity, about the order, which will go home to every heart and head. There is the end; there is the fine; and you are to find the means, and if you use the word "impossible," the Prefect will turn over his dictionary and find it means "*résistance passive et désobéissance*," and will "*frapper immédiatement la commune d'une amende considérable*."

November 25.—Mr. Odo Russell is so far recovered from his indisposition as to be able to go out, and it is understood that he will remain at Versailles for a few days. Prussia can do much to maintain peace—the assurance of her moral support to the protecting Powers would naturally exercise a great influence, and induce Russia to accept moderate counsels. A

Conference at Constantinople without France would not effect a satisfactory settlement, and how or by whom could France be represented if England and Russia were to agree to a Conference on the basis of the withdrawal of the Circular? It is probable that Mr. Odo Russell and Count Bismarck will meet again this evening or to-morrow—the news of the refusal of Italy to join her co-signatories has excited no surprise, and appears to give satisfaction in certain circles; but I can only repeat that, as far as can be ascertained, Count Bismarck so far has evinced a very friendly spirit, and disclaims any sympathy or knowledge as respects the Circular. I am in duty bound to declare that, among the great personages at Versailles—princes, ministers, diplomatists—there is not one who does not hold decidedly to the opinion that the English Cabinet is responsible for the present war. They say that if England had at once declared to the Emperor that, in the event of his declaring war on the “Hohenzollern pretext,” she would feel obliged to join with Prussia, the plague would have been stayed.

November 26.—As long as Mr. Odo Russell remains here the object of his mission must be held to be in a condition of *non avendu*, but its full development will, perhaps, be better obtained. If Prussia desired to drive Great Britain into an instant quarrel, Mr. Russell would have received an immediate reply. What he can do is to put plainly before the eyes of the Federal Chancellor the views of the English Cabinet, so that

there shall be a clear understanding on that point beyond the power of mistake. It may be inconvenient to endure delay, and action might be more efficacious in obtaining our ends. But the consequences of haste might be incalculably mischievous: the point, I think, is made clear—Prussia had no intimation of the course Prince Gortschakoff was about to pursue. The issue of the Circular came on her by surprise—not an agreeable surprise. The form of the note and the time at which it was presented have added to the feeling excited by the want of knowledge of the proposed step. But Prussia is not prepared to condemn the action of Russia in seeking a revision of the hurtful clauses of the Treaty. The North German Confederation has quite enough on hand at present to deal with, and cannot interfere actively in the questions raised by the Russian Cabinet. Count Bismarck suggests that a Conference might be held to consider the matters presented as the *gravamina* by Prince Gortschakoff against the Treaty of 1856, and to consider new guarantees for Turkey, which shall not be hurtful to the self-respect and dignity of the Czar. Let the past take care of the past; let the present be used so as to secure a solid foundation for peace for the future. A Conference can do all that if well selected. Count Bismarck cannot be considered as expressing any disapproval of the *objects* and *demands* of Russia, but he has disavowed complicity with Russia in the presentation of the Note. Last night, about 11.30, there

was very heavy firing. It lasted all through the night, and, as if to frighten away the ghosts, it ceased at dawn. I have not heard the cause, and am just going off to the lines to ascertain where it was, and what it was all about, for at Versailles we know as little of the work in front as they in Balaklava in the old days of the Crimean war knew of what was occurring in the trenches in front of Chapman's or Gordon's attack.

November 27.—Last night a very heavy fire broke the silence—now almost usual—of the forts. The sound seemed to come from the works on the south side, but I am assured that Fort Valérien joined in the deadly revelry which diversified the night. It began about 11.30 P.M.—at midnight it was lively, indeed; and I counted thirteen heavy reports of guns and shells in quick succession. There was no alarm sounded. Place Hoche was quiet as the grave, and there was scarcely a light in the windows of the square, but deadened by the woods and rolling ground on the right, the boom of the cannonade and the indescribable noise of the "*granaten*" rolled over the city, and set the stray street dogs barking. I thought I distinguished musketry firing, but odd tumults ruffle the drum of a listening ear, and after I had in vain waited for some time to catch the sound of a warning trumpet, I turned in, thinking of the very unpleasant moments of the men on outpost duty, against whom the iron storm and the bursting

lightning of the shells were hurtling. The roar of a shell at night is very "gruesome," and with its fifty hundred express locomotive power, and its screaming, whistling, fire-spitting fusé, as it howls through the darkness it causes emotions which, again and again renewed, agitate the strongest nerves and quicken the steadiest pulse. Waking towards morning, again I heard the muffled thunder, which at 5 o'clock had an intense outburst, and, after some fitful rallying, died away before the dawn had quite broken. It set us all talking at breakfast. "What was all the firing about, last night?" No one knows. But there is always a solution. The French expend ammunition to amuse themselves. They must have something to do. That or something like accounts for everything of the kind. However, I am somewhat sceptical concerning the soundness of the theory that the French are fools or madmen in such vital matters as ammunition, and I make bold to believe that if we knew but all, there would be some sort of reason forthcoming for the outbursts which seem so eccentric, and from the alternations from profound quiet to excessive turbulence of fire. Nothing is to be heard at Head-Quarters. In fact, the subjects which are noticed there must be of immense grandeur, because, short of a capture of a fortress or a battle, nothing is ever "new" there: and when one thinks of the vast movements the Crown Prince, Von Blumenthal, and Von Gottberg have to deal with, it is

not to be wondered at that a great noise of ammunition expended should be regarded as of no consequence. At the Hotel des Reservoirs, where rumours are manufactured at indiscretion, there are, on the contrary, stories to every one's taste. You may have "a sortie in force against Clamart," with losses "heavy," "slight," or "not worth mentioning;" an "attack on Villejuif," an "action at Châtou," a "surprise of Issy," or "a night battle in front of Valérien," or the old explanation, "The French at work wasting their ammunition." Then if you go further afield and visit an outpost, you will surely be asked, "Can you tell me where all the firing was last night?" "Dear me, I thought it was here." "Oh no! we had a quiet night. I think it must have been at ——" (always sure to be far away from the direction). As the weight of evidence of the sense was in favour of Clamart, I rode off on that side, and saw some of the curious riding off towards St. Germain. The route towards Bièvre passes by the Rue des Chantiers, under the railway bridge where the road to Les Ombrages turns off to the right, and so out by the Porte de Bucq to the *chaussée*, leading to Choisy-le-Roi. Notwithstanding the admonitions of the Prefect, and many warnings, this route at the sides of the paved centre, excruciating to ride over—more dangerous than trotting down Piccadilly after a shower—is in a very bad state indeed, and is likely to become far worse when winter fairly sets in. There is very heavy traffic on

it, for the waggons from the 6th Corps and Hartmann's Bavarians use it, and it is the feeder to the Camps on the right, and so away to Corbeil, Longjumeau, &c., which send and receive endless convoys. The leaves of the trees which border the road for some distance outside the town, are on the ground now, and you can look up the glades which scarcely afford shelter to the deer, much persecuted by military sportsmen. "Ping" goes a ball across the road, cutting the dry branches, and a pheasant sails away to a safer covert! What an ignoble death to be potted by a hungry and friendly Jäger on the public highway! Near Petit Bicêtre, the road bifurcates one branch to the right to Malabry, the other towards the Bavarian "Schanze" taken from the French on the 19th, and "La Tour des Anglais." Here I was brought to a halt for the first time on the many excursions I have made along the road. The sentry on duty at the post established in the sheltered house at the angle brought me up sharply, and I produced my pass. But, wonderful and strange! he could not read it; the helmet of Minerva rested on the head of a Pole. But instructed comrades came forth, and after some reflection I was permitted to proceed. The reasons of these precautions may be found in the nature of the *entourage*. It is not for me to reveal the nature of the change I saw in the aspect of affairs, but it is plain that the Germans have been making preparations for the double event. At first they were

all offensive, naturally so ; now they have given a thought to the opposite attitude, and if the Army of Paris were to show themselves in the open, in the hope that they might disport on fresh fields and pastures new, why, they might be mistaken. In the early days of the investment all the troops were in villages and houses ; now, the exigencies of the military situation compel them to be dwellers in tents, and several encampments are to be seen on the plateau. The tents are bell-shaped, furnished with stoves inside, and double lined ; perhaps more healthy dwellings than huts and close cottages, if less snug on cold and windy nights. My intention was to go to the Bavarian earthworks at the Tour des Anglais, but it was briskly abandoned on the presentation of a bayonet by a sentry at the turn of the road, who swore—at least I think so—that no passes were worth one button there, and that no writing or words of power could induce him to permit a soul to proceed beyond the point of that bayonet. The sentry was satisfied, as I thought, on slight grounds by the assurance of the guide, who knew nothing about me ; and, turning down a Balaklavian path, I reached the villa, in front of which stood an officer, looking towards Paris, and behind him some orderlies and soldiers. It was the General in command of the brigade, whose head-quarters were thus on the very *avant-postes*. To my deep regret I learnt from him that Major Gird was in the military hospital at Corbeil,

suffering from an illness attributable to excessive hard work and very great anxiety, acting on a very fine temperament, which left little hope of a speedy return to his duty, to which he was so much devoted. The General (Von Dile, I think) took me to his little bedroom, his sole reserved quarter, for the parlour was used as brigade-office; the dining-room was occupied by the Staff, who were changing their clothes on returning from a tour of duty. The billiard-room was filled with soldiers asleep on straw, and as we smoked a cigar he told me that the firing which had disturbed us last night came from the Forts, as I expected, and that they never ceased a rain of shells on the front. What for? The only suppositions are that they (the French) fear an attack by the front in the nature of a night surprise, or that they seek to disturb trenching and battery-making. Indeed, I saw by one of the Paris papers that it was fancied the Prussians have already made attempts of the kind—an error. The Major-General, who has been recently promoted for good service, did not disguise his desire for active operations. For ten weeks his brigade had been exposed to this pelting at night, to alarms, and to heavy outpost and sentry duty. If they could not have fighting, his men would like to hear of peace and a prospect of returning to their homes. I was a little surprised to find the German line so far retired; it was explained by the advance of the French line to Villejuif, and by the erection of the new batteries

which enfiladed part of the former position ; and I learnt that my old observatory at the Bavarian redoubt from which there was such a lovely view of Paris, had been utterly razed to the ground by those ruthless forts.

November 28.—I was awakened this morning about 1 o'clock by a cannonade, which really deserved the term "awful." It was a still, frosty night, and the sound travelled through the woods round Versailles as if a general action were raging at the gates. I went out into the Place Hoche, where a sentry was parading before the quarters of my neighbour, the General. There were lights here and there in the windows, and the shadows of listeners' heads against the glass, but the streets were deserted. At the Hotel des Reservoirs a Prince or two had a window up, and orderlies were holding horses outside the Duke of Coburg's quarters. The crash and roar of the heavy guns was continuous, and the sky was lightened perpetually by the flashes of shells. The guard at the gate of the Boulevard on the road to St. Cloud refused me permission to pass. No one without the pass-word for the night, which is only given to officers on duty, is allowed in or out after 7 o'clock. I was satisfied, however, by the absence of any cannonade of field-guns that it was merely some enormous demonstration from the whole line of the forts round Paris against the Prussian position. No musketry could be heard through the

din, and so I returned to my quarters, passing by the King's, in the Prefecture, where there were lights in the windows and a group of gendarmerie in the court, in addition to the usual sentries. Count Bismarck has shown every desire to avert difficulties with Russia, and a conference will, no doubt, be arranged to re-adjust the conditions of the Treaty of Paris, and to modify the obligations imposed by the Allies on Russia as the results of the contests which cost five Powers so much money and so much blood. I could give no account of the causes of the fierce fire which had caused so much unrest in Versailles. The M—— family, above us, were much agitated. Day by day I can trace the effects of anxiety and grief on the wasting form of poor Mademoiselle——. Not for one moment, however, does she desist from her care of the children confided to her by her dying sister. Save the eldest, they are too young, happily, to share her grief. M——, cut off from all his friends, without any means of obtaining money, and distracted about the future of his family, bears up wonderfully; but now and then I catch his eye resting with an expression of the deepest solicitude on his eldest daughter—a beautiful girl—too tall for her years, and betraying, in the clearness of her complexion, which now and then has a hectic flush, a tendency to the complaint of which her mother died. I walked over to Les Ombrages, where I heard that Garibaldi had been

attacked by Von Werder, and had received a very considerable beating, a matter which caused immense contentment to the Head-Quarters. His Majesty is particularly irritated with the Italian bandit, as he is called. If he fell into the hands of the Germans, I fear he would not be treated as a prisoner of war. Returning by the Avenue de Paris, I stopped, at the newly-organised post-office, where the French are allowed to communicate by letter with their friends within certain limits, and was depressed by that crowd of gloomy faces. Could these be the same race whom we were accustomed to see chattering and laughing in the great cities—the people *toujours gai* and light of heart—who filled the camp with merriment. I doubt very much, however, if they would, in similar circumstances, have organised a post service for the Germans. Not only are letters dispatched and received, but a money office has been established; and there is now a regular mail-coach service and omnibuses to Lagny, Corbeil, Chartres, St. Germain, &c. In the afternoon I rode out to Ville d'Avray, to visit the 5th Jägers, whose second company, under the gallant Von Stranz, occupy the village, and hold part of the line of St. Cloud. These occupied suburbs are not joyous places,—the deserted houses being ransacked; the furniture, doors, and shutters, being burnt as fuel, the windows broken, and the useful articles conveyed to other quarters. The occupied houses swarm with men, and look like dirty, over-

crowded barracks. A few shops are open, of the very lowest sort ; the walls are disfigured with chalk marks, the window-glass patched or broken : in a word, war is written on the place. The miserable population which remains is in a state of semi-starvation, only too glad to take the crumbs which fall from the conqueror's table. And I must say, as far as I can see, the German soldiers are neither rough nor unkind to them, albeit displaying somewhat the necessary swagger of victorious soldiers. The Jägers are constantly under fire here, and shells fly about the street most unpleasantly. The men were returning from an *alerte*, in which they had a sharp brush with the French pickets, and were excited and smoke-begrimed ; and trudging along with them was Dr. S——, a very remarkable character, quite justifying Continental notions respecting the eccentricity of Englishmen. His long grey hair falls in tangled masses on his shoulders. His wild, well-cut, and haggard face, which knows not the razor, is lighted up with bright blue eyes ; his head is covered with an extraordinary *casquette*, neither German nor English ; and his tall, lank figure is draped in an old Arab *bourous*, which he requisitioned in his march through France ; and his loose baggy breeches are thrust into a pair of dilapidated Wellingtons. He is a man of science ; well read ; a scholar in many things ; and yet in his old age he has come trooping here from home as the correspondent of more than one paper. In the beginning

of our marches through France, I saw him now and then trudging on foot, with a knapsack on his back, and did not know what to make of him ; nor was it till I had been in Versailles some time I learned who he was. He attached himself to the 2nd Company of the 5th Jägers, and his medical knowledge—or rather his readiness to lend a hand to a wounded or sick man—his pluck and cheerfulness, recommended him to the officers and men, who laughed at and liked him. He was returning with them now with his surgical instruments ready and as “black as the pots.” He had a little room in the house occupied by Captain Von Stranz. In it were stored some not valueless spoils of war—vases and China from St. Cloud, pieces of Sèvres, &c., which the Doctor had taken as trophies of his pen and tourniquet. I learned that there was great animation along the posts outside; that the heavy fire last night had caused some damage, and that it was likely *the* sortie would soon come off. The sooner the better, said the Jägers. I promised to come to dinner to-morrow—“that is, if we are not fighting.” I rode back by some interesting suburban roads, and visited the pretty villa of Baron Storn, where there is a good view of Paris, but it is very close to Issy. The guns, however, are silent ; but the works swarm with men. I got back to Versailles at dusk, and dined in the Château with Mynheer Van der Velde, the chief of the Dutch ambulance, installed in one of the wings. There were present

only the Dutch medical officers and M. de St. Hilaire, Professor of History at the Sorbonne, whom I found quite overwhelmed with grief at the state of France. It is not alone the Germans that Frenchmen have to fear. It is the future ; it is the ruin which will follow the departure of the enemy. We sat in one of the gaunt, lofty rooms, where once some splendid courtier of the great Louis might have feasted, in the wing from a window of which the officer of State was wont to proclaim, "The King is dead! Long live the King!" Returning through the paved court where the double rows of marshals, statesmen, admirals, and generals glare from their pedestals on the intruder in the precincts sacred to all the Glories of France, I heard beyond the silence, which was only broken by the tread of the sentries, the intermittent "canonen donner" to which the French have been treating us lately at night. To stand at the foot of the statue of the King who made France feel what it costs to have a ruler with "*Le grand*" to his name—to look along the solemn front of the vast building over which the hospital flag was flapping out the stars, and to know that the lights moving in the long galleries were held by the hands of conquering doctors and benevolent neutrals, tending the wounded Germans who had fought their way across France—to hear guttural German challenges—to gaze down the avenue lighted by the lamps which flash on the helmets of soldiers, subjects of a King whose

ancestors, stout, valiant, and frugal as they were, held small state in Europe when Marlborough and Turenne were leading their hosts in stately marches upon the Prefecture where that King, who may be Romischer Kaiser if he pleases, holds his Court, and to listen far away to the thunder of the guns of Paris, distressed and famine-stricken—Paris tortured by hunger, and hemmed in by a conquering Army. It was enough to make the stones rise. The guns were thundering fiercely indeed—as they have been for two nights or more, in a revival of their former spirit. At 9.30 there were several outbursts of tremendous vigour—almost explosions. A sortie might be inferred if the Prussian batteries were armed, but the exact object of so heavy an expenditure of ammunition on the French side cannot be hit off at once. When I reached my quarters I found Dr. Hassel and one or two more friends, and all we heard and had to say, confirmed the idea I have that we are near a critical moment. News has reached Head-Quarters that the 10th Division was fiercely attacked at Beaune la Rolande, and had a very difficult task in holding its own.

CHAPTER XVI.

Results of Night Cannonades—Mr. Odo Russell's Mission—News of the Sortie—An Excursion—Our Return to Versailles—The Convention of Geneva—Chances of War—We three meet again—A Retrospect—The Gortschakoff Circular—Colonel Claremont and Captain Hore's Arrival from Paris—The Army of the Loire—Arrest of British Officers—General Faidherbe—Military Special Correspondents—Christmas Day.

November 29.—There was noise enough to wake the dead last night. One of the painful results of these heavy cannonades is the injury done to the sick and wounded. Versailles is a sort of hospital. There are hundreds of men crowded together, whose nerves are shaken by loss of blood and fever, and the din and shock of the cannonades prevent sleep and increases delirium; so say my medical friends. The other consequences are great loss of temper on the part of those who want to rest! and some destruction of life, limb, and defensive works for the German leaguers. The uninteresting old couple from whom I rent my quarters are divided between their desire for "vengeance," and apprehensions that if their own soldiery came into Versailles they could not respect property so much as

its present occupants, who come in to buy woollen comforters, flannels, &c., in the shop, and, provided the tariff is strictly complied with, and their paper and dirty money be properly exchanged, are as quiet as lambs. But they are immensely exercised by the "infernal activity" of M. Brauchitsch, Prefect of the Seine and Oise, whom nothing escapes, and with a look so comic that I could scarcely keep my countenance, the bourgeois called my attention this morning to an *Avis de omnibus*—collection of communal taxes, opening of schools, roadways, forms of local contributions, gathering of arrears of dues—of the German Prefect, which went on to say: "Those mayors who do not obey the present decree, and of whom I hear complaints, or even if in making my trips through the department, I see, no matter what communal branch inactive in their jurisdiction, whether it be a school closed, or *garde champêtre* off his post, or the road-makers idle, &c., will in the first place be responsible to me, and next will be liable to pay not only their direct contribution, but the communal tithes, &c." "A French prefect would never venture, Monsieur, to publish such an order!" said the bourgeois with his eyes staring out of his head; and having said so he appeared quite satisfied that he had pronounced a final and damning judgment on the act of the audacious Teuton. The way in which the country is guarded is admirable—it marks vigilance and anxiety directed by skill; but the line is very, very thin. It

is very aggravating to be stopped at every couple of hundred yards or so by a sentry with his levelled bayonet, and to have to go through the same examination of the *passir schein*, which is nearly worn out now. A foreign uniform is no protection. Unless you are a Bavarian, Prussian, or Würtemberger, you must halt and account for yourself. I put a gold button in front of my blue flat-peaked cloth cap, which, with a braided blue frock-coat, has a certain influence; but it is only when I am accompanied by Stanislas that I am in perfect security, being then mistaken for a diplomatist of eminence attending the conferences in Versailles, or for some *Durchlaucht* or *Herzog* in mufti. I have to undergo a salute and feel like an impostor. I finished letters, dressed, and drove to Ville d'Avray, to dine with Von Stranz and his officers. Dr. Innes, Dr. Becker, Mr. Skinner, Dr. Scoffern, a young gentleman representing a Scotch newspaper, and apparently not a member of the Temperance League, and myself, gave the meeting in the little room a very British character. Von Stranz is the first officer who has the First Order of the Iron Cross. He won it by his gallantry in receiving a charge of Cuirassiers, whom he destroyed utterly or took prisoners, at the head of his company. Von Bissing, one of his Lieutenants, is brother of the Crown Prince's A.D.C., and has also distinguished himself, and a tall young fellow-subaltern, whose name I can't recollect, has been much disfigured by a terrible wound

in the face. We had an excellent dinner—the woods somewhere near had furnished venison, and a cellar not far off had yielded good wine. There was speech-making and toasts ; there was also smoking, and when the time came for our return to Versailles some of the weaker vessels had yielded, and were not chattel or removable. At the Sèvres Gate my carriage was stopped, but luckily there was an officer with me to whom Von Stranz had given the *losung*, or pass-word for the night, and, after strict scrutiny, the officer on guard admitted us ; Innes and his friend, who followed, had some difficulty in effecting an entrance. When I reached home there was a line to say that the 6th Corps and Bavarians had been attacked, and that there was every chance of a sortie. Now I had been close to the Bavarians near Meudon, and had seen nothing unusual ; so, if true, the affair must have been in the valley of the Bièvre.

November 30, 1.30 A.M.—Again the thud and boom of this nocturnal cannonade ! I got up and lighted my fire, for it was bitterly cold, and sat listening, for if the sound grew nearer it would be time to turn out. But no ; it roared and growled all round, far and near, but came no nigher. I looked up to the Place, and saw the guns of the reserve were still there. When these are moved it is a sign that there is need of them outside. I went over to Les Ombrages, and thought there was a great *malaise* about the place, orderlies coming and going. The telegraph office

working. The Staff all busy. No news. Rode on, out of Roquencourt, and past Marly and the aqueduct, and on gaining the top of the incline, saw a quantity of *pulverdampf*, the white fat smoke of cannon over the rim of Paris. All the way to St. Germain the cannonade increased, and the people were on the alert and lined the road, but as far as I could make out there was no sortie, and it was but a cannonade directed from the *enceinte* on the German lines, particularly severe on the north and east. At St. Germain there was a gathering of officers off duty and correspondents. Room No. 14 in the detached house at the Pavilion is a famous look-out place. I had engaged it for some time, but it was occupied now, and Dr. Hassel and myself had to be content with less commanding vantage. There was not much to see. The firing at St. Denis was literally "hellish." The historic church stood out in relief against the smoke like an island in a milky sea—no glass could make out details. I returned to Versailles, where I was to have a small banquet. An officer from Headquarters came in after dinner, and told us there had been a strong sortie on the Würtembergers, and that General Blumenthal had stated distinctly that Paris would surrender on December 8th; for this sortie having failed, the Parisians could not hold out beyond the week. These cannonades were doubtless the preliminaries to the sortie.

December 1.—Most bitterly cold. Hassel came

round to say it would not be possible for us to get out to the Marne. Horses cannot travel. Seckendorff also came in; he told me he had been obliged to dismount, the ground was so slippery. This was a very serious affair indeed. Ducrot on the north-east, and Vinoy on the south-east, made a resolute attempt to raise the siege yesterday, and had attacked the Guard, the 4th Corps, the Saxons, the Württembergers, and the 6th Corps. And here we are in Versailles and St. Germain quite ignorant of what was going on. If ever it is my hard fortune to have to accompany an army in the field for the purpose of describing its operations, I shall certainly never let myself be cooped up in a town as I am here. The very facilities enjoyed for hearing news are irritating. I am one of those who cannot describe what I do not see; and it is very annoying to hear that there were fights at so many places—some most serious combats—and to have seen nothing of them. To-day there is scarcely a sound. Mr. Odo Russell, Colonel Baker, and I had a walk in the park of the Château. The trees looked beautiful; the frosts had settled on every twig and spray, and the sunlight converted each into a tracery of diamonds. On return to lodgings, found invitation to dine at the Crown Prince's to-night. The Crown Prince's dinner was unusually animated. Several officers of rank had come in with reports on the sorties, and the details were very interesting. The Prince always is touched by heavy losses among his

officers and soldiers, and it would appear that they are grave. The French have gained some advantage in the peninsular of the Marne; and had they renewed their efforts yesterday, no doubt the position of the investing army might have been modified. But Blumenthal has been at work all day. Moltke has been studying the maps, and to-night orders will go out which will mass 70,000 men and 250 guns on the menaced lines, and will direct an offensive movement against the French between the Seine and Marne.

December 2.—What a morning to start in! And yet it must be. Up and dressed by candlelight at 6 A.M. I have fortunately been able to get from the store of the National Society, through Mr. Furlley's kindness, a greatcoat of pilot cloth, marvellously cheap, sent out by Nicoll, of London, for the *employés* of the society. I have had it lined with a flannel petticoat, and the sleeves doubled with a skirt of a dress bought in the town, as the flannel has been all bought up. And I further purchased a skin of Astrachan for cuffs and collars, so that it is a noble-looking garment. But, alas! nothing can remedy the original sin of its weak constitution, and the wind goes through it as a needle would. At 7.15 Hassel and I started in his little pony-carriage, driven by his soldier servant, and set out for Le Piple, passing by the position of Clamart, and bearing off to the right to escape the fire of the forts. It was one of

the most bitter days I ever felt, and the pony, which had been especially prepared for the journey, and had had his shoes roughed, could keep his legs with difficulty. What a day we had ! The fight began soon after we got on the road to Rungis, and our wanderings in and out of outposts and ruined villages—now too near the enemy, now liable to the fire of friends—would take a book all to themselves. Reached the Château of Le Piple just as Divisional General Von Obernitz, with all his Staff, was shifting his quarters and going to the rear. The division ordered to attack Champigny by the Council of War held at the King's after I left the Crown Prince last night, had suffered terribly. General Von Baumbach was so much affected by the losses, that he was crying like a child. We could see the French swarming about Mount Mesley. The Prince Hermann, brother of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, came in as we were at dinner in the Château, which was so soon to be abandoned, from his baptism of fire, and gave an animated account of what he had seen. But he admitted great losses, and as he was speaking there was an outburst of firing below us which announced a renewal of the French attack. The Château was cleared out, and from dusk till the moon rose we had to thread our way through convoys of wounded, ammunition, guns, columns of troops, and had a variety of adventures, more varied than agreeable, which, after much straying, were finally ended by our arrival,

numbed and stupefied by cold, more dead than alive, some time in the night at our quarters in Versailles.

December 3.—I am not sure that I was quite alive when I awoke this morning. Yesterday was too long and too trying in every way for one man to go through and live. I waked up in the forenoon and became warm and lively. There was a silence almost awful after the cannonades of the last few nights and mornings. My groom went out for "*proviand*" at 8 A.M., and returned at 6 P.M. without it. He declares two Frenchmen robbed him of his rations and my money. Well, they must have been bold fellows to have made such a *coup* in the streets of Versailles, where at every yard there is a soldier or two. A letter from General Von Gotsch, the Ober-Etappen Commander of the Crown Prince's Army at Corbeils—the officer who helped Lord Ronald Gower and myself at Landau, and who afterwards impressed M. Moët's carriage for me at Epernay, when I was struggling to overtake the Crown Prince. He is in distress about his son, a young officer, who was lying sick or wounded in the hospital at Orleans when the French re-occupied the city, and whom they took off as a prisoner of war when they evacuated it again. The General desired to know what had become of him, and knowing no other way of ascertaining the fate of the poor prisoner, begged of me to see what I could do. How strangely the affairs of life are regulated!—on what chances depend much of

our existence ! The General applied to me with confidence, because he knew under what obligations his courtesy and help had placed me. I sat down at once and wrote to Lord Lyons, stating the case. It was, by the way, in clear contravention of the Geneva Convention to make a prisoner of the officer who was found in hospital. My letter would have to go by a roundabout way to London *viâ* Feldport through Germany, then from London to Tours, where the French Government delegation were assembled and the Ministers accredited to France.

December 5.—There was a great tramping of feet and rolling of wheels last night. Yesterday a concentration of troops was directed on Velizy, in front of the Siege Train Park at Villacoublay. There were symptoms of an *ausfall* in that direction on the part of the French. In the morning, at breakfast-time, in came an Adjutant of the Crown Prince, saying that the Red Prince had broken up the Army of the Loire, and had taken Orleans yesterday evening. An enormous Frenchman, Adolphe Auguste Georgion by name, formerly "Commissary of Police," *decoré*, &c., came to me to seek the place of groom and *wachmann*—"to such strange uses," &c. Although his nationality is against him, I resolved to give him a trial. Colonel Baker reappears, very wrathful, and not without cause of grievance. Baffled in his desire to see service, he had set out for Lagny and got into the *débris* of the battle-field in the rear of Brie and

Champigny. His French driver took him for the night to the house of an American gentleman named Molton, brother-in-law of Count Hatzfeldt, of the King's Staff, where he was hospitably welcomed; but late at night the officers of a party of the 2nd Battalion 21st (Pomeranian) Regiment arrived, and took possession of the house in a very rude and disagreeable way. They accused Baker of being a spy, and marched him off to their Major in the village. The Major was in bed, and gave orders that Baker was to be detained till the General could see him in the morning. He was ordered to his room, and a man was put to sleep in it. Long before it was daylight he was awakened and marched off to General Ketzler, who was forming up his troops, and the General insisted on his returning to Versailles—and, to complete his sorrow, he was compelled to give a seat in his carriage to Captain Von Duntze—whom he regarded with dislike as the cause of all his trouble. He was taken before General Voigt Rhetz, who takes no pains to conceal his want of affection or respect for England, and that officer referred his case to General Von Blumenthal, who will give him passes to reach the railway terminus at Lagny. That was the very limit the French were making for in their sorties, and they were not very far from putting their hands on the enormous supplies accumulated there.

December 6.—The cold is on us again. The truth has now come home to the French, and they look

miserably crest-fallen. Even the little fighting tailor in the passage St. Pierre begins to admit Paris may have to surrender—"What a disgrace to humanity—a dishonour to Europe!" he says; and feels it too.

December 7.—Snow falling. It lies so thick in the streets that the noise of transport wheels and horse-hoofs is stilled. The forts are silent. The ex-Commissary of Police proposes that we should put the break on runners, as it will soon be fit for sledging. The magnificent Tolstoi stallions, which were left by Captain Johnson at the terminus long ago, will be here to-morrow; and I am to keep them. They were the gift of the Czar to the Emperor, and, when his stud was sold, they were purchased by Prince Metternich. I am not sure if the Emperor did not "gift" them to the Prince. Their value was fabulous—£2,000, some said—others more. But they are very handsome—black as jet, with such crests, manes, and tails! And coats like the burnished black Italian armour one sees in galleries abroad. The horses were placed for safety in an English stable when the Prince left Paris, and to get them out Captain Johnson drove them in a break belonging to a friend of Mr. Blount on the last journey a Queen's Messenger made from Paris. But the Tolstois are not yet in Versailles, and I had the pair I bought from the German American banker, which go very well. I drove Mr. Odo Russell out of St. Germain. On re-

turning to Versailles, found Delaroche full of stories of French victories.

December 8.—A Cabinet courier was sent off by Count Bismarck this morning early to Count Bernstorff, and I got a chance of forwarding my letters by a sure hand. This is always very pleasant. It is miserable work to have to write when it is doubtful if your labour will not be all lost. The King's post now goes off to Lagny at some unearthly hour in the morning. This is St. George's Day, and the King gives a great dinner in honour of the Russians' patron saint; so most of the officers of the Staff are at the Prefecture.

December 9.—There alighted from an open post cart this bitter cold morning, the coldest, most frozen up, and out, and in, and utterly chilled, numbed, and worn-looking object that can well be imagined. Icicles were on his moustache and his eyebrows. His eyes were red and his face scarlet from the effects of the intense frost and wind. He was hungry and starved and unshaven. Two days and nights from the Army of the Red Prince with a Feld-Jägers' express had sufficed to do all this. It was Hozier, and it was a comfort to be able to give him a good breakfast, hot coffee and meat; and then he crawled off to his quarters to seek the rest he so much needed. Life with the Red Prince out in the open this weather must be very rough, and yet for all that I fancy the Crown Prince would willingly leave Versailles and

change with him. Hozier says that Prince Frederick Charles, in the attack on Orleans, seemed to expose himself and his Staff very needlessly, as they were all on a ridge in front of tremendous "pièces de marine" in battery, and the shells buzzed about them, bounding far away to the rear in most unpleasant fashion. In the afternoon Captain Brackenbury arrived from Lagny with Mr. Furley, and I was delighted to see my old *krieg's kamerad* again. I had quarters for him, but he is on the war path, and I arranged for an attack on Head-Quarters to obtain him passes to-morrow.

December 10.—The chances of war in this odd life of mine bring about strange meetings. Here are three of us who have been thrown together in Versailles by a turn of the wheel, all on the same side; and in the war of 1866 we were not far apart, but were associated in a different fashion. Hozier was then with the Staff of the King of Prussia, following the fortunes of the Red Prince. Brackenbury and I were with the Head-Quarters of the luckless gallant Benedek, of whom, I am sure, we shall ever retain kindly memories. On the day of the awful conflict of Koniggrätz Hozier was with the King on the hill at Dub, and saw the terrible and long agony of Sadowa, when the fate of Prussia hung on a very slender thread, and when every second in the wood, which was swallowing up the battalions of the Red Prince's Army as fast as they could march, was a life-

time, till salvation came with the first boom of the Crown Prince's guns. Brackenbury was riding with the Staff of Benedek under the ordeal of battle, in the thick of it, and bearing himself as became a British officer right gallantly for the credit of the service to which he belonged. And I was a prisoner in the fortress, perched up in the clock-tower, with the whole plain heaving with billows of men, and smoke and fire raging for miles away, at my feet surrounded by officers mad with excitement, till the tide of war rushed to the foot of the walls, bearing with it the wreck and ruin of Imperial Austria; and I had to escape and join in the rout, just in time to avoid being invested with the garrison. What a flight Brackenbury and I had to Olmütz, pursued by victorious Hozier! And what a narrow squeak we had of it as we got out of that fortress by the last train which left it, laden with ammunition and field artillery, and all but cut off by the Prussian horse! And many an adventure beside. Now, here we were again—I at my old *métier*—alas! it is a very ancient *Krieg's Spiel* for me now!—this time on the side of the victors. Hozier, as Military Attaché, representing the British Government, and once more with the Headquarters of Prince Frederick Charles, from whom he has just returned, after a short but most trying *tourneé* in the actions on the Loire, and Brackenbury burning to get off to the same field. This we managed to-day. I knew General Von Blumenthal

would not willingly multiply the number of his passes, and would object to give one to a gentleman who was going to the Army of Prince Frederick Charles, and so I wrote a note to General Von Podbielski, chief of the King's Staff, to introduce Brackenbury. In a short time he came back radiant with the pass in his pocket. We all felt rather small to-night, as the papers from England (of December 5) are evidently backing out of the Russian difficulty. Mr. Odo Russell's bold language is disavowed, and I had to undergo a little bantering at the Casino in the evening. "You will see, mister," quoth a little Prince, "that Russia is not to be fooled any longer, and that it was you who were fools to be led by the nose into that Crimean expedition. Soon she will have her flag in the Mediterranean; and the Turks must bear to see it flying up and down the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. And why not?" Well, after having witnessed the whole of the Crimean war, it was a hard question to have put to me.

December 11.—Such a beautiful sight as the trees in the grounds of the Château presented this morning! I have never seen the like except in Canada. There was a dense fog at night, and the frost had thrown it down in the most fantastic precipitate on the branches, which the sun, that, courtier-like, burst out as the King was going to church, irradiated with the most wonderful colours. As Brackenbury wanted to get a look at Paris, I drove him out to St. Germain;

but at 2 o'clock the fog or haze came on again, and we could not see ten yards ahead, and so had our journey for nothing. The news of our accepting the Gortschakoff Circular as a base of conference seems to be almost established. How very wrong it must have been to have spent such blood and treasure on the struggle from which came forth the treaty of 1856! A little firing from the forts to-night.

December 12.—It rains—or, more appropriately, it snows—correspondents. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who has been a long time on his way from England, turned up to-day. He had made an expeditious journey to London some weeks ago with newspaper-despatches, and letters, through the French lines, under cover of his Geneva badge, as I was anxious to show the utility of that institution if extended to the Press; but he had been much delayed in his journey round through Belgium, and had accompanied a train of heavy guns part of the way. Witzleben, who was on duty with the escort, and knew him, had been very anxious about him. Although the instructions I had received were of a different character, I proposed to send Mr. Edwards off to Manteuffel, who was in charge of an important operation with a force of his own, and he is just in the nick of time. The *London Gazette* announces that Colonel Walker is to have local rank as Major-General. The promotion certainly is desirable, for the officer who represents the Queen at the Head-Quarters of an army in the field should have

a proper military rank and position. Russia has a General and a Colonel; the latter, by the bye—Von Guern—is an excellent type of the Russian officer of the new school—a very clear-headed, well-educated, and inquiring man—full of faith in his own country, and believing moderately in most others, except France.

December 13.—To-day comes in Colonel Claremont, just ordered away from Paris—I may say, indeed, escaped—because there can be no question but that they will bombard the city as soon as the batteries can be got ready. Captain Hore, the Naval Attaché, came out with him, but is very ill at the Petit Vatel. They had a horrid time of it—great delays, bad weather, fearful roads—and all this acted on Hore's illness, and made him worse. He regretted leaving Paris, and wanted to go back. I went over and saw him in his room. He needs rest and care, and should be got home as soon as possible. Claremont, who is discreetly silent, lets out his opinion that Paris will hold out for a long time yet. At 3.30, according to promise, I drove to St. Cyr, to dine with Von Witzleben, accompanied by Mr. Odo Russell. The mud was Balaklavic. At St. Cyr our host was waiting with a party of officers in vehicles, and to our dismay we learned that the dinner was not at St. Cyr at all, but at a château some miles off in a wood, which Von Witzleben had come upon in a ride, and, finding it well furnished, quiet and comfortable, he had transferred his quarters to it. Colonel Von Esch,

chief of the Staff to fighting old Kirchbach, of the Fifth Corps, was one of the guests, and the rest belonged to the Artillery; and whether it was the *genius loci*, or that they were in a peculiar vein, it certainly was true that the company were more genial and disposed to unbend than is often the case with German officers in war time.

December 14.—To St. Germain, with Mr. Sutherland Edwards, to inspect the French, after I had seen off Hozier and Brackenbury on their journey to the army of Prince Frederick Charles, whose Head-Quarters are at Orleans. Putting one thing and another together, I am sure Paris will hold out for a couple of months, if resistance depend on food supplies. So I wrote to-day. It is plain that the key to the war was the surrender of Metz. If Bazaine had held out—I do not speak of his being able to do so or not—it is evident, and I am sure the inner consciousness of the boldest German in Versailles will admit this—that the investment could not have been maintained. And then? Here is the danger of a correspondent with a foreign—or any army. If he sticks to the record of facts accomplished, he is not so useful as a telegraph clerk; if he deals with the future, the facts may make him misleading or ridiculous; if he writes lightly and airily, he is guilty of an outrage to the feelings of those among whom his lot is cast; and if he is serious, it is probable that his disquisitions will be regarded as

"stupid" by his home readers. And besides, a mere dissertation on what may be or what might have been is likely, if it be favourable to the enemy, to incur for him suspicion and want of good-will. I sent off a review of the whole situation to-day, and my heart misgives me as to the result it will have when the paper arrives. But it is gone.

December 16.—News that Vendôme has been occupied by the Tenth Corps. Count Bismarck called on Mr. Russell to-day. As he was descending from his carriage at the door a cripple asked him for alms, and the Chancellor stopped, unbuttoned his tunic, thrust his hand deep into his breeches pocket, and put a handful of coin into the palm of the man, who burst into a torrent of blessings. Ought he to be hanged as a traitor? I was just starting off for an excursion to St. Cloud, when Dr. Reichel hurried in to tell me he had just seen Mr. Landells, Mr. White, and Captain Keith Fraser brought through the streets as prisoners, and lodged at the Hotel de France, where the Commandatur of General Voigts Rhetz is. I sent off a note to General Walker at once, went to Colonel Claremont, who was out, and hastened to the Commandatur. There was a great crowd of French outside. I had some difficulty in passing the sentries into the court. Through the windows I could see my friends in a small room. A sentry at the door—no access allowed. General Walker came and had an interview with the Major of the Commandatur,

but he had no power to release the prisoners. He waited for the General, who was, I thought, most uncivil, and said gruffly to General Walker, as he was getting into his carriage to drive to dinner, "I have no time." But the Crown Prince was referred to. After an hour Captain Fraser and the others were released. I took them off to my quarters, where there was a gathering of all the English to talk over the arrests at Etampes—Dr. Innes, Dr. Reichel, Captain Robbins, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Landells, Mr. de Haviland, Mr. Kingston, &c. The prisoners had been treated rather roughly.

December 17.—Mr. Edwards started from St. Germain for Rouen and the army of Manteuffel. Captain Fraser, who is provided with the Geneva Badge, and was at Orleans during the occupation, is much hurt at his arrest, and has addressed strong reclamations on the subject. A Prussian officer told me it was considered very suspicious that an officer in the Life Guards should be going between the French and the German armies at such a time. I remarked that Captain Fraser had not been with any French army. "Oh!" replied he, "it cannot be allowed; we have found plenty of English rifles lately in the hands of French soldiers. Chanzy's regiments are armed by England."

December 18.—I went with Mr. Odo Russell to Divine service at the chapel in the Château, which was a State occasion, tickets being issued by the

Lord Chamberlain. His Majesty and Staff, the Crown Prince and Staff, the deputation of the Reichstags attended. There was a notable sermon from the Court preacher, and allusions to the place in which they were assembled and the occasion, fortified by texts of Scripture, were not wanting. At 2 o'clock the Delegation went up in state to the King at the Prefecture, and presented their address. It was a fine day, and there was a great gathering; at least, it was the largest that I have seen of French in the streets. Herr Meyer, to whom I spoke of the arrests, rather astonished me by saying that it was "an affair of police." A French gentleman had complained of articles of value having been taken from his house by one of the party, who was, he said, a correspondent of an English newspaper!

December 19.—In the midst of their "tremendous" triumphs it is a pity that the Germans are so high-handed and masterful. Perhaps the Lord of Battles does not encourage the lowly and meek of heart, and there are no such phenomena as modest conquerors. Any way, the arrest of Captain Fraser and his companions was contumelious, and not at all relieved from the appearance of a desire to hurt and offend in a necessary exercise of vigilant power. Nor can it be said that Colonel Baker was considerably treated. In fact, the Germans are so much in earnest about this war-making, that they cannot tolerate mere amateurs, and do not understand the desire "to see service,"

which leads them out here. Fraser went off this morning with Captain Robbins to Lagny, *en route* to England, leaving my quarters at an early hour in a vehicle which menaced them with early collapse. It was bitterly cold again, and if it were not that the French suffer more than the Germans, one would think there was some patriotism in the climate, which has almost a Siberian severity of winter.

December 20 and 21.—Shrivelled up with cold ! Horrible greenwood fires, filling room with acrid tear-compelling smoke. The forts again firing. My horse lame. Herr Von Knobelsdorff, whom I met up the Nile on the occasion of the Suez Canal *fêtes*, called on me. His regiment is quartered in villages on the road to Sèvres, outside Versailles. Captain Hore started for England this morning in miserable health.

December 22.—Another cruel morning. It was nearly dark at eight, and I know now by a look at the window-panes how the weather is outside. At two o'clock, to my surprise, Oliphant made his appearance from the Duke of Mecklenburg's Corps, with which he had seen plenty of hard fighting. He looked pinched and cold, and I scarcely knew him, as he had adopted a demi-military costume, a broad gold band to his cap, and a tight-buttoned frock. A correspondent of a German newspaper was his comrade during the campaign ; but his strictures roused the ire of the Duke, and he was ordered to leave the Army at once. As he was very useful to Oliphant, and visited every

place with him, outposts, and marches, and quarters, the latter resolved to return to Versailles with him, and get some articles of outfit, and the rest he much needed. His room was ready in my quarters, and his society was a most welcome relief to me.

December 23.—I took Oliphant out to St. Germain. It was fine and clear, but very cold. There was the usual crowd on the Terrace—and officers, a few ladies, and the French of the town were promenading up and down, when a gun was fired from Valérien, opposite, as we thought at some post below us; but presently we heard the shell coming right for the Terrace, and there was an instant commotion. The boldest held his breath for a time, and down it came at the rate of 500 miles an hour, and blew out a huge crater in the bank beneath the Terrace. The General Von Lower, who commands the Landwehr of the Guard here, was very angry with his men for bolting, and called on them to stand fast. But it was a surprise. Although Valérien has often vexed the far bank of the river, no projectile from its walls had ever ranged up to the Terrace before.

December 24.—We had a cruel *trajet* to Versailles, for the wind was piercing, and the thermometer marked 20 degs. All along the route, however, the German soldiers were preparing for the evening festivities, and every quarter was decorated with a Christmas tree. Mr. Kingston is busy organising a banquet for Christmas Day, and is working inde-

fatigably ; and from Mr. Odo Russell down, all the English far and near will be present. There are signs of annoyance at Head-Quarters. Telegraphing is not much favoured ; and the comments in some of the Press correspondence are objected to. The new French General of the Northern Army, Faidherbe, begins to be talked about, and has had a stiff action with Mantouffiel near Amiens. I received an admirable letter from Brackenbury, dated 19th. He is delighted with any work, no matter how hard, which enables him to see service, and I think that those officers who expose themselves to the dislike of their superiors, to the jealousy, and in a certain sense contumely, of their brother officers, are nearly always animated by a desire for adventure or professional knowledge, and not by love of lucre. They incidentally gain a certain amount of popularity, and their names become known to the world ; but it is to be doubted if their professional prospects be not somewhat darkened in consequence of the ill-will of the authorities, who have not the courage to forbid officers accepting these special posts on any pretext, and yet are not at all indisposed to evince resentment in a very petty manner, by resisting claims of enterprising and meritorious men. Dr. Hassel called. He is not at all jubilant over General Mantouffiel's victory near Amiens. The municipality of Versailles are to be fined 125,000f. because they do not provide stores which they have been ordered to get from Germany. This is very harsh, because the

stores are actually at Saarbruck ; but the Germans will not allow them to pass over the only railway.

Christmas Day.—A curious incident last night. I awoke from a deep sleep with the impression that O——, who was sleeping in a room some distance off, had come in and stood at the bedside, opening his lips as if speaking. I tried in vain to catch what he said ; this made me very uneasy in my sleep. I had left him late at night in deep conversation with M—— by the fire in my sitting-room, earnestly expounding to him the doctrines or inspirations of the phase of Faith of which he is so devoted an adherent. Later still I went in and found them still engaged, one talking, the other listening. Yesterday, in driving from St. Germain, we had exchanged some curious confidences respecting our own experiences, and I suppose my imagination dwelt much upon the subject ; but when I woke up there I saw O——, as I have said, addressing me. “ For goodness’ sake, what do you want ? ” I exclaimed ; “ do speak a little louder. Are you ill ? ” And as I spoke the figure seemed to turn away, leaving a kind of light space by the side of the bed. The fire was burning. I lighted a candle, walked along the passage, looked into O——’s room, and saw he was fast asleep in bed. In the morning I mentioned what had occurred, and added, “ I could have sworn you were in my room. ” “ And so most likely I was,” replied O——, very gravely. “ How could that be, when I saw you asleep in bed ? ”

"Oh! there is the mystery," he answered quietly; "I know that I wanted to speak to you last night; and so, perhaps, I did." I thought it better, on the whole, to go on eating breakfast. This Christmas Day is worthy of England—hard frost, snow, trees covered with icicles. The dinner was a very great success. A large hall, handsomely decorated with evergreens and garlands, was prepared in the succursal of the Reservoirs; and the tables, at which some thirty English, with some German officers invited for the occasion, sat, were decorated with exquisite taste. I was requested to preside, as the *doyen* of those who mainly got up the banquet, and Mr. Odo Russell, and all the English whom the fortune of war have assembled near Versailles, were present, with one or two exceptions. A plum pudding à la *Française* was not forgotten; and after a pleasant evening we trudged home, through snow knee-deep, to our quarters. There was a furious cannonade, and the shells came booming up close to Versailles. After dinner the German officers were hurried off by an alarm, and a surgeon who went with them had to perform some amputations before he returned, as a shell had burst in a post full of soldiers outside the town.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nach Paris—À Berlin—The Crown Prince's Opinion of the War—Of Gambetta—New Year's Day—My Imprisonment—The Opening of the Bombardment—Paris in Flames—French Success reported—Paris shelled—The Prince Imperial of Germany—A Strange Visitor—The Great Day—Count Bismarck—The Last of the Sorties—Proposals for an Armistice—M. Jules Favre—The News in London—The Negotiations—St. Cloud burned—Visits to Paris—The Entry of the Germans—My Trials and Troubles—Departure from Versailles—The Flight of the Government—The End.

December 26.—How many of the thousands now round Paris would have credited any seer who had told them three months ago they would spend their Christmas outside it? Not one. And of those inside who yelled "*À Berlin!*" how bitterly they would have mocked the prophet who predicted such a *Noël* for them! The cold is Siberian—"never such a winter known." And the poor who were once rich are suffering awful privations in Versailles. At 8 A.M., thermometer 18 degs. There was a large attendance of Roman Catholic soldiers at church, and a larger funeral than usual, four officers and eleven soldiers buried. Day by day the procession passes at 3 o'clock, and attracts the same crowd of French, neither more nor less.

December 27.—Thermometer 16 degs. at 7 A.M. I went out after breakfast, but could scarcely keep on my legs, and at last, after several falls, gave it up, as the only way to get along is on skates. Mr. Furley came back from Orleans with a note from Brackenbury, and describes the misery of the wounded and the horrors of the war down there as incredible. Yes, Johanniters and National Society—all that philanthropy can do must fail to stem the tide of human suffering caused by war, and it is well it should, or war would become a pastime of nations, as it was once the sport of kings.

December 31.—Received "Kronprinzlicher Befehle" to dine at 7 o'clock at Les Ombrages. I sat next the Commandant of Head-Quarters, Major Von Winterfeldt, who is a fine hard type of a Prussian. He expressed his fear that Paris would capitulate too soon, and thus spare the people the suffering they so richly deserved for their frivolity, wickedness, and crime. The Crown Prince spoke in a different tone. Of course he did not hear what Winterfeldt said, nor did he talk for every one to know what his opinions were; but when dinner was over he expressed the utmost weariness of the war, because it was a useless expenditure of blood and prolonging of misery and suffering to all. "When is this horrid work to cease? At one time I admired Gambetta. He seemed a man of genius and a patriot. Now he appears to be a bad man, seeking his own ends, and

regardless of aught else. Even when Paris falls there is no certainty of peace, and the war will be carried on of necessity with more bitterness, as it becomes objectless or hopeless on the side of the enemy." He expressed his apprehension that there was a change coming over public opinion in England, and that the Germans were supposed to be making war to conquer and for conquest's sake. "But as for myself, I only desire durable and honourable peace. We are not ambitious. We do not seek 'glory' as others do. But as the war was forced on us, we must exact conditions which will prevent France, out of mere light-heartedness and wantonness, attacking the German nation again." I had sent H.R.H. the *Times*, and he expressed the pleasure with which he had read certain articles, but saw indications of dislike in the English Press to Germany because they had been so successful. "Because they wanted to get securities against future aggression, they were not ambitious." Before he left to go to the King's, the Prince made me a very gracious little speech, and in the kindest way said he was glad I had stayed with them so long, and wished me a happy new year. We got back to my quarters at ten, and there was a friendly gathering of my land's-folk to "see the new year in." It opened to the sound of cannon, for the forts kept at it again for hours, and the sighs of the wintry wind were heavy with the rattle of musketry.

New Year's Day, 1871.—To church at the Château,

where the King, Crown Prince, Staff, &c., attended service, and, after prayers and a martial but devout sermon, His Majesty addressed the troops drawn up in square inside the Place d'Armes, and presented decorations and Iron Crosses to the most deserving. This was a day of much visiting and ceremony. The forts sent ugly *étrennes* all day; but German Versailles put on its best, and in full uniform, with clanking spurs and sabres, went a complimenting and "a colonelling," as Hudibras has it. We Britishers are much perturbed by a very extraordinary proceeding—the seizure of English ships and crews, and the sinking of some of the former in the river. Count Bismarck is very ill—in bed. I called at His Excellency's quarters, Rue de Provence, where there is always a strong guard, and left cards on him; also on Herren Abeken, Bücher, and Keudall at the same house. Mr. Bullock, who has been doing immense good in the villages near Sedan with the *Daily News* Fund, breakfasted with me; and so did Dr. Reichel, a German, settled as an oculist in London, of whose skill, enterprise, and devotion to the sick and wounded I hear praise on every tongue. He was particularly remarked for his conduct at Bongival on the evening of the sortie, when he and Dr. Innes attended the German wounded and those French who were disgracefully abandoned by their own medical officers. The waters at the back of the hospital were crowded with skaters. I went to see the cheery, genial old

man who is Reader to the King, Herr Schneider. He was busy writing in his room with his lieutenant, my friend Hassel, at his side ; but he glided off at once into the chirpy, sensible, intensely Prussianised talk he is so fond of, and does so well. The god of his idolatry is the King ; and what he likes most in the King is that he is Prussian above all things, and after that—a long way behind—German. Mr. Bullock and Brigadier-General Duff, of the U. S. Volunteers, who is correspondent of an English journal, dined with me, and as the former had numerous appointments connected with his charitable mission, I went with the Brigadier to his room at the Reservoirs, where were Mr. Landells, Mr. Skinner, &c.

January 2.—I certainly never bargained for this. It is now three months and three weeks nearly since I arrived in Versailles, and except to make an excursion here and there, to go to St. Germain, St. Cloud, Sèvres, St. Cyr, Villecoublay, Villeneuve St. Georges, or the environs, I have been a fixture. On the days of sorties, one has to rush off in a hurry without any idea of where the fighting is, and get hustled along with columns of horse, foot, and artillery in the narrow roads, till the sentries on the rear of the line bring you up there in some excitement ; but it is soon over, and difficult to reach. And I cannot leave, for there *might be* a great affair, a tremendous action, at any moment. The Germans are always expecting it. The French here longing and hoping. Perhaps if I

were out this cold weather with the columns in the field, I might sigh for the comforts of the well-appointed rooms in Place Hoche, which are now so *génant* and irksome to me. At all events, Oliphant does not appear very keen to leave my quarters and go back to his column. Brackenbury has got into trouble with the Army, or, properly speaking, with Head-Quarters, on account of a letter, in which he mentioned that he had seen a Prussian at a hotel pocket one of the spoons. The Head-Quarters people maintain that "an officer" is accused of theft. Brackenbury's words do not imply anything but that a soldier of a certain regiment stole—"convey the wise call it"—a spoon from the table. Mr. Bullock came in much distressed. He has been commanded to the Crown Prince's table, but he has no dinner garment. Now I have a beautiful creation of Poole's—a blue frock, befrogged, bebraided, and belaced, with rolling collar, just a compromise between a Guardsman or a Cavalry officer's undress and a Polish redingote, intended to be worn on such occasions as black-cravat dinners and the like, and I offer the loan of it to Mr. Bullock, whose mind becomes beautifully calm as he tries it on, and sees that it fits to a wonder. M. Delaroche, Captain Haworth, and Oliphant dined with me. The former was most entertaining. For a moment he threw off his sadness and the melancholy that sits upon him, and revelled in reminiscences of the Polish insurrection, in which

he took active part—his wife was a Pole of high family—of Kracynski the poet, some of whose bits he rendered charmingly. Mr. Odo Russell and Mr. Bullock came in afterwards from the Crown Prince's. Moltke is exercised, it is reported, by the apparent evacuation by the French of Rosny and Nogent. Oliphant has concluded his preparations, and I shall lose him in a day or two, to my regret.

January 3.—Mail in early—letters from several friends and acquaintances respecting families in which they are interested in and outside Paris. What can I do for the former? Lord Carnarvon is naturally anxious concerning his brother, who has thrown in his lot with his poor countrymen and women in the besieged capital, and is doing honour to himself, his house, and his nation, by a bright example of devotion, unselfishness, and zeal.

January 4.—News of an action at Bapaume between Manteuffel and Faidherbe—no great success either side. I got a hint that the bombardment would begin to-morrow. Oliphant very anxious to describe it, and so I handed over to him my visit to Von Stranze at Ville d'Avray, who was to put me in a good place, and introduced him to Von Guern, the Russian Colonel of Engineers, who was to have been my companion. I confess I am not at all keen to witness the opening of the fire; for although I am persuaded it will not produce any great effect, incendiary or otherwise, I cannot say it is from want of

anything but power. The usual result of bombarding a city will not be forthcoming. It was a dense fog to-day anyhow, and Oliphant, who went out to Montretout, returned without seeing anything.

January 5.—A dense fog again. I mounted and went off to Marly, where I had permission to get up on top of the Aqueduct Tower, from which the King sees what is going on during sorties, &c. ; but I might as well have stayed in my own room. On my way I heard the regular booming of the German guns, which opened at dawn ; but the sound was faint and unimpressive, as if watered by the fog. I had much difficulty in persuading the sentries that my order gave me right to mount the aqueduct gallery. From the summit I looked down on a fog like a grey wintry sea—so I descended, took my horse, which a good-natured Pôle held for me, and rode down into Bon-gival, till I was brought up by the barrier of breast-work behind which the guard were crouching and I was told to dismount at once and get behind an angle of the street, for the fog lifted now and then, and whenever it did, the earthworks at Valèrien shelled anything they saw moving. The wall above me was struck an instant after by a shell, which burst further across the street, and the fragments, stones, mortar, and glass fell on my horse, and so frightened him, I had the utmost difficulty in preventing his breaking away. The shell killed a soldier who was sitting by the fire in the room cooking his rations, a

pony at the door, and wounded a Frenchman in another house. It must have been a chance shot, and it was not followed up. The fog was denser by the Seine than on the high ground, and after an unpleasant losing of my way in some devious roads at the back of Bongival, I went to St. Germain; and then got back to Versailles, not wiser than I had left it. Oliphant came back from Ville d'Avray, where Von Stranze had done all he could for him and Von Guern, but could not enable them to pierce the fog, which was only permeable to cannon shot. I dined with Colonel Guern, who gave a most excellent dinner *à la Russe*. When I got home I was rather astonished by a very stiff note in English from Count E——, at Headquarters, enclosing me a copy of a French newspaper, which had been taken somewhere by Manteuffel's corps. The note called my attention to a passage which was marked, and implied that I was evincing sympathy for the enemy. This passage was a translation from one of my letters to the *Times*, in which, weeks before, reviewing the situation, I expressed an opinion that a *levée en masse* of the French nation would expose the Germans, who had such extended lines to guard, and depended as much on Germany for their supplies, to very serious difficulty; and that, instead of being opposed by armies, they might have a nation of millions of armed men to deal with. It so happened that yesterday I received a copy of a London weekly newspaper which publishes what—

shade of Raphael!—are called cartoons, and the drawing which delighted its readers in the present number represented me on my knees cleaning the King of Prussia's boots. So I took "the cartoon," put it in an envelope, and wrote a few lines to Count E—— in reply to his note, regretting that the passage in my letter to which he called attention should be taken as anything more than a candid review of the situation by a neutral at the time it was written, and to exemplify the difficulty of any one in my position writing so as to escape censure, I begged to call his attention to a view of it taken in England by some people who were not, I hoped, however, very numerous or very influential.

January 6.—This morning I was disturbed from my sleep by lights flashing in my eyes, and voices which sounded rough to my ears, though they but uttered respectful and friendly words, or what turned out to be such as soon as I could comprehend them. Before I did so I fancied I was suddenly made a prisoner in my bed, for there, with moustaches, eyebrows, and beard curled with ice, with snow-covered helmet and plume, and snow-powdered greatcoat, stood a Bavarian Chevauleger by my bedside, presenting what appeared to my first imperfect conception to be a pistol, but what on more intelligent understanding turned out to be a roll of paper. It was from a friend of mine—a Bavarian officer at the Moulin de la Tour—who

gave a gloomy view of the situation, for the French batteries had so vexed their works that soon after dawn yesterday they had to shut up their fire, and could scarce find shelter anywhere from the devilish hail of shells that fell on them. About 9 o'clock, as I sat at breakfast, the booming of the cannonade became so heavy that I ordered the horses round—on the report of Stanislas that they could get along pretty well in consequence of incipient thaw—and with some difficulty made my way to Baron Stern's villa near Ville d'Avray; but there was an obdurate officer at the gate, who said my pass was of no use, as the King had ordered that no one was to be let inside, unless members of his own or of the Crown Prince's Staff with special permits, and so I made my way to a deserted château near at hand, dismounted, and, getting in through the broken doorway, mounted up to the roof, and—there! "Paris was burning!" At least one would say so who was influenced by certain tree-shaped columns of smoke with flagrant bases, which rose up in the still air, reminding one of the engravings in "Bruce's Travels" of "dust storms in Africa." These fires were all between the south side of the Seine, close to Bilancourt, and in the zone between the *enceinte* and the thickly-populated quarters behind Issy and Vanvres, and were generally preying on detached manufactories. Behind, Paris seemed clear, cold, and undisturbed; but from the batteries of the forts

there were issuing clouds of white smoke, lighted up with the regular flashes of the guns, and the shells threw up piles of earth from the Prussian parapets, which are made very strongly and well. Döppel has been of use to their engineers. From my post of observation I could command one of the little windows opening on the roof where the King is wont to stand, and I could make out the uniform buttons on coats glistening in the dark room inside. The house is within easy range of the fort ; but as the entrance to it is from a narrow lane with high walls on each side, visitors can mount up without being seen, and the French do not seem to suspect that it is the chosen observatory of His Majesty, General Moltke, and Count Bismarck. I watched to see if the Prussian fire was regulated in accordance with the orders issued, as General Walker stated, by the Crown Prince, that shells were not to be thrown into the city ; but I could not see anything to make me doubt that their guns were fired at the very highest angles consistent with safety, and I could watch the explosions far inside the *enceinte*, although I could not say they were causing permanent conflagration. I sent off Harpes early with letters to Von G——, 6th Brigade Bavarians, and he returned with dismal forebodings of his fate if he were sent on a similar errand. "It rained fire upon him." In effect he had to cross a part of the plateau near La Tour des Anglais, over which the big shells

were coming with most unpleasant frequency ; and when he was waiting for Von G——'s reply there were nerve-shaking visitations of iron among the Bavarians, most of whom have to lie well *perdu* as soon as the French fire opens with the dawn till it slackens at night. The Bavarians aver they are in the hottest corner, as usual. Harpes described the cannonade as very infernal, and altogether was glad when his errand was done. Oliphant and Mr. A. Austin dined with me. They are to start for the German Army of the Loire together. Mr. Marshall came in with the news that the French had gained a success, "and that they were in Chartres." Sure intelligence had reached Versailles of this news, which was not calculated to make O—— and A—— very cheerful about their voyage to-morrow. Mr. Odo Russell came down to us, but was called upstairs to see General Walker, who drops in from his dinner at Le Petit Vatel, where he forms one of a little English mess, with Dr. Innes, Mr. Austin, &c. He says that Captain Hozier is to receive an official letter from Head-Quarters, to call on Captain Brackenbury, for explanations respecting his statement of "the officer of the 90th stealing a spoon;" and General Blumenthal is reported to have said that every officer of the regiment who meets Captain Brackenbury "will give him a licking"—that is, I presume, if he can. B—— never used the word "officer" at all. Perhaps it was not judicious to have written the

letter, but he was smarting under the affront of a recently-inflicted arrest, and what he wrote was true. Later, in came Witzleben, to say "the forts were silenced and Paris was blazing." But the forts, nevertheless, kept "pegging away all night."

January 7.—Oliphant started from my door at 9.30 with Austin—a gloomy day, raining by way of change. Their chariot drove heavily, for it was much laden. Seckendorff came to see me with news that the French had been severely mauled near Vendôme, and confirmed report as to irritation at Head-Quarters respecting Brackenbury's letter. I rode out to Sèvres, taking a short cut through the wood by Ville d'Avray, which proved a very long one, on account of the devices of the German engineers, which certainly gave an enemy very small chance of making his way by this route to Versailles. The same sort of fires burning in Paris—the bombardment going on as usual. I could get a look right into a battery below as I came home by St. Cloud (keeping well out of sight, for there was a very hot fire raging over the Park), and observed that some of the guns were pointed almost like mortars. On my way back through the Boulevard du Roi I saw a Prussian officer attached to Head-Quarters, who was lately a "diplomatist" in Paris, with a very well-dressed little lady, in deep mourning, leaning on his arm, charmingly gloved and shod, the neatest small feet in the highest heeled of boots, a little dog

trotting after her. Everything about her, face, figure, waist, was *petit*, except her eyes and her cavalier. In the evening I heard about the charming apparition. She is a Madame C——r, the daughter of a Paris banker, and was divorced from her first husband, M. E——, a Franco-German financier. Her second husband has just died at Tours, of wounds or of the fatigues of war, and the little lady has come up to the Prussian Head-Quarters to demand permission to enter Paris, where her sister, Marchioness of G——, the wife of a Cavalry officer who made a charge *à la* Cardigan at Sedan, is busy attending the hospitals; but where Mde. C——r is desirous of finding herself, that she may—so say the French here, who are exceedingly bitter against her—reward with her hand the devotion of a M. de B——, who is inside the walls. The Count, with whom I saw her, is a former acquaintance. I dined upstairs with Mr. Odo Russell, who had invited Von Witzleben and Von Guern. The latter is very severe and amusing about the French. “They will give in, sir, just at the wrong time. Two months more, at least, they should defend themselves, sir. They are a poor, stupid, foolish people, sir! They will not fight it out, depend on me, but will give in. They are a poor, stupid,” &c.! It appears I was right in my diagnosis. The Prussians *are* shelling Paris. The Crown Prince gave orders to spare the inhabited districts. The King overruled him, and has taken the

command of the siege artillery out of the Crown Prince's hands by orders. The humane disposition of the Prince prevailed over the sense of military exigency. Who can blame him? Not I, certainly, though many Germans may, and do.

January 8.—Paris burning in three distinct quarters. Another grim and snowy Hussar from Von G—— out at Clamart. He says their guns range up to the Invalides, and that they have dropped shells close to the Luxembourg. General Reed, U.S. Consul, has come out of Paris, and wants to get home. I went to the Château Chapel. His Majesty and Staff there—in fine, devout good spirits. I wrote all day. I dined upstairs. The King, in spite of the snow, drove out in an open carriage to see how Paris was getting on, and came back past Place Hoche with an air of considerable satisfaction. He must see that the end is not far off, and that the fruit of his victories is all but ripe. *Surgit amari aliquid.* News comes that his brother, Prince Albrecht, is very ill at Maintenon, and that the Prussians may have to fight a battle to prevent the necessity arising for his removal. Before turning in for the night went as far as the gate on the St. Cloud road to listen to the bombardment. It was a calm, frosty night—moon shining, stars bright—lights in the windows of Versailles—noise of laughter and tinkling of glasses. What a contrast to the tortured city beyond!

January 9.—I went over to the “orders-taking”

at Les Ombrages, and had a long and interesting conversation with Count E——, who seems to feel I had made a good reply to his note. He could not understand how France could obtain money to go on with, and quite admitted Gambetta was acting with energy and giving much trouble—"all in vain." The pressure on Paris is to be made as strong as possible. Herr Roggenbach, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, has given his idea of the frontier to be drawn, and of the districts to be taken from France; but the amount of the money payment still causes discussion. It snowed heavily, and nothing could be seen. Von Guern, Von Witzleben, Colonel Von Borres (artillery), an excellent officer, well known to many of our service of the same arm, and Seckendorff, dined with me; but my upstairs neighbour was called off to the Crown Prince's, and only could come in after dinner. A victory, gained by Von Werder near Vesoul, on the 8th, reported. The Germans are accustomed to victory. It has become almost monotonous.

January 10.—Heavy snowfall. Mr. Odo Russell and I dined with Mr. Bullock at the Reservoirs. He is doing good here, and anxious to do more, but he does not see his way to helping the distressed Versailles. It was hard to sleep on account of the firing.

January 11.—Awoke jaded and wearied after a night of fitful, nervous, dreamy sleep. Ground deep

with snow. I tried to get out to Clamart, but had to return. Called at Les Ombrages, and saw General Blumenthal. They are uneasy at the accounts of Bourbaki's great army—uneasy, but not apprehensive.

January 18.—Was the Prince Imperial of Germany pleased with his new title, I wonder? Somehow, I do not think he seemed to care much about it last night. Nor indeed did any one I met at table. The politicians rejoice, and the small statesmen are glad; but the Prussian soldiers and Prussians proper do not. They think that in lending their King to Germany to be made an Emperor they are conferring a favour, and coming down a little from their high estate; but Würtembergers, Hessians, and even Bavarians are of opinion that they are doing something complimentary to their stern and imperious allies, and are sacrificing some of their independence to the common good—and between you and me and the wall, they do not love the Prussian. And the Prussian does not care as long as he is feared and obeyed. He is, in the abstract, a man one cannot love; but he is a man we must respect, even were it only on the ground of his immense respectability of character. Wilhelm, King of Prussia, is to be hailed Emperor of Germany in the palace of Louis the Fourteenth of France. I attired myself in all the splendour of the uniform of a Deputy-Lieutenant—which, however, is, I am sorry to say, considered by my German friends to resemble, with horrible fidelity, the uniform of the

gorgeous Jägers who cling to the backs of ambassadors' carriages. But it was necessary to be in some sort of uniform, and I was proud of being one of the deputies of the Constable of the Tower, though conscious that whenever I explained the nature of my office to a foreigner, I left on his mind the impression that I was in some way or other connected with the execution of affairs of State—and perhaps of State prisoners—in the said Tower of London. I hung out all my orders, for out of England I can air them as I list, and drove off to the Avenue de Paris, to Herr Schneider's quarters, second floor, first house beyond the Prefecture, for he was to be my guide. I passed the Crown Prince on his way there, and made salutation, and he smiled as he made a slight gesture to indicate he noticed my "gorgeous array" of silver epaulettes and cocks'-feathered cocked hat. It was cold and drizzly—soldiers everywhere. The Grand Avenue of Paris lined with horse and foot, the Place de la Cour of the Palace filled with battalions in column; the flag of the Hohenzollern rustling from the dome above, a hum of many voices, like the rush of a river, in the air, and sharp clinks of steel piercing its monotony. We descended from our carriage in the Place de la Cour Royale, and pressing through a throng of Brandenburgers, Pomeranians, Westphalians, Hessians, Würtembergers, Mecklenburgers, Hanoverians, Saxons, Bavarians, Badeners—all spurred, sabred, strapped, and polished in metal and leather,

reached a little side door, in the proper right wing of the palace, went up the staircase to the Salle du Sacre—on through it—the Salle des Gardes (now filled with Germans), the Ante-Chambre de la Reine (more Germans), Salon de la Reine (more Germans), Chambre de la Reine (Germans still), and so on into the “Galerie des Glaces,” the ball-room where Queen Victoria of England feasted with Napoleon III., Emperor of France—this was the scene of the ceremony. I tried to describe it when I rushed home after it was over—as well might a man picked out of a whirlpool sit down at once to recount his impressions. An enthusiastic and poetical German, Arndt, or his like, might give an idea of the thing if he wrote for a year or two—I mean of the impressions. This gallery was expressly devoted to the glorification of Louis XIV. It is a blaze of gilding, mirrors, allegorical pictures, glass panels—which now *encadred* the black-robed Lutheran priests and the steel-bearing soldiers of Germany. Any guide-book will tell its dimensions. Herr Schneider, who had a word of power with every official, pushed along till he planted me close to the spot where the King was to stand, but not only was the place somewhat too near to suit my modesty, for the scarlet and silver epaulettes would not be denied—but it seemed as if all the big men in Fatherland, where there are a good many certainly, had selected the corner; and so I glided out of the press of Knights, and struck right across the gallery, and established

myself on the right flank and rear of a line of Bavarian soldiers, drawn up to face the King. They were little men all; and I was glad of it; and as my right rested on an ecclesiastic assisting in the ceremony, and my rear was covered by a pillar abutting a window, I regarded my position as impregnable. Roll, drums! Stand to your arms, Guard of Honour! It is 12 o'clock. The boom of a gun far away rolls above the voices in the Court hailing the Emperor King. Then there is a hush of expectation, and then rich and sonorous rise the massive strains of the chorale chanted by the men of regimental bands assembled in a choir, as the King, bearing his helmet in his hand, and dressed in full uniform as a German General, stalked slowly up the long gallery, and bowing to the clergy in front of the temporary altar opposite him, halted and dressed himself right and front, and then twirling his heavy white moustache with his disengaged hand, surveyed the scene at each side of him. He cannot see that just over his head is a gigantic allegory of the *Grand Monarque* with the subscription, "*Le Roy gouverne par luy-même;*" and on its right and left allegories of the same much be-praised and be-periwigged potentate, doing what Wilhelm of Hohenzollern is said to do and to have done, "*L'ordre rétabli dans les Finances,*" "*Construction de la Flotte!*" What a humorous jade Fortune is! But she keeps her jokes so much to herself. For instance, Louis XIV., as far as we know, cannot, humanly

speaking, enjoy the point of the practical fun in putting William of Germany just under a tableau painted in honour of said Louis, which represents him "taking Spain, the vain attempts of Germany to prevent the conquest being typified by an affrighted eagle, which is screaming on a withered tree." So says the "official description, price one franc." On the right of the King was the Crown Prince in the uniform of Field-Marshal, and then right and left were the leaders of the hosts which have made that King Emperor. Or, stay! was it he who stands there apart—not a soul near him by a yard in all that throng—stands there proudly in front of the extreme left of the semicircle of which the King was centre—so deadly pale—yet firmly planted on his massive legs as a man of iron—with one hand on the pommel of his sword—the soldier-minister who has risen from a bed of pain to assist at the work of which he has at least some share? I watched Count Bismarck closely. For him there seemed to be no one in that assembly but the Crown Prince. Now and then, indeed, his eyes wandered to the King, but it was only to revert to the Crown Prince, who was in a noble and unstudied *pose*, with his sword straight on the point of the scabbard before him, and his hands resting one above the other on the hilt; I did not observe that the Prince ever for a moment turned his eyes towards Count Bismarck. He appeared to be rather in a reverie. And psalms were sung and prayers were said, and Court

Preacher Roggé preached a sermon, and its burthen was "*Mene ! Mene ! Tekel ! Upharsin !*" "God hath done wonders in this land, and we have done them for Him;" and then amid such waving of swords and helmets, hurrahs as meetly greet great conquerors, Wilhelm, King of Prussia, was hailed Emperor of Germany, and with tearful eyes received the congratulations of Princes, Dukes, and Lords of his Empire. And the rest of the day—for it is the Orden's Fest—there was nothing but rejoicing, feasting, revelling, and State dinners in Versailles. And I am hard at work writing, for there are miles to ride ere the account, brief as it is, of to-day's proceedings can be conveyed to the post-office now established at Lagny, and the mail diligence must be overtaken on its way.

January 19.—What a day this was for Paris and for France—not to speak of myself. For two days past I was on the alert for a sortie, as there was distinct information at Head-Quarters that the French were massing in the direction of Courbevoie and the Bois de Boulogne, and it was with some misgiving I sent off my horse and groom to Lagny with my letter yesterday. My best saddle-horse was lamed, and there only remained the mail phaeton. Let me interpolate a word. *The* mail phaeton was a mysterious vehicle—that is, as to ownership—for in external form it was all that could be desired—simple and elegant, but getting rather the worse for wear. It came to me out of Paris in the height or depth of

the siege ; and appended to it was a card, with the bold words, "The property of the Queen of England," and a great seal. It was driven out by a Queen's messenger, and all I could learn about it was that it had been sent to the Embassy, from some distinguished person's stable, for safety, and it was given over to me for safe custody with a pair of Tolstoi stallions, the gift of the Czar to the Emperor; and now the property of Prince Metternich, who has them still—or had them safely restored to him after the siege: and so of the carriage, which was returned to the care of Mr. Aston Blount. But who was to drive it? If I did so it was obvious I could not take notes or use a glass, or get over the country to or from a scene of action unless I left the horses to take care of themselves. So I was very glad when I heard that the Parisians were not stirring, and that it was considered quite safe to let the Landwehr march into Versailles. I could not help thinking what a scurry there would have been if the French had come out about 2 P.M., or say at 4 o'clock, when all the generals were carousing in Versailles yesterday. This morning I awoke with fever and neuralgia flying about me. It was very cold and raw, and I had made up my mind to sit down and write a long account of the ceremony yesterday, when in comes M—— to say "the artillery in the Place d'Armes are limbering up." That is my danger signal. I looked out of my window, and there,

sure enough, were the guns moving down the Avenue of St. Cloud—the windows here and there dotted with French faces. The Prince of Wied, opposite, was looking out too. “Oh!” says he, “it is nothing. They are moving the batteries just to exercise the horses.” Another battery was at this moment going off down the Avenue of Paris. The officers and men of another stood by their horses. There was some little stir among the French in Place Hoche, and my artilleryman, whom I have engaged to help Stanislas, was in evident excitement; but there was no sound of battle in the air. And now in saunters S—— from Les Ombrages. “What is going on?” “Nothing.” “But the guns are moving.” “Oh! that is nothing. I have just left the Prince and Blumenthal. They were on the lawn, chatting, and there were no orders for the Staff. That I am sure of. All is quiet.” I was very uneasy, however, because there was now a stream of Infantry passing the end of the *Place* at quick march, with their drums and fifes, in forage caps, and there was a growing excitement among the French. Gertrude’s eyes were almost bright as she came to take orders for dinner. Off went S—— at last, as cool as a *sorbet* at Tortoni’s. “I shall go back to Les Ombrages, and if there is anything going on I’ll send you word. Depend on that.” Alas!—I know now that he had scarcely got within the gate when he was sent off flying with orders, and thought no more of me.

It was plain that "something was going on." The people were turning out into the streets more than ever. I ran upstairs and found the excitement had mounted. In the midst of my difficulty, Captain Haworth came, like the *Deus ex machina*, and proposed to drive me in the mail phaeton, and although some may think I was rash in accepting his offer, I did so very briskly, and in ten minutes we were clattering over the paved *chaussée* of the Boulevard du Roi out by Roquencourt, and the moment we cleared the gates of Versailles there came the unmistakable tumult of battle. G-r-r-r-r like the whirr of a pheasant with iron wings! "There's the mitrailleuse! They're at it." Haworth drove fast, but the road was blocked up with masses of men and artillery, trains of ammunition, and Commissariat waggons; and it was not easy to work the phaeton through them out to the high ridge above Roquencourt and over towards Marly, for it was thither I directed our course. Haworth was not quite happy when I said we must go on to St. Germain or thereabouts, as the action was evidently down below in the direction of Malmaison. "For," says he, "suppose the French break through and get into Versailles, we are cut off." Very sensible. But men must take their chances, and as far as seeing was concerned we did a very wise thing. It was gloomy and grey: But rising the high ground by Marly, we halted—and there, streaming over the sloping ground in front of Valérien, with their right refused and in-

clining from us, were the French! "out in the open at last"—and engaged in combat along their front with the Germans, who were defending the stone walls of St. Cloud, Malmaison, and Buzenval. It was a memorable sight—a repetition of what I saw on Oct. 21 on a much greater scale. We gained the ride of St. Germain with some slight sensations passing Le Pecq from shells sent at the road from Valérien. We mounted up into a chamber below the Prussian Observatory at the Pavillon de Henri IV. There lay the field before us, so very plain that I could follow the motions of individual men through my glass. I had my watch, a large map of the country, and a compass beside it, on the little table, and so I could watch every phase of the action; note every incident; study the movements; and could, if needs had been, have directed what ought to be done, for any one with a little experience can see where danger impends or where a gap ought to be filled. However, I am not now going to repeat what I wrote to the paper. The man on the white horse, whom we so much admired that day—it was a miracle he escaped—was, I have since been told, General Ducrot. As I returned to Versailles in the dark the fusillade still raged in the woods below, and the sky was forever lighted by the flash of cannon; but I had seen enough to know "the sortie had failed." I went to Les Ombrages. "The Crown Prince is back. We saw it all from a field redoubt near Marly, and some

shells burst and did some harm to the people near us. But it's their last kick. The King says so. Moltke, Bismarck, and all are sure it is nearly over with them. Thank God!" "But the French are in Montretout." "Bah! We will rout them out of it to-night pretty sharply. It is all ordered." And at 10.30 it was done.

January 20.—I went to the Château in the forenoon. The Gallery of Mirrors, which was two days ago the scene of such Imperial rejoicing, is now a valley of lamentation. Rows of little cots, each with a blood-stained tenant, are ranged along the walls, and the impartial and unfeeling looking-glasses which decorate the gilded sides reflect pale faces or motionless figures, and the gliding nurses and sisters, who flit ghost-like up that avenue of pain and suffering. The wounded will groan now and then, the flesh will quiver when the surgeon probes; but, on the whole, I think Germans and Poles bear pain almost as well as Russians. There were the wounded of the sortie who were brought in during the night and early this morning. I spent an hour among the poor fellows, On my way back to quarters, met a convoy of French prisoners. They were taken in St. Cloud and Montretout, and were mostly Mobiles—some fine stout young fellows among them, and all bore themselves well, for they had done their duty in the van of battle. "There is not much blood in them, though," said a spectator, "not a red cheek in the lot; they

have not had their grub." It is needless to say of what nation the speaker was. Several fantastically-dressed fellows were among the captives—draped in long black cloaks, soiled, and covered with mud, wearing Spanish hats and plumes, and black tunics; they looked like stage handitti, who had been turned out of a wet night after the performance, before they could take off their acting dresses. These were "*Vengeurs*" of something or other, and one could not but feel that brave men should not have made themselves so ridiculous. A fog has set in—one of the most disagreeable I ever remember—not a rich, yellow, unctuous, liquid, buttery sort of vapour, compounded with vaporized *sauce Hollandaise*, such as we Britons are blessed with at times, but a white water ice in solution, flavoured with east wind and nitric acid. How miserable the French look in the streets! The feasting in the Reservoirs is unusually joyous, for there is a certain conviction that the end is now assured. Le Mans is captured; Chanzy cannot prevail in the South; Faidherbe is foiled in the North; Paris is starving.

January 21.—I am coming to the end of my story. As I was going out towards Bongival in the forenoon I met a friend, who told me that the garrison of Paris had sent in to propose an armistice for 48 hours, to bury the dead. Count Moltke refused a formal arrangement, but promised that the Germans would not fire on any *bonâ fide* working

parties. The officer who came in as *parlementaire* would not believe the information he read respecting the defeats sustained by Chanzy and Faidherbe, and believed—or affected to do so—that the latter was within a few miles of Paris. The fog continues, and there is nothing to be seen.

January 22.—The bombardment of St. Denis goes on. This will touch the Parisians nearly—their holy of holies, the church of the Kings. But the ancestors of these same Parisians actually broke open the graves of the ancient monarchs, and melted the lead of their coffins to make bullets in the “glorious days of the Revolution!” I went out and watched the French burial parties moving about on the plain in front of Buzenval and around La Bongerie. I could make out plainly one ecclesiastic in a very effective attire as a member of the Church Militant *à cheval*, and thought I recognised him, as he directed the movements of a large ambulance with white flags, carrying the red cross. It was, as I afterwards learned from himself, Monsignor Bauer, the Almoner of the Empress, whom I had met in Egypt at the opening of the Suez Canal. A German officer who was very confident that the British Government was supplying arms to the French, produced a rifle—which was one of many hundreds lately taken by the Army of Prince Frederick Charles—in our rooms this evening, and was surprised to learn that “The Crown” and “V. R.” and the word “Tower” upon it did not prove anything of

the kind. It was a very excellent weapon, however, and the Germans are very angry at the importation, which they are unable to check.

January 23.—Mr. Odo Russell received a communication from M. Jules Favre early this afternoon, and another from the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères, Paris, in which he stated that he would not ask for a safe-conduct from the Prussians to attend the Conference in London, and no doubt this was brought by the *parlementaire* who came out with communications for Count Bismarck. I had been writing most of the day, and was going after dinner to look in at the Casino, where the Duke of Coburg receives his friends in the evening, when I ran up against Mr. R—— in the street. He was agitated—his eyes filled with tears. “Tell me, for God’s sake, what it is all about,” he gasped. “What! I do not understand what you allude to?” “Why should Jules Favre be here? What can he be doing unless Paris is doomed?” “Jules Favre here!” I exclaimed, “that is impossible.” “But I swear it. I know him as well as I do myself. Not five minutes ago he passed me in a carriage, going towards the Rue de Provence. The light was on his face. I could not be deceived.” This was news, indeed. I said not a word to a soul—hurried off to the Chancellerie and Les Ombrages—had the news confirmed—saw him with my own eyes—sent off a telegram—and London next day read in the *Times* that Jules Favre

was in Versailles, and that the negotiations for capitulation had commenced.

January 24.—My anxieties about Jules Favre are very great, but I can learn nothing. Every one nods and blinks his eyes, and shakes his head over the negotiations, and many did not know that M. Favre was here in Versailles till I told them. I saw him off to Paris this morning, or on his way to it, on the road to Sèvres, in a carriage drawn, I suspect, by two German horses—they were so sleek—and the German guns beat time to the tramp of their feet on the frozen road. What an errand for the loud-spoken representative of the Government of National Defence, who refused an inch of territory or a stone of fort to him who now demands provinces, and many fortresses, and millions on millions of gold! It was 3 o'clock when he left, and the bombardment was going on fiercely all the while.

January 25.—It was almost dark and as slippery as glass when the Prussian General Von Guern, driving in a quaint cabriolet, and I and H—— in the phaeton, started on an expedition to the German batteries playing on St. Denis. It was a long and most interesting excursion. What inconceivable ruin we witnessed! From the broken bridges of St. Germain, all round by Enghien, Montmorency, and Gratien, the gay fringe of villa suburbs which enclose Paris and look down from wooded heights, through forest glades and trellised gardens, on the valley of the

Seine, all lying waste, broken down, sacked—the windows smashed, frames destroyed, doors and shutters carried off, the wrecked gardens littered with fragments of furniture. Mile on mile of the same sorry work. Von Guern, H——, and I, like three ravens on a cliff, stood for an hour or more behind a great battery, and saw the huge shells fly like cricket balls in a swooping curve at the dull earthworks of St. Denis, above which rose the grand lines of the ancient church. Then stones, earth, and iron fly out of a puff of fat white smoke, and the gunners chuckle over a good shot. *Et les autres ?* Oh, they, of course, are killed or wounded, and do not like it. The Germans are doing their utmost to impress on the Parisians the necessity of coming to terms. The flying negotiations on their side are far more potent than M. Favre's eloquence. We got back late and with difficulty to Versailles, Von Guern more than ever convinced that "they are a poor, stupid, foolish people."

January 26.—I dined at Les Ombrages to-night, and was not at all astonished to find that the good Crown Prince "knew nothing" at all about the course of the negotiations ; but every one else, and particularly the Duke of Coburg, was full of unauthentic information—the latter, however, had learned enough to make him confident of a capitulation. The French kick against the German *sine quâ non*—an entry of the troops into Paris. *They are afraid of their own popula-*

tion. The Germans have a very different feeling for "die Pariser." St. Cloud burned by the Prussians. Why?

January 27.—Rumours—frost—fog—negotiations. Bombardment ceased.

January 28.—The same. Some days ago I sent off Harpes with important despatches to German frontier. He was nearly blown up by Franc-tireurs, in the explosion of a railway tunnel at Toul, and writes to me from Nancy in much tribulation. General Schmitz arranges terms; the pill is swallowed. The fort Valérien surrenders to-morrow.

January 29.—To-day I drove out with H—— by the plateau near Montretout, knowing what was in the wind, and at 2 o'clock, after a weary waiting on one of the coldest days I ever remember in the midst of the Prussian reserves, I drove on as their advance was entering Valérien, and the German flag was hauled to the top of the staff where the tricolor had been flying in the morning. The famished people we saw in the houses under cover of the fort were dreadful evidences of the straits to which the inhabitants of the suburbs were reduced, and I took back with me a piece of what they called "bread" to Versailles—a sour-smelling, dark brown mass, with a shining surface and soapy feel, like a combination of peat, horse-dung, and Windsor. M—— intends to start with a cart of bread for Garches, Ruel, and other villages at once.

For the next few days I have little to say. The play is over, and the curtain is falling on the stage, but there was still much going on before and behind it. The accounts of my excursions were sent to the paper in the service of which I had been so long an indweller of Versailles, and I took an opportunity of going into Paris as soon as I could, and seeing some of my friends. Mr. Lawley, who was correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* during the siege, and Mr. Labouchere, his colleague, came out on 1st February. On the 2nd I drove over Mr. Odo Russell to the Pont de Neuilly, and witnessed the extraordinary spectacle, never to be forgotten, of the French passing into Paris through the Prussian Guards; and getting out of Paris past the French Guards, I saw O—— and M—— making an attempt to enter, in which they did not succeed till next day; but Dr. Innes entered triumphantly in his ambulance with the Geneva flag flying. When I set out for Paris I loaded my carriage with bread, meat, and vegetables, &c., and Harpes also laid in a store for Dr. Herbert, Lord Carnarvon's brother, who has been acting nobly during the siege, and covering his name and country with honour. There was great delay at the crowded bridge, but at last I got free, and drove straight to the British Embassy, where I found Mr. Wallace presiding over a distribution of food to famished English. The place looked like a co-operative store. Mr. Auberon Herbert toiled in on foot,

with a great load on his back, and I picked him up and gave him a lift. What stories to hear! I gave Mr. Wallace some of my bread, and distributed my load as judiciously as I could. Found Dr. Gordon looking pale, thin, and hungry, at the Hotel St. Honoré—and Wyatt a walking ghost. Next day I went over to the Tuileries and visited General Vinoy, Chief of the Army. He was full of sorrow, but burning with anger too, for his officers and men were loaded with insults by the armed rabble, and he feared the worst as soon as the Germans left. I left Paris the day of the elections (8th February) and returned next day with more stores of what was to be still had more cheaply at Versailles than in the capital. In the afternoon of the 10th I left Paris, and went in again on the 11th, for there was nothing to see or do now in Versailles, and in Paris the storm was rising fast, and the revolution of the Commune might be foreseen in the tumultuous meetings of armed men, the placards on the walls, the rage of contending parties, and the wild theories mingled with unbounded invective and abuse of the authorities, which formed the staple of speeches and newspaper articles. The general opinion of neutrals with whom I conversed was that Trochu had not exhibited any of the qualities which a general in his position should have possessed, to have turned the materials he had to manage to good account, and that the conduct of the Paris *bourgeoisie* and working classes

in a military sense had been discreditable. I was never tired of listening to stories about the siege from those inside, and heard some amusing particulars of the way in which some of the best narratives in the daily papers of battle scenes had been composed from the depths of that inner consciousness which is answerable for so much. At the Cercle du Chemin de Fer, where I was a member, there was certain to be a few French gentlemen who had been out to visit their properties, and their accounts of their interviews with "Messieurs les Prussiens" were infinitely diverting. *Homo homini lupus*, it is said, but *Gallus, Gallo leo*, I say. On the 18th, passports between Versailles and Paris were abolished. The Germans lay on their arms and their laurels, and began to break up their camps around Paris, keeping always a good force in hand, however, and a *corps d'élite* for the entry on March 1st. In vain M. Thiers protested and entreated—the indignity, as Frenchmen considered it—a very natural exercise of a conqueror's right, as others might think—and certainly a seal authentic to the testimony of their victory to all Germans—was insisted upon, though M. Thiers came to the Prefecture and sought to avert the calamity. It was for me a day of great peril, trouble, and anxiety. It had been arranged through Messrs. Rothschild that an express special train—not to start later than 2.30 from the Nord—was to run to Calais, where a special steamer was to bring the letter giving an

account of the proceedings, so as to be in time for publication next morning ; but then the difficulty was how to get from the Prussians to the French without being torn to pieces by the latter. It was necessary to have German passes and papers to get through the German Guards at St. Denis and other stations, and the French authorities at the Tuileries told me that the *laissez-passers* they could furnish were almost as dangerous as those of the enemy, because the armed ruffians of Belleville were rapidly assuming a most threatening aspect towards the Government. I started with Brackenbury on horseback early in the morning from Versailles, and came up with the German columns as they were crossing the Seine on the bridge of boats above St. Cloud—then rode to the Bois, and waited at the Grand Stand, or the ruins of it, till the Emperor-King arrived, and the march past of the 30,000 Prussians and Bavarians who were to enter began—and saw it to the end, with the general Staff round the King. As soon as the head of the column moved off on the road towards Paris by the avenues meeting at the Arc de Triomphe, I rode as fast as I could in a bee line for the gate, whilst Brackenbury turned off to record the rest of the proceedings, and I managed to get to the Arc before the troops entered, except the detachment which had been sent on in advance early in the morning to take possession of the Palais d'Industrie, and guard the barriers at the end of the Place de la Concorde and the bridges. Here there was a

large group of Staff Officers, principally Bavarians, who were drawn up waiting for the troops, not liking the looks of the crowd, which was packed along the side-walks, and jeering the soldiers. Of course, I had to stop and chat with one or two of my friends ; but time was pressing, and as soon as I could I sidled off, and continued my course down the Champs Elysées. But the crowd—some of them—had seen me with the Staff, and as I rode down I heard "*Voilà un Prussien déguisé!*" "*Hola! voici un espion!*" "*A bas les Prussiens,*" &c., which were of no consequence as long as one was near the aforesaid "*Prussiens,*" and on horseback out of reach of the crowd. I assumed an air of profound indifference and a cheerful demeanour, and smoked my bad cigar, and tried to put life into my broken-down horse from the end of my spur, till I saw an opening near the Rotonde, and turned to the left, down a street leading to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. At the far end there was drawn up a guard of troops of the Line, behind whom there was a mass of people pushing and striving to get through and have a look at the enemy. I rode up to the officer, who advanced to meet me with "You must not pass here," and was explaining that I was an Englishman, and wanted to go to the Embassy, when a little wretch squeaked out, "*Non! Il est Prussien. Il est entré tout-à-l'heure avec les Prussiens. J'ai vu ce monsieur.*" Enough ; a roar burst from the mob—"Down with him ! kill him !"

&c., and they made a desperate rush to get through the soldiers ; but the officer, calling to his men, and motioning to me with his hand to retire, turned the rear rank right about, and kept off the howling savages with the line of bayonets, whilst I briskly fell back on the Champs Elysées, and keeping down by the avenue near the back wall of the Embassy garden, avoiding the Prussians and the rear of the crowd, trotted as fast as I could go without attracting attention, to the Rue Boissy d'Anglais, and turned down it to the main line of the Rue du Faubourg again. Here there was another military post and another crowd behind it, and as I approached, I heard the same words from the officer, "*On ne passe pas ici*," and the same savage cry from the mob. But time was getting on, and I was becoming desperate. I drew out my English passport and insisted on my right to get to the Embassy. The officer seemed inclined to yield, but the crowd were furious, and began to press against the soldiers, and the captain said, " I would not advise you to go through even if I could let you. Those *scélérats* are capable of anything, and would have you off your horse and finish you the moment you left us." Finally, he said he would not let me pass on horseback, and on my asking him what was to become of my horse if I dismounted and left him, observed, " That was my affair. But he had no doubt the animal would soon be taken care of." The mob howled like demons,

and one or two missiles came over the soldiers' heads; so I turned back once more with a yell of derision and rage after me, and churned up a trot in the direction I had come. As good luck would have it, the Prussians were now coming down the main avenue, and the rabble, lashed to furious curiosity by the sound of their bands, had drawn up close to the side path. Avoiding the street I had already tried, I made a third attempt in a street further on, where there was a post drawn up at the end also, but there were only a few old women and children behind them, as it was too far from the main avenue. Still the officer on duty positively declined to let me pass on horseback; but a sudden thought struck me—I had seen a hotel with a courtyard open in one of the avenues to be occupied by the Prussians not far off, and I rode there at once. The gate was closed now. I knocked fiercely. The servitor who opened refused to admit the beast, but I insisted, as he belonged to the Prussian Staff, which was in some sense true—turned him in, took off my saddle-bags, and left him with my blessing. The poor animal was restored to me safe and sound afterwards, as he actually joined the other horses after I abandoned him, and was recovered by my servant. I got through the deserted street, passed the guard with my passport, and made for the Hotel Chatham, where I had sent my phaeton and pair to be ready for this venture. My excellent colleague K—— was awaiting me, and we drove off

at once to the Nord, through streets almost deserted. Those who were left scouted and abused us as "aristos." At 2.50 the train started. The first French town we came to in France was Boulogne. My friend the station-master asked me if it was true the Prussians had dared—really dared—to enter Paris? My answer much afflicted him, and to break in on his sorrowful exclamation, I said naïvely, "Did they come here?" He drew himself up, and smiting his left breast with his right hand, exclaimed, "*Comment donc, monsieur? Ici! Ils n'ont pas osés.*" I dictated and K—— kindly wrote; but it was a very trying day. At 9.20 we were at Calais, and I was glad when the agent came and said, "Not a moment to lose." The special steamer must start; nor was my work over then. The telegraph was set in action, and I wrote slip after slip till the printing press could digest no more in time, and then I dropped to sleep at 2 A.M., in my room in the Hôtel du Buffet. I had dreams of all the rejoicing Germans at the stations along the line—of camp-fires blazing, and illuminations, and "hochs," and cries of triumph. Next morning I left Calais at 7 A.M., in company with Lord Ranelagh, Mr. Conway Seymour, and Mr. Kelly, for Paris, and reached it at 6 P.M. I drove Mr. Wyatt over to Versailles a day or two after, to visit the German hospitals. On March 9 I broke up my small establishment in Place Hoche. Stanislas

Louskofski, musketeer, 2nd Company, 3rd Battalion, 58th Regiment of Infantry of Posen, shouldered his needle-gun, put on his pickelhaube, and kissed my hand over and over again as he set out to rejoin the regiment from which he had been so long but not disagreeably absent, and Gertrude gave up her keys, and offered many prayers for my long life, and I dare say also for my conversion, and returned to the care of the holy sisterhood, where she will have many a tale to tell of the Prussian occupation of Versailles to generations of boarders to come. The day of our departure came at last—it was March 10th. The column of the Crown Prince's Head-Quarters' baggage was formed up in the Avenue de Paris at 7 A.M., just as if we were setting out for another campaign, but my poor black Berliner is there no more—his bones lie in a French highway. Two of his comrades at rack and halter will never go down Unter der Linden again. My old cart with the rampant goat was there no longer, but there were some equipages which I did not remember to have seen before in the line. I had intended to have gone with the column for a day's march, and then have bade all my friends good-by, but on coming to the octroi at Sèvres I got into a jam with the baggage of an infantry regiment, and the Staff passed by at the other side, and were far beyond Valérien before I could have overtaken them. So I got out of the phaeton, and

mounted one of the led horses, and giving Harpes my address, rode over the Pont de Jour bridge, and entered Paris. I halted for awhile at the other side of the river, and gazed on the stream of men which was pouring along the road by the banks of the river, full and strong as the Seine itself. The sun gilded their rippling waves of steel and brass, and the roll of their choruses, chanted to the cadence of their feet, floated over the stream, and echoed as if in mockery through the deserted halls of the shot-shattered houses on its brink. Their country may well be proud of them. And so I passed on, and, by the Trocadero there, came on an encampment of French infantry—sullen, starved-looking men—in tattered, dirty uniforms, badly shod, their piled arms rusted, with their hands thrust deep into their breeches' pockets, slouching listlessly about—on every line imprinted “Defeat! defeat! defeat!” It made me, I confess, exceedingly sad, for I was only thinking of the cheerful, joyous allies whose camps were loud with song and merriment in times gone by. Next day Harpes, after long and trying service, left me for his home in London; and on March 12th, determined to see the last, I drove out of Paris to Versailles, which was to be occupied by the French troops, and saw the entry of the 119th Regiment de Marche—a lot of weakly, overladen, spiritless-looking, starveling boys—and the exit of two stalwart Prussians, who

had been left behind in the town, and were not at all unworthy representatives of their race.

The crisis was fast approaching—on 18th the Government decided on taking the cannon, which had been drawn up to Montmartre by the Red battalions of the National Guard. “You know all about that.” “Yes. But you do not know, perhaps, that it was expected the *coup* would fail, because the officers had a profound mistrust of their men, and the citizens of Paris would have welcomed the Prussians that day with open arms.” I met General Vinoy that forenoon returning from the official residence of M. Thiers—where he then was, across the river—to the Tuileries, and never saw a man in greater dejection. Generals Clement and Thomas were murdered after a fashion possible only in Paris and parts of Spain. M. Thiers was assailed by reports of defection and treachery from all sides. Courage seemed to have departed from councils and hearts, and the paralysis of cowardice was on the rulers and the people. I saw the Reds, who seized on the Place Vendôme, debouch from the Rue Lafayette at 7 P.M. on Sunday evening (March 19), and am very certain that a division of London police would have broken up the whole lot, for a more timid-looking, wretched set of creatures I never saw, except the National Guard, who fled or melted away before them. It was with the greatest difficulty the mounted leader, who was apparently

desirous of being pushed on by his followers, could get them to move, and a shot would have set them off like rabbits. The thing looks to me like an evil dream. Then I went on with my colleague A—— to the Hôtel de Ville, and saw the occupation of that place, or rather the concentration of another armed rabble upon it. At 8.30 in the evening all the *bourgeoise* cowering inside their houses, lights out—shutters closed; I mixed with the half-drunken and filthy wretches, who were like sheep in more ways than one, and wondered at the utter imbecility which allowed power, and order, and law to be overthrown without a blow. I left the scene and walked up the Rue Rivoli to the Louvre. There was a crowd of twenty men around the door of the *caserne*, watching with angry interest the men of the Garde de Paris and Gendarmerie, who were hastily removing and piling in a few carts at hand their military chests. “Stop the brigands!” growled one. “Do it yourself,” said another. “Do you know,” whispered a gentleman to my companion, who was in the uniform of a French Ambulance Corps, “that the Government is quitting Paris and flying to Versailles? They abandon us. See the proof.” This was all but incredible. I went off at once to the Embassy, passing with some difficulty through the Communist sentries in the Place Vendôme, where the Headquarters were a blaze of light, and filled with

revellers. Lord Lyons, was still up and I told him the news. He had heard of the murders, but seemed unprepared for the sudden flight of M. Thiers and the troops. I went out with S—— and visited the Place Vendôme. The sentries were at the corner of the streets, but the city was silent as the grave, and at one o'clock I went to my hotel, stupefied by the knowledge that I had seen the overthrow of a Government in Paris, and the surrender of the suffering capital of Western Europe to the foes who were more to be feared than "Goth or Vandal, or destroying Hun." How I assisted at the demonstration of the "friends of order" when they marched unarmed to the Place Vendôme, and how I witnessed, and was nearly unpleasantly "implicated" in the massacre of the Rue de la Paix, when the Communists, half drunk, and half mad with terror, fired on a ridiculous, respectable crowd, who thought to disarm men who were there to stand for their lives by mere shoutings of words—how that night, having been recalled, as my mission was over, I left Paris with my colleague O——, who was also recalled in another but less palpable manner from a far greater distance, and how I returned for a few days whilst the air was still heated with the conflagrations which drew men to Paris as to some new play, and produced emotions too strong for words, and taught political lessons never to be forgotten—the

streets deformed with barricades, the dead still unburied—does not fall within the scope of this “Diary of the War,” which I now close with the expression of my thanks to those who have kept me company through so many weary days, and of my regret that it was not my good fortune to have told them of more stirring scenes and fruitful adventures.

THE END.

